

Circling
Africa



*Isabel
Anderson*

Clement L. Barnwell

October 15th 1929

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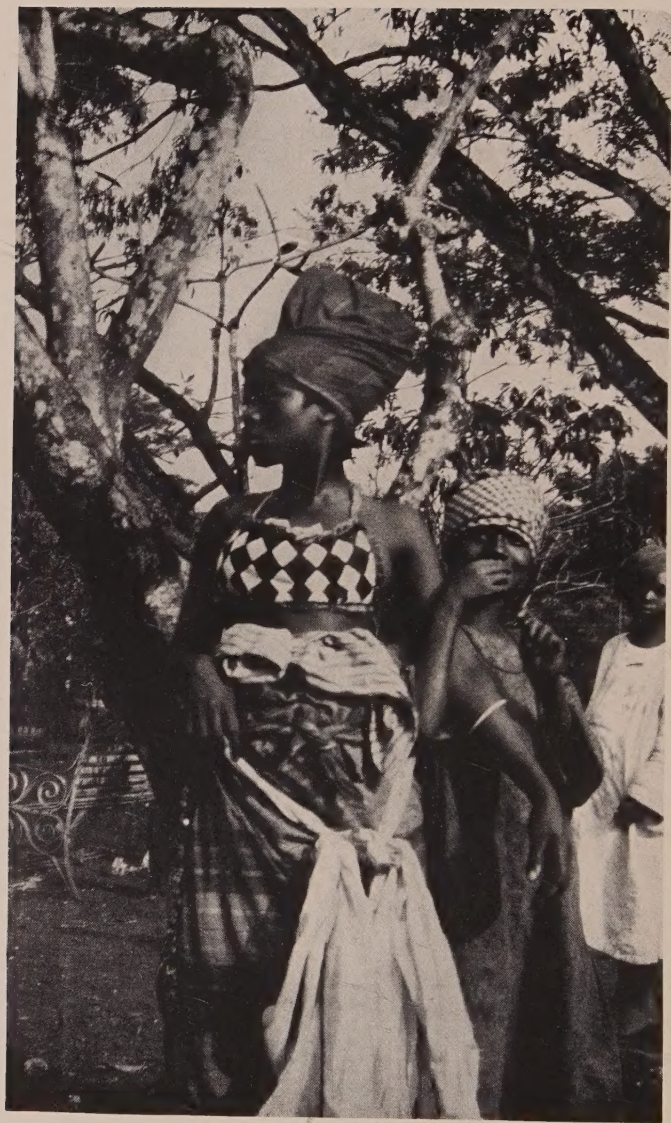
Circling Africa

By ISABEL ANDERSON

CIRCLING SOUTH AMERICA
THE SPELL OF JAPAN
THE SPELL OF BELGIUM
THE SPELL OF HAWAII AND THE
PHILIPPINES
ODD CORNERS
ZIGZAGGING
PRESIDENTS AND PIES
POLLY THE PAGAN
THE KISS AND THE QUEUE
THE WALL PAPER CODE
UNDER THE BLACK HORSE FLAG
FROM CORSAIR TO RIFFIAN

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STORIES
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CAPTAIN GINGER'S FAIRY
CAPTAIN GINGER GOES TRAVELING
CAPTAIN GINGER'S PLAYMATES
CAPTAIN GINGER ABOARD THE GEE
WHIZ
CAPTAIN GINGER'S SUN BOY
CAPTAIN GINGER'S EATER OF
DREAMS



A SUSU GIRL, FREETOWN

Circling Africa

By
Isabel Anderson, Litt.D.
(Mrs. Larz Anderson)



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To

Miss ESTHER BATES

WHO HAS TAKEN SO MUCH INTEREST IN MY BOOKS

WITH LOVE

FOREWORD

DO'S AND DON'TS

FRIENDS seemed more excited at our going to Africa than over any trip to far-away countries we had hitherto planned.

"Are you taking plenty of quinine and Epsom salts?" asked the doctor.

"Are you taking a spine pad, nets for your beds, and mosquito boots?" inquired a mighty hunter.

"Are you taking your tennis racket, golf sticks, and knickers?" demanded a sport.

As a matter of fact, we followed our regular custom when starting on a journey, packing our usual day and evening clothes, first-aid kit, and bathing suits, for we felt sure we could buy whatever else we might need at some port along the way. We have always found that we could best supply any special requirements in the way of equipment in the country where it was to be used.

Here, then, are some *do's* and *don'ts* for an African cruise such as we took.

Do wear a helmet when in the equator zone, and take an umbrella as well. The sun there is very dangerous.

Do be very careful, when on shore, to drink only bottled or charged water — or boiled water, anyway, if the others are not to be had.

Do be wary of uncooked vegetables or fruit.

Don't take iced drinks — they are likely to cause trouble in a hot climate — and take no alcohol unless after sundown.

Don't forget your passports, and a letter of credit or traveler's checks. American or British money is acceptable on shipboard and in most places, but in French and Portuguese ports the local currency is required. The rates of exchange vary somewhat.

Don't carry much jewelry, for it has a way of disappearing on shipboard.

Don't take firearms. They are not allowed in this part of the world without permits, which, unless one makes a long stay to hunt big game, are not worth the trouble it takes to secure them. If one is to be on the move, when hunting, several permits must be obtained, and the regulations about shooting are complicated. Hunting in Africa is also very expensive, requiring a *safari* of twenty or more boys, with motors, food, and much equipment. A few days' hunting may easily cost five hundred dollars or more.

The feminine traveler, bearing in mind the climatic changes and inland trips, should make sure that her outfit includes the following necessities: plenty of underclothes on account of the heat and the difficulty in getting washing done quickly; thin

silk day dresses ; and a dust coat for land traveling. For men, a very thin black evening suit is advisable. Riding clothes are not essential — there are so few horses in southern Africa except about Nairobi. For a *safari* it is well to have mosquito or high boots and knickers, but all necessary equipment for camping trips can be obtained at Nairobi, and at Zanzibar dresses and suits can be copied by East Indians in a few hours.

The most necessary medicines in this climate are quinine, salts, powder for prickly heat, eye lotion for dust, and a gargle. All possible precautions should be taken to avoid infection.

Dysentery and malaria are the most common diseases in Africa, but occasionally yellow fever, bubonic plague, black-water and other tropical fevers, sleeping sickness, and typhoid break out somewhere. Anyone who feels ill should call a doctor or go to the nearest hospital as soon as possible. Doctors can be found almost anywhere in the big towns and of course there is one on shipboard.

What are the worth-while things to buy? Needlework at Madeira and at the Canaries ; silver slave anklets, gold necklaces and earrings, also a variety of native and Arab wares at Dakar on the West Coast ; witch doctors' masks or idols crudely carved of wood, tin boxes covered with leather, furs, and cloth woven by the natives, at Freetown ; native spears and shields, ostrich feathers, and fox, leopard, and jackal skins in South Africa, and whales'

teeth at Durban. But it is in Zanzibar one finds the greatest variety of curiosities and treasures — ivories, handsome chests with brass work, silver knives, elephant and giraffe-hair bracelets and rings, hippo canes, silks from China and embroideries from Japan, teakwood elephants from India, and every object known to Africa and the Orient.

Sightseeing during a cruise must, of necessity, be limited. At best one barely has time to see the most important places, but one can learn much by talking with the people and keeping both eyes wide open. Books are the best means of filling in that background without which all travel is stupid and uninteresting. Before starting on a cruise, however, most people nowadays are too rushed to have time to read many books. They want their information in a nutshell. I am hoping this book will serve as such a “nutshell” both to the prospective tourist, and to the general reader, concerning that least-known of continents — Africa.

In writing this book I am indebted, as always, to my husband for suggestions and information, to the ship's newspaper, *Safari News*, for various bits of knowledge, and to Mr. L. C. Anderson of Kansas City, Mr. P. A. Yaskell of Kingston, Pennsylvania, and Mr. Arthur M. Comey of Cambridge, Massachusetts, for many excellent photographs.

CONTENTS

I	<i>Bound for Negro Land</i>	3
II	<i>Islands on the Way</i>	11
III	<i>A Bird's-eye View of Africa</i>	21
IV	<i>Dakar on the West Coast</i>	27
V	<i>Freetown</i>	39
VI	<i>Napoleon's Last Home</i>	58
VII	<i>Boers, Blacks, and British</i>	79
VIII	<i>Trekking by Train</i>	95
IX	<i>Victoria Falls to Pretoria</i>	115
X	<i>From Pretoria to the Indian Ocean</i>	132
XI	<i>Mozambique, and its Prison Fort</i>	146
XII	<i>La Grande Île de France</i>	157
XIII	<i>Hellville, Madagascar</i>	167
XIV	<i>Zanzibar</i>	178
XV	<i>The Island of War in the Deep Water</i>	187
XVI	<i>The Gateway to Big Game</i>	200
XVII	<i>A Ride on a Locomotive</i>	211
✓ XVIII	<i>Savage Sudan</i>	224
XIX	<i>Where the White and the Blue Nile Meet</i>	239
XX	<i>Abu Simbel and Other Temples</i>	250
XXI	<i>Good-bye, Laconia!</i>	261

ILLUSTRATIONS

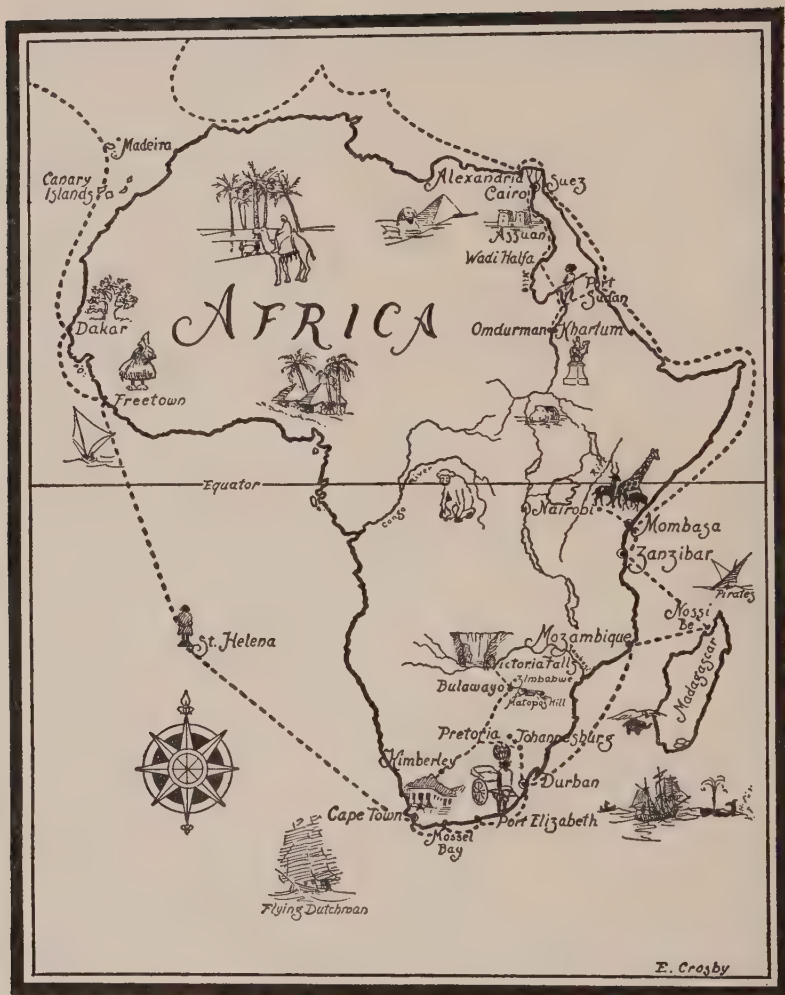
<i>A Susu Girl, Freetown</i>	Frontispiece
<i>Map of Africa</i>	xvi
<i>Typical Street Scene and Houses, Las Palmas</i>	18
<i>Washing the Family Clothes, Las Palmas</i>	18
<i>Cave Dwellings, Las Palmas</i>	19
<i>Monument to Zarco, Portuguese Discoverer of Madeira</i>	19
<i>A Dusky Mother and Child, Dakar</i>	30
<i>Dancers and Musicians, Dakar</i>	30
<i>A Café in Dakar</i>	31
<i>Native Dancers, Dakar</i>	31
<i>How the Babies Are Carried</i>	34
<i>Mendi Dancer, Dakar</i>	34
<i>The Dance at Freetown</i>	35
<i>Part of the Orchestra</i>	35
<i>Where Napoleon Spent His First Night in St. Helena</i>	46
<i>The First Burial Place of Napoleon, St. Helena</i>	46
<i>Longwood, St. Helena, as It Appears Today</i>	47
<i>Plantation House, Governor's Residence, St. Helena</i>	47
<i>Capetown Harbor, Table Mountain in the Background</i>	82
<i>Panorama of Capetown</i>	82
<i>Rhodes' House, now the Prime Minister's Residence</i>	83
<i>Rhodes Memorial, Capetown</i>	83
<i>Trekking</i>	94
<i>The Great Hole at Kimberley</i>	94
<i>Slaves from the Interior</i>	95
<i>Native Kraal</i>	95
<i>Rhodes' Grave, World's View</i>	98
<i>Jameson's Grave, Matopos Hill</i>	98
<i>A Baobab Tree</i>	99

<i>Victoria Falls</i>	99	
<i>Lion Cubs in Zoo</i>	110	
<i>Dancers in the Compound</i>	110	
<i>Gold Mine Dumps at Johannesburg</i>	111	
<i>Diamond Mine, Pretoria</i>	111	
<i>Government House, Pretoria</i>	116	
<i>Kruger's House, Pretoria</i>	116	
<i>War Memorial, Durban</i>	117	
<i>Kruger's Statue, Pretoria</i>	117	
<i>Amanzimtoti Barbecue</i>	124	
<i>Inchanga Native Group, Kraal, near Durban</i>	124	
<i>Jinrikisha, Durban</i>	125	
<i>Native Policeman, Durban</i>	125	
<i>Prison Fort, St. Sebastian, Mozambique</i>	146	
<i>Inside Fort, Mozambique</i>	146	
<i>Cathedral, Mozambique</i>	147	
<i>Laconia in the Roadstead</i>	147	
<i>Street Scene, Mozambique</i>	158	
<i>Drums with Fire Underneath</i>	158	
<i>Harbor of Hellville, Madagascar</i>	159	
<i>Pirogues</i>	159	
<i>Street Scenes, Hellville, Madagascar</i>	166	
<i>The Queen's Dancing Girls, Hellville</i>	167	
<i>Thatched Village, Hellville</i>	167	
<i>The King of Nossi Bé and a Sakalava Queen</i>	170	
<i>War Dancer, Hellville</i>	170	
<i>Laconia Passengers Visiting a Kraal</i>	171	
<i>Mr. and Mrs. Anderson and Friends, Capetown Dock</i>	171	
<i>Bastion, Old Arab Fort, Zanzibar</i>	182	
<i>Doorway of a House, Zanzibar</i>	182	
<i>Street in Zanzibar</i>	183	
<i>A Courtyard, Zanzibar</i>	183	
<i>The Land of Cloves, Zanzibar</i>	186	
<i>Church of England Cathedral, Zanzibar</i>	186	
<i>Ruins of a Sultan's Palace, Zanzibar</i>	187	

ILLUSTRATIONS

xv

<i>The Sultan's Modern Summer Palace</i>	187
<i>Street in Mombasa</i>	194
<i>Memorial to Native Soldiers in Great War, Mombasa</i>	194
<i>Mrs. Anderson and Mrs. Runyon Starting on an Inland Trip</i>	195
<i>Rain-Forest Costumes</i>	195
<i>Giraffes on Athi Plateau</i>	206
<i>Zebras in Game Preserve</i>	206
<i>Elephants near Nairobi</i>	207
<i>Group of Antelope, on way to Nairobi</i>	207
<i>Camel Camp</i>	214
<i>Ivory Tusks</i>	214
<i>A Masai Woman</i>	215
<i>Kavirondo Women Selling Cotton</i>	215
<i>Native Chiefs, Nairobi</i>	218
<i>Dance of the Inchangas, Nairobi</i>	219
<i>A Gathering of Natives, Nairobi</i>	219
<i>Railroad Houses, Port Sudan Railway</i>	226
<i>Desert People, Omdurman</i>	226
<i>Drawing Water from the Well</i>	227
<i>Government House, Khartoum</i>	227
<i>Scenes in Omdurman</i>	238
<i>Boat on the Nile</i>	239
<i>Carpet Dealer, Cairo</i>	239
<i>The Floating Temple, Philae</i>	252
<i>Abu Simbel</i>	252
<i>Fresco Inside Temple, Abu Simbel</i>	253
<i>Karnak</i>	253



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CHAPTER I

BOUND FOR NEGRO LAND

*“ There was an Ape, in days that were earlier;
Centuries passed, and his hair became curlier,
Centuries more gave a thumb to his wrist, —
Then he was Man, and a Positivist.”*

AS THE good ship *Laconia* steamed out of New York harbor, we were off again on a great adventure. The year before, we had cruised round South America in the same liner. Now we were to circle Africa — almost the last land of mystery left to travelers. In a few months we were to visit places it would take many months to reach by the ordinary travel routes. We should land at spots on the West Coast — such as Dakar in French Senegal and Freetown in British Sierra Leone — where few white visitors ever go, and no such cruise-ship had ever stopped, and where the natives would stare as astonished at a lot of Americans as we at them. We should call at St. Helena, that rock-island in the ocean wastes, where small steamers, one inward, one outward bound, arrive

only once a month, and where Napoleon lived out the last six years of his life in exile. South Africa we were eager to see because some of our American friends had shared in making its history. On the East Coast, plans called for stops at Madagascar, the great French island about which so little has been written, Mombasa, Nairobi, and Zanzibar — all romantic names to stir the pulse and the imagination.

Nearly fifty of the travelers who joined *Laconia* in New York had been our fellow-passengers on the South American cruise. Our first hours aboard were filled with friendly greetings — and anticipations; for example, when someone produced a clipping from a recent French newspaper, telling us to what we had to look forward, in the way of diet and adventure!

“Four hundred American tourists, who have booked passage for the winter cruise of the Cunard liner *Laconia*, which will sail shortly from New York on an 18,000 mile voyage, will be exiled for a day on the Isle of St. Helena, when the liner calls at the last home of Napoleon in the course of her three months’ cruise around Africa. . . . Quantities of stores were taken on board at Liverpool to be supplemented at various ports of call by fresh fruit and vegetables. The stores included more than 16,000 toothpicks, 20 different varieties of cheese, 250,000 eggs, flour, beef, 4000 bottles of whiskey, 1800 bottles of champagne et cetera. The cruise will be

the first of its kind in the history of pleasure travel completely encircling Africa. Overland excursions during the voyage will include from Mombasa to Nairobi and the Great Rift, the route running through the game reserves, where the cruise members will have an opportunity to see steenboks, gnus, zebras, and giraffes."

Strangers on board began to make friends at once, asking each other the usual foolish questions or beginning with the regular bromidic remarks. Several of them were promptly nicknamed. Gabby Grace, a tall, lanky old girl with goggles and bobbed hair, which she had banded with a bright yellow silk handkerchief, attached herself to Leaping Lena and began, "I know a Miss Brown in your home town — I think she was a cousin of yours, or was you a cousin of hers?"

But Leaping Lena, an active young person, didn't know a Miss Brown and immediately she skipped away like a two-year old, crying, "I must get some exercise!"

Gabby Grace was left to smile inanely at the Insistent Young Man in the deck chair on the other side of her. She tried again. "Rather cold today — I think it's going to snow."

The Insistent Young Man nodded, and jumping up as Kissing Kitty passed by, tucked his hand under her elbow and said, "You must have a game of shuffleboard with me."

Kissing Kitty, blond and rosy, answered coyly,

"I've told my mother I was planning to rest. Let's sit down somewhere."

They were seen flirting in corners for hours afterwards.

But Gabby Grace was not to be daunted and in the meantime she tackled Rolling Rosie with the tale of her operation.

We were not long at sea before all sorts of groups gravitated together and had cocktail parties, organized clubs, and started classes. Leaping Lena, in knickers and blouse, was one of the gym class, and another the two-hundred pound Rolling Rosie in an Annette Kellerman bathing suit. While the phonograph made music we all rolled together, waving our arms and legs, and rode the mechanical camels and horses.

The fifty or so doctors on board had a "get-together" dinner, the Masons met, the youngsters organized an "Infants' Society," and the Rotarians began their noisy luncheons. Community singing of a Sunday evening seemed specially to attract people with no voices at all, who got inordinate pleasure from singing entirely out of tune. Then the photographers organized; exchanging ideas seemed to fire them with a spirit of rivalry. With their cameras slung over their shoulders, they were always bumping into people in the small boats when we went ashore, and on shore holding up long lines of motors to take a photograph. The amateurs usually managed to have the sun shining in the lens so that

the pictures could not by any possibility turn out well.

The Travel Club was a popular organization which met every morning, various passengers contributing bits from their experience or information. At the first meeting a passenger told us our ship was named after an ancient Greek state, Laconia, of which the capital was Sparta. The same person explained that we would know the captain by the four gold stripes on his sleeve, that the chief engineer had four also but with a purple band, whereas the chief officer wore three gold stripes, and the doctor three gold stripes but with a red band.

This gentleman held forth, too, on the subject of the waves, telling the audience that Sir John Murray said the largest waves were in the North Atlantic and the Great Southern Oceans, that some were recorded over five hundred and sixty feet in length and from fifty to sixty feet in height, while abnormal waves caused by earthquakes were even larger.

I could well believe what he told us, for the fourth night out, when I was tucked in my bed, a hurricane struck the ship suddenly and with great force. The waves became mountains; the wind howled and whistled. The rain beating against our windows leaked through, making rivulets across the stateroom floor. Everything on the table fell off — oranges, brushes, papers, and shoes danced about on the floor together. Then with every heavy roll

my bed skidded across the room and back again. A sailor came and put up storm windows outside, whereupon the heat became suffocating.

Bells began to ring, and from different parts of the ship I could hear the crash of overturning furniture and smashing china. I heard a husky voice yelling, "The gangway has been carried away!" I lay and listened for the bugle, the signal for passengers to assemble at the lifeboats. As I listened I wondered why we had left our happy home. I was hanging on to the bed, which was still careering around the room, when something hit me on the head. I seemed to be smothering and felt sure the end had come. But when I caught a glimpse of myself in a mirror, as the bed and I slid over into the bureau, I saw that my powder box had fallen off the shelf and upset on my head! I got up, threw on a coat, and struggled out into the passageway. Outside my door I found a woman who had fallen and sprained her wrist, and a man who had cut his hand. Just then the doctor appeared, who had been summoned to take care of them.

As I reached the deck, the sun was rising and the waves were running high against the sky, their spray splashing over the ship. Excited people were scurrying about. Someone said water had rushed down the elevator well. But luckily the kitchen was still working, so that in due time we had some hot coffee and felt better. Eventually the excitement quieted down along with the elements, but all day

we had a "following wave" on the starboard quarter — that rather terrifying mountainous sea that looks as if it would drop down upon the vessel and bury it. One such wave did overtake us and swamp the stewards' quarters in the stern.

Chancing on these familiar lines from Kipling later, I felt sure that he had known the twin to our storm:

*"Who hath desired the Sea? — the sight of salt
water unbounded —*

*The heave and the halt and the hurl and the crash
of the comber wind-hounded?*

*The sleek-barrelled swell before storm, grey, foam-
less, enormous, and growing —*

*Stark calm on the lap of the Line, or the crazy-
eyed hurricane blowing?"*

In the *Safari News* for the day we read the following as we tucked ourselves into our deck chairs:

"WATERSPOUTS"

"How many saw them?"

"Those few who were on deck between 6 and 8:30 yesterday morning saw a number of small waterspouts abeam, which formed, melted away, and re-formed from time to time. They are a rather rare sight. The British Government have, for years, offered a substantial reward to any person who will furnish them with a photograph of a waterspout."

After people had recovered from the excitement of the storm and the sea was again normal, an ingenious costume ball was held, to which a friend and I went dressed as penguins, as we were heading for the land of penguins. We had web feet made out of cardboard, black robes with white fronts, great white paper eyes, and feather headdresses, and we each carried a small velvet penguin. There were all sorts of costumes — a shipwrecked girl, a convict, and a champagne baby in a small bath tub. The procession in costume, headed by the band, paraded about the deck. Nobody recognized the penguins, although we bowed and waddled about just as those birds do. We were taken for doves, ducks, squabs, anything but penguins — and had a lot of fun out of our own performance.

About this time some of the passengers began to receive mysterious messages by wireless from the United States. These did not arrive through the regular commercial channels, thereby causing a great deal of amusement and speculation as to where they did come from. One woman who found a fish in her wash bowl received a radio from the "Museum of Unnatural History in New York," stating they had heard of her "remarkable catch" and hoped she would have the specimen mounted for their collection. The *Safari News* reported that the search for the persons aboard operating this "grape-vine telegraph" had been unsuccessful, but several of the passengers were suspected of having some connection with the bogus station.

CHAPTER II

ISLANDS ALONG THE WAY

AT LAST one night our first light from land gleamed across the water.

All this time we had been sailing due east from New York, heading for the islands which English mariners called "Western," because there they expected to pick up the western wind which should fill their sails and drive them home. There are nine of the Azores Islands in three groups stretched across some three hundred miles of sea about eight hundred miles off Portugal, to which they belong. The Azores have been a familiar name to New Englanders for many years. Our whalers used to recruit many a crew of "bravas" at Fayal, who often settled down, after their voyages, on Cape Cod or in New Bedford or Gloucester, as the dark skins and Portuguese names to be found in those places go to prove. There is still much traveling back and forth to these islands in schooners and fishing vessels. Since transatlantic flights have become popular, the Azores have often appeared in the news, and will undoubtedly, with the development of aviation, become more and more important as a way-station between the continents.

The first group of the islands — Corvo and Flores — where we had picked up the light — we passed by night, and Fayal, St. George, and Pico the next morning. At first, because of stormy weather, the visibility was poor, and we could see nothing but the dim masses of volcanic peaks towering above the shores. Gradually the sun broke through, to our great joy, for we were not to land at the Azores, and must get what we could of them as we steamed by. By the time we reached St. George we could make out the steep black cliffs and the green slopes of the mountains above, patched out in cultivation, for barley, maize, fruit, and vegetables are grown on the islands. Off the starboard side we skirted the coasts of Pico, where a church with two towers was a conspicuous landmark in each village. Pico contains the highest mountain of any of the islands in the group, a beautifully cone-shaped peak rising over six thousand feet from the sea — a volcanic remnant, so some say, of the lost continent of Atlantis.

St. Michael's, which we passed at tea-time, is the largest island in the group, and its port, Ponta Delgada, is the capital and largest town in the Azores. Ranges of high green mountains — extinct volcanoes — cover the island. On — or rather in — the summit of one mountain are two lakes, a blue one and a green, with a village to be reached only by climbing a trail on donkey-back. Over the hills, in a region called "Furnes," are hot springs with

many kinds of medicinal waters and a resort for invalids.

Ponta Delgada slopes gradually toward the mountains behind it. The city is gay to look at from the water, with its pink, blue, yellow, and orchid houses set against the vivid green of the hills. We saw a sample of the characteristic two-wheeled cart drawn by rams with long curling horns, and the larger vehicles, drawn by oxen, which carry moss in which fruit is packed. A fellow-traveler who knew the town told us that it is surprisingly clean, and that its mosaic sidewalks, stuccoed house fronts, and the cobbled streets, with here and there a half-open door giving a glimpse of a flowery patio, are charming.

From the Azores we changed our course for Madeira and steamed into the harbor of Funchal, the capital, at dawn, while the little twinkling lights of the town went out and the sun rose, revealing a vision of purple mountains rising out of a turquoise sea and hillsides shadowed with deep ravines and dotted with little farms peeping entrancingly out of bowers of tropical foliage.

Leaning against the rail, I thought of the peaceful but important days Christopher Columbus had spent on this island with his bride. He had first seen her, a girl, at her devotions in a convent chapel at Lisbon. When he learned she was the daughter of the governor of Porto Santo in the Canaries, he followed her home to the island, courted, and mar-

ried her. Later they moved to Funchal in Madeira and built a house.

To this very harbor had come a Biscayan vessel with a half-mad, famine-stricken crew. Columbus had attempted to help them, but his efforts were futile and most of the men died. Historians say that in gratitude for his kindness, the pilot willed him the ship's charts and papers, and in these documents the discoverer found the proof of the belief which he already held, in a new land to the westward.

As the passengers were preparing to land, small boats gathered round *Laconia* as needles to a magnet. They held boys who would dive for coins or salesmen shouting their wares — wicker chairs and the famous Madeira embroideries.

On a previous visit we had taken the funicular up the mountain, a trip which no traveler should miss, because of the entrancing sea and land views. We had slid down the cobblestone road on toboggan sleds made of wicker and fastened to heavy runners, which are guided on their perilous journey by men who run alongside and steer the vehicles with ropes. This toboggan ride is an experience that cannot be duplicated anywhere else, I believe. But having tried it once, we were eager to see more of the island.

Upon landing, therefore, we entered a motor with a native guide supposed to speak English, and were off along the coast drive. The gardens were

more beautiful in the sunshine than I had remembered them, and roofs and balconies were smothered in flowering vines. The trumpet vine, the brick-red and magenta bougainvillea, and the wild pink geraniums were gorgeous, while the scent of mimosa and heliotrope filled the air.

Up and down we motored, into ravines and up to hilltops looking out over the blue sea. The white plaster houses with green blinds and red-tiled roofs curving up at the corners looked almost Chinese. But instead of sacred hens to watch over the family and keep away the devil, these had for ornaments terra cotta heads of men and women. Almost every native house had its vegetable patch and terrace of sugar cane and beans, and in the rock caves, which served for barns, were kept pigs, goats, calves, and chickens.

The soil of the island is extremely fertile. When the Portuguese first discovered Madeira, they found it so heavily wooded that they set fire to the forests in order to clear the land. The flames raged so fiercely the people were forced to put to sea to escape the fury of the fire they had started. To this burning over of the island is due the richness of soil that has ever since made Madeira a garden spot.

Since it was Sunday, the natives were all out on the roadway or standing on their terraces to watch the tourists. Some of them threw flowers into the car as we passed, with a smile and a wave of the hand. The women were generally clad in black with

white scarfs over their heads, but the girls wore bright-colored cotton dresses.

At last we came to the small village of Ribeira Brava, a little picture of a town, where we went into a pretty church, rich with gilding. Many women were kneeling there who appeared to be intent on their devotions, although they did occasionally take a side glance at the newcomers. Near by was a breakwater for the protection of the steamer which plies around the island. Fishing boats were drawn up on the beach, some painted with stripes of blue and yellow, and nets were lying about. The pebbly beach was covered with small round stones the size of an egg, such as are used for paving stones all over the island. The bullock sledges slip over these cobblestone roads as if on snow.

Miss Turner's pension in Funchal, to which friends had directed us, proved to be an old-fashioned villa, set high up on the hillside in a tangle of a garden of camelia trees and hibiscus and shade trees and flowers, with pools and ducks and a miniature canal, arbors, and trellised ways. Miss Turner herself turned out to be a cousin of the Lees of Virginia. We lunched on an open air porch and had a bottle of real Madeira wine, bottled in 1888, from her cellar.

Then came a few moments when we looked into the shops about the cathedral square and greeted our fellow-tourists all laden with packages, while men besieged us on every side, selling amber beads,

high white boots, such as the natives wear, filigree silver work, and the celebrated Madeira linens.

At last *Laconia* steamed off again, headed due south for the Canaries. They were not named, as some of us supposed, for the pretty yellow bird. In fact, we saw not a single canary during our stop. The islands received their title, it is said, from "the number of dogs (*L. canis*) of mighty bigness found there by King Juba." When a joker aboard heard that Canary, in this case, meant a dog, not a bird, he remarked, "Oh, probably a bird dog!"

The history of these islands goes far back into the past. They were probably first seen by the Egyptians, who sailed beyond the Pillars of Hercules thirty-three hundred years ago. Later came the Carthaginians, the Phoenicians, and the Arabians in their great galleys. The triremes of the Romans, too, grated on these shores. To the fierce Roman sailors the islands were an earthly paradise and they took back to Rome glamorous stories of the "*Insulae Fortunatae*." Ptolemy charted them in the third century. They are famous in literature as well as in history. Here are the Elysium of Homer, Ezekiel's Isles of Elisha, the Hesperidean Gardens of Herodotus, Pliny's *Purpurariae*, and Pindar's Isles of the Blessed.

The Canaries were the last land at which Columbus touched before heading out into the unknown Atlantic on his voyage to discover a new world. Later voyagers took the same road to the Americas

and the Indies, stopping here, and the freebooters and loot-ships of the Spanish Main also sought safety in the coves and bays. Lord Nelson lost his arm here on Tenerife in battle in 1797. His flag, taken at his defeat, flew for a time from a tower; then some English sailor stole it, but it was returned by the British because it had been captured in fair fight.

During the past century sturdy American whalers out of New Bedford and Cape Cod made the islands a rendezvous. Today they are a health resort.

Las Palmas, the capital, proved disappointing, for the hills above the town appeared treeless and colorless except for some yellow dunes of sand blown over from the Sahara in Africa. These hills lacked the cultivation and terraces and flowers of Madeira, but oranges, figs, and bananas are grown inland to some extent, and the land seemed good for grazing cattle and goats. The long water front and narrow streets were very Spanish in appearance, as were the cathedral, with towers and roofs in Spanish style, and the Bishop's Palace to one side, where draperies were hung over the balconies, Spanish fashion, in honor of the King's name-day. The houses were of many colors and the plazas charming because of monuments and bright flowers and palm trees surrounded by blue-tiled borders.

We mounted the high hills, covered with mist, over excellent roads, passing exotic plantations and



TYPICAL STREET SCENE AND HOUSES, LAS PALMAS



WASHING THE FAMILY CLOTHES, LAS PALMAS



CAVE DWELLINGS, LAS PALMAS



MONUMENT TO ZARCO, PORTUGUESE
DISCOVERER OF MADEIRA

irrigation canals along the road, and picturesque mills where the *gaffio* is ground and toasted for the people to eat. To our astonishment, we met camels laden with merchandise. They are the burden bearers, along with the burros, of which we saw a great many. Later we had luncheon at a hotel high up in the clouds and stopped at the cave village of Atalaya.

Here a race resembling gypsies, but really the descendants of the original inhabitants of the island, live in rock holes, rent free. The wooden doors to these cave dwellings are painted in bright colors, with little terraced gardens in front. We were taken into some of the caves and found them neat as a pin, and not at all damp. The rooms were clean and white-washed, some with matting on the stone floor and religious prints on the walls. The beds, made up with embroidered linen, seemed to be the special pride of the owners. Cooking was done in a small cave room to one side, the smoke having no means of exit but the entrance. The cave dwellers are said to punish criminals by placing them in a pit and feeding them on only one kind of food. Those who are strong enough to live for months in spite of this treatment are finally released.

The drive down the mountain side was splendid, by a great crater of a dead volcano, past villages, along an ocean boulevard, back to Las Palmas, where we had just time to visit the sixteenth-century cathedral decorated in the Spanish manner.

There is supposed to be a painting by Cellini in the "Treasury" and a Murillo on a chapel altar.

A walk through the old part of the city brought us to another church, where Columbus made his last prayers before setting out on his western adventure.

All through the early evening stray tourists came straggling back to the ship. Finally we were all rounded up and *Laconia* set sail, not to stop again until we reached Dakar in French Senegal.

CHAPTER III

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF AFRICA

FOR two nights and a day after leaving the Canaries we cruised southward toward Senegal, crossing, on the way, the Tropic of Cancer. We were beginning to realize something of the extent of Africa, which never looks its really enormous size on the map. Meanwhile, we all did last-minute cramming with books and atlases, in preparation for our first stop on the Dark Continent itself.

As we scanned the map of Africa, we found many names along the Mediterranean coast which were familiar to us from earlier trips. Here and there we recognized places which brought vivid reminders of sultans and sheiks; of Riffs and the Foreign Legion; of the dancing-girls called Ouled-Naïls; of the desert Bedouins and the mountain Berbers; of the veiled Tuaregs of the silver dunes of the Great Sahara, as well as the blacks of Timbuktu.

The larger part of Africa north of the equator is desert, but the Sahara does not extend to the sea. Algeria, for instance, is a blossoming garden, with vineyards and much grain, and Morocco is partly pasture land. The Atlas Mountains run diagonally

across Morocco, Algeria, and Tunisia. A still higher range starts in the northeast in Italian Eritrea on the shores of the Red Sea and extends south through Abyssinia and British Kenya Colony. Round about Lake Victoria, in east central Africa, rise the Mountains of the Moon. Ruwenzori was climbed some years ago by the Duke of Abruzzi, who once told us of his experience. Not far away is Kilimanjaro, over nineteen thousand feet in height, one of the highest peaks in the world.

South of the equator one finds mountains and plateaus, with the exception of the basin of the Congo and the Kalahari Desert. Much of the country below the Line, outside the Belgian Congo, is under British control, as dominion protectorate or mandate, but there are two Portuguese colonies, one on the East Coast and one on the West.

Who rules Africa today? Six European and three independent nations. France and Great Britain control the largest portions, Italy and Belgium next, and Portugal and Spain govern the smallest districts. The three so-called independent nations are Egypt, Abyssinia, and Liberia. Before the World War, Germany held a large slice of the continent, but in the final settlement, her share was assigned as mandates to Great Britain, France, and Belgium. The United States at this time asked for a "hands-off" policy in respect to Liberia.

The darker races so far outnumber the white in Africa that people sometimes question which may

rule in the days to come. The subject of the racial origins and relations of the various African peoples is so confusing it behooves a layman to avoid a subject on which the scientists disagree. In general, however, the color line is darkest in the equator belt, although very black people indeed, such as the Zulus in the south, are to be found elsewhere. Throughout the length of the coast, wherever colonies have been established, white inhabitants are numerous. To the southeast have come many East Indians. In the north are various Semitic and Hamitic races, as well as these mixed with negro blood. But the great bulk of the population of Africa — so far as actual numbers are concerned — is made up of the native blacks who occupy the enormous central territory. Of these the larger number are Bantus — an inclusive term covering many tribes. The groups most commonly mentioned were the Hottentots, Bushmen, Zulus, and Matabele — the last two being Bantu tribes. The areas of densest population in Africa are the Nile and Niger valleys and the Congo basin, Abyssinia, and the coasts of Kenya Colony and Portuguese East Africa.

Most of the tribes in the interior, as we saw later, go naked, except for bead and brass ornaments, feathers and furs. Some decorate their bodies in patterns made by knife-cuts. Some have sharpened, pointed teeth, like a fox. Others cut their ear-lobes and insert large pieces of wood or rolls of paper. Some, though these are seldom seen, have enor-

mous, enlarged lips, a fashion originally adopted by the blacks with the idea of disfiguring themselves to make the slave-traders pass them by, though now it has come to be a sign of beauty.

*“Who in their native beauty most delight
And in contempt do paint the devil white.”*

Herodotus gives us the account of the first circling of Africa. He reports that about 600 B.C. an expedition of Phoenicians was sent out by a king of Egypt which went round the continent in the opposite direction from our course, for it began in the Red Sea and returned home through the Pillars of Hercules and the Mediterranean. To their great surprise, they found, after many weeks, that the sun “rose on their right hand.” Following the coast line, they had rounded the south end of a continent and were sailing north instead of south. The first real explorer of that West Coast which was our objective, was Hanno the Carthaginian, a leper, who started about 500 B.C. on a colonizing project with, it is said, sixty ships and thirty thousand people. He seems to have gone as far as Sierra Leone. Centuries later, in the reign of Charles V of France, a chartered company of merchants from Rouen and Dieppe sent expeditions to the Gold Coast.

All of these efforts at exploration and colonization were isolated instances and without result. The first expeditions of real consequence were those sent out

by the Portuguese in the fifteenth century at the instigation of Prince Henry of Portugal, the "Navigator," who has been called the "father of modern maritime history." During his lifetime, his mariners had discovered the Cape Verde Islands and reached the Senegal and Gambia rivers. After his death in 1460 Portuguese ships continued to push farther and farther south along the West Coast. In 1462 Piedro de Cintra, in command of two caravels, discovered what is now Sierra Leone, to which we were bound. Diego Cão in 1485 reached the Congo and at Cape Cross erected a stone pillar which was discovered some four centuries later by the German captain of the man-of-war *Falke* and sent to Germany. Another landmark on the West Coast dated 1487 has been found with the name of Bartholomew Diaz, the first Portuguese to round the Cape of Good Hope from the western side. In 1497 Vasco da Gama sailed down the West Coast and on up the East and over to India. These Portuguese explorations make a thrilling story of persistence and daring.

Where the Portuguese had opened the way, other nations followed, exploring and colonizing — French and English and Dutch and Germans.

The shores we were now skirting had been one of the important centers of the slave trade. The Portuguese were the first of these traders, carrying slaves back to Portugal and later to Brazil. Sir John Hawkins, in the sixteenth century, was the earliest

of the Englishmen to deal in black men, his markets being England and the West Indies. Later the United States shared in the cruel business.

Glancing southward down the map and into the interior, we were reminded of pleasanter bits of history; of the brave explorers — Livingstone, who discovered Victoria Falls, and Stanley, who rescued him, Paul du Chaillu, who gave the first information about gorillas, and De Brazza, whose widow we visited in Algiers.

Still farther south, Cape Colony suggested Boers and British, Kruger and Rhodes, diamonds and gold. Up along the East Coast our eyes lighted on Madagascar and we remembered that it was the setting for the tales of Sindbad the Sailor and of the roc's egg. Nairobi recalled recent mighty hunters — Roosevelt, Buffalo Jones, the Martin Johnsons.

From the specimens of African animals we had seen mounted in natural history museums, it would seem as if Noah's ark had been shipwrecked on this continent or a zoo let loose — elephants, lions, hippos, zebras, giraffes, hyenas, ostriches, to say nothing of those beasts of which few of us ever heard before the days of cross-word puzzles, the gnus, elands, hartebeests, and the rest.

Strange animals, strange places, stranger peoples — soon we were to see them all for ourselves!

CHAPTER IV

DAKAR ON THE WEST COAST

AT LAST, after our long voyage, we set foot on the shore of the Dark Continent at Dakar, near the westernmost tip of Africa. It is the most important town and principal seaport of the French colony of Senegal, one of the nine districts which go to make up the vast territory known as *Afrique Occidentale*, covering a million and a half square miles in all. The capital of Senegal is St. Louis, some distance to the north, but Dakar is the capital of French West Africa, and here M. Carde, the governor-general, has his residence.

As we approached the harbor at sunrise, the first thing that greeted our eyes was the great precipitous rock of the island of Goree, rising in the middle of the bay. On it are the ruins of a former settlement, a few of the old houses being still used for barracks. The French first took possession of this island under Admiral d'Estrees, expelling the Dutch in 1677, but the English captured it from them, and for a century it was controlled alternately by the two nations. It was finally restored to France by the Treaty of Paris of 1814.

Dakar has an excellent harbor, perhaps the best between Gibraltar and Cape Town. It is a naval port, but not a stopping-place for coastwise boats with the exception of a few French steamers running direct to Bordeaux or Marseilles, which carry the casual mails, while passengers or important mail are often taken by airplane straight to France. The arrival of such a tourist ship as *Laconia* was, therefore, a great event.

Small boats landed us at a good quay, where private motors were waiting to take us about to see the sights. Since Dakar is not used to tourists, no regular guides were available, and so the white business men of the town had offered their services. Our chauffeur was a pleasant Frenchman, and an Englishman in the tea business acted as our guide.

Dakar was a complete surprise to me. My idea of French Senegal was derived from what I had seen of those great ebony blacks in France during the war — brave fighters they were, too — and I was quite unprepared to find here an attractive up-to-date French town, with well-paved streets, electric lights, stores displaying all sorts of foreign goods, gay restaurants, and colorful throngs of people — good-looking officers in white uniforms, Arabs in fine costumes, East Indians, and blacks of many tribes and shades.

Syrians were noticeable in these crowds at Dakar. Having been badly treated by the Turks, they had drifted down there as traders. Their methods of

trading, it is said, are rather like those of the Jews. You could tell them from the French because the men wore gray helmets, while the French and English men and women alike wore white or khaki ones.

The native black women wore colored cottons from Manchester and turbans of the same material, tied in a knot in front — all of those bright hues which are so picturesque in contrast to the dark skins. The turbans of the well-to-do Mohammedan women were made, usually, of silks from France, in all colors, though greens decorated with a dash of gold seemed the most popular. They had white embroidered-muslin jackets for the outer layer of their costumes, and sashes about their waists, much after the fashion of the women we saw in the harems in Morocco. But those on the streets in Dakar were not veiled. Many of them had handsome gold-embroidered purple slippers and superb filigree necklaces and bracelets. Along the outer edges of their ears little holes had been pierced, in which were fastened gold balls of filigree work. Some wore large, heavy anklets of silver or pewter such as slaves used to wear. Babies were carried in scarfs slung over their mothers' backs and were apparently quite comfortable in such cradles, even sleeping in them. Some of the women were very tall and handsome, and they all looked well and strong and clean.

There were so many types at Dakar that day,

drawn from the interior to see the Americans, that it is impossible to describe them in any detail. The Ouoloffs, savage-looking men, were magnificent specimens. The Sarakole and Kassoughes seemed lively and full of fun. *La femme de Goree*, whose gay cotton dress and turban have been mentioned above, was inky black, with the kinky braided hair, snub nose, and thick lips of the typical negro. In features and costume *la femme Peuthedu* showed traces of the Arab of the north. The Diola men were also a combination of Arab and negro. They wore no clothes other than a short skirt, but were liberally decorated with necklaces of ivory or beads, many bracelets, a belt of beads in which was thrust a knife, and a band of beads around the forehead.

The best shops in Dakar we found to be on the Avenue Albert Sarraut, named for M. Sarraut, who visited the United States on a mission soon after the war, and came to our house. But our first stop was at the Hotel de Ville on the Boulevard Maritime. Here a strange and brilliant sight met our eyes — a bazaar arranged for the Americans. Goods of every description were displayed on tables presided over by picturesque Mohammedans in red fezzes or turbans and white robes, or by East Indians wearing small round embroidered caps. Often there was an amusing mixture of clothes — a European hat or coat and shoes with voluminous flowing garments. The merchants talked many different languages. Crowded together on the tables were cu-



A DUSKY MOTHER AND CHILD, DAKAR



DANCERS AND MUSICIANS, DAKAR



A CAFÉ IN DAKAR



NATIVE DANCERS, DAKAR

rios from the desert — ostrich eggs, shining brasses, glittering gold ornaments, and silks and stuffs of many colors.

After seeing the government buildings near the Place Protet, and visiting the experimental gardens, where we saw great masses of glorious bougainvillea blossoms — purple, red, and brick color — glowing in the sunshine, we drove on out into the country.

An excellent road took us twenty miles to a town called Rufiske. For the first part of the drive the *bled*, or country fulfilled exactly my preconceived idea of the African “bush” with its flat land, high grass, and scattered palm trees. Here and there a clump of palms made an oasis in the brown plain, while great baobab trees with huge trunks and gnarled, sprawling limbs, stood gray and ghost-like by the roadside. The pods on these trees contain a substance something like cream of tartar, which the natives mix with goat’s milk and eat. Inland is to be found higher land, on which grow valuable trees. Along the way we passed a few native villages of straw-thatched huts, and saw blacks breaking stones for the roads.

The principal product of the region is the ground nut, our peanut. We saw great quantities of the vines. The blacks own small patches and sell the nuts to the whites, who grind them for the oil which the natives, in turn, use in cooking. Trade is also carried on in oil made from the palm. The natives

likewise eat the cola nut, on which, it is said, they can live for several days without other food or water.

Rufiske is a French town with plaster houses, squares adorned with monuments, and great warehouses where hills of ground nuts were being put into bags for shipping. It also has native quarters. A strange sight was a procession of five hundred beggars, lame and blind, leading one another down the street. They had come to receive the monthly dole which is given them by the government.

Returning to Dakar, we noticed outside the town an undertaker's hut covered with black paper and decorated with pictures of animals and with signs. One read: "It is a pity to be a fool during life, but still greater to die a fool." Another offered "To prepare those while alive and to finish them when dead." It seems this versatile mortician not only made coffins, but built houses.

I had heard Senegal called "the white man's grave," a description borne out by what we learned while at Dakar. An English friend told us that some four hundred whites had recently died of yellow fever there. The blacks are considered carriers, but do not seem to contract the disease themselves to any extent. The greatest problem in fighting yellow fever lies in the extermination of the deadly mosquito, which carries the germ from one victim to the next. During six months the disease had caused the death of three scientists who were

studying the problem in West Africa: Doctor Stokes of the University of London, Doctor Young, a Scotch scientist who had been working with him, and best known to all of us, Doctor Hideyo Noguchi of the Rockefeller Institute, the famous Japanese bacteriologist who had already developed a vaccine and serum which had been used with considerable success.

Quarantine in Dakar had only just been lifted when *Laconia* arrived. For months very strict measures had been enforced against the "Yellow Jack." Nettings covered the doors and windows of all the houses. White people were obliged by law to wear gloves and veils when going out after dark—the time when the mosquito is most dangerous. Our English friend and his wife were arrested and tried because they forgot to wear gloves when they went for a stroll one evening. Bubonic plague had also been raging in this locality—a disease which attacks the blacks more than the whites. Smallpox and leprosy also occasionally make their appearance in Senegal. Foreign residents consider it necessary to go home every two years for a change of climate, but there are some, nevertheless, who look strong and well even though they do not conform to this practice. Our French chauffeur, for instance, was a splendid healthy specimen although he told us that as a child he had moved to Dakar from the Canary Islands and had lived there ever since.

We returned to the ship for a formal luncheon

given in honor of the French officials, at which I was asked to act as hostess. About thirty of us sat down at table, all French except for a few Americans from *Laconia* who had been invited by the Cruise Director, our consul, Mr. Cobb, and a Boston doctor living at Dakar in order to study tropical diseases. The Cruise Director said a few words of welcome in French and introduced L. as an ex-ambassador who would address the gathering. My husband remarked that all on board were ambassadors bringing good will from America to the French colony and ended by a toast to the President of the French Republic. M. Vadier, governor of Dakar, responded appropriately and proposed the health of our President, while the band played both the "Marseillaise" and the "Star-Spangled Banner."

M. Bernia, who represented the governor of Central French Africa and had been governor of Timbuktu, told me that it is now possible to travel inland by train, continue by steamer up the Niger River, and with a trip by motor over the desert, reach Timbuktu. From here one can go on to Algeria by desert motor, camping at night in tents.

Timbuktu, the subject of the poem with which Tennyson won the Chancellor's Medal in 1829, was once the capital of the old Sonrhay Empire, which extended over the whole of the middle Niger. The Sonrhay chiefs had much power and Timbuktu in the past was a great center of trade. It was captured



HOW THE BABIES ARE CARRIED



MENDI DANCER, DAKAR



THE DANCE AT FREETOWN



PART OF THE ORCHESTRA

by the Touaregs, the veiled bandits of the desert. A Touareg man is said to be allowed only one wife, while a woman may have six husbands. Few of us, perhaps, remember that Joffre, who became Marshal of France during the Great War, in his youth led an expedition to Timbuktu and captured from the Touaregs that far-away city in the desert of the Great Sahara. By the way, when Joffre was in America, he dined with us in Washington.

Caillé, who is considered by the French to be one of their outstanding explorers in Africa, made an extraordinary trip years ago from French Guinea to Morocco by way of Timbuktu. Later Bath, a German explorer, traveled from Tripoli through British Nigeria to Timbuktu and returned. He was disguised as an Arab and went by the name of Abdul Karim.

The record of the French in exploring, developing, and consolidating the vast African empire under their control deserves great admiration. There is an interesting saying in Africa: "When the English occupy a country, the first thing they build is a customhouse; the first thing the Germans build is a barracks; but the first thing the French build is a railway." The French policy of peaceful penetration has proved far more successful than many another nation's force of arms.

After luncheon we all went ashore again to see the native dances which had been specially arranged for the Americans; dancers from tribes far

in the *Intérieur* having been brought down for this occasion. The officials and residents said they had never had such an interesting exhibition before, though native dancing is a part of the celebration of the French national holiday on the fourteenth of July.

The blacks had gathered, Arab fashion, in an open space down by the mole, and ranged themselves in circles by tribes, while the white people watched from a terrace above or else mingled with them for a closer view. The excitement was intense; tom-toms beat incessantly for the dances, while the natives clapped their hands in the same rhythm; queer, primitive instruments made weird sounds; groups gabbled together in guttural voices in strange tongues.

One group of elderly black women, swathed in dark blue, was of special interest to us. They had come the farthest of all — from the desert interior — nomad Mauretanians with hawklike noses and fierce-looking eyes. No men were to be seen with them, and some thought they were widows, though one had a baby bouncing up and down on her back as she danced — sound asleep from exhaustion, poor mite! The women took turns beating the tom-toms and dancing. They looked so poor and so forlorn that a man threw a piece of paper money into their circle. It was given to the oldest of the women, who never looked up or smiled but tucked it under the blue veil on her head and went on dancing.

In another group the dancers were performing a wild jazz—a regular black bottom. It wasn't exactly improper, nor suggestive, but we were told that one dance had been cut out on account of the presence of American ladies. The dancers' feet scratched wildly at the dust like excited chickens. Their arms waving like serpents, they stepped and hopped and gyrated, grimacing and strutting about proudly for the onlookers to admire them. Both men and women danced, but never at the same time.

All the while the native audience clapped their hands in time to the drums to encourage the dancers. The music would grow louder and louder and the antics swifter until the dancer had reached his climax; then he would stop from sheer exhaustion and drop out. Another would quickly take his place in the ring and the performance would begin again. Some outside the circles could not resist the tomtoms and jerked and stamped about after a fashion of their own. The town negroes heard again the call of the wild and gyrated into the ring and about it. No doubt when the sun went down, and we were once more on board the ship, they continued their dancing, perhaps all night, getting wilder and wilder, as is their way.

So we sailed away and left them, still prancing in the silver moonlight by the blue water among the yellow sand dunes and feathery palm trees. They followed us into our dreams that night, swarms of people clad in riotous colors beneath the

black velvet sky of the African coast. We had seen something that few Americans have ever witnessed.

Later we saw a Dakar newspaper with an account of our visit. Besides cartoons of the tourists, it contained a satirical poem and an editorial about the travelers. When we went ashore, a sign had greeted us: "Welcome to our American friends. Please help the Red Cross." As a matter of fact, we never saw anyone collecting for this organization, but the editorial complained that the Americans had not given it enough to buy one black baby a glass of milk. The poem said that all we bought was one lobster cooked *à l'Américaine* but that nevertheless "the French thank the Americans for buying the lobster." The newspaper blamed the French for showing the Americans they were beggars in the morning, and in the afternoon showing them only the blacks.

A collection was taken up on shipboard later for the Red Cross at Dakar and the poor of Free-town — our next stopping place — and several hundred dollars were raised and sent back.

But meanwhile, as we slipped out to sea from Dakar, we passed once more the island of Goree, with its ghosts of traditions of slave days, and wondered how many of the blacks we had seen that day were kin to those slaves of long ago. And then we went inside for the inevitable accompaniment to all the romance of travel in Africa — washing off the dust, gargling, and taking quinine!

CHAPTER V

FREETOWN

SIERRA LEONE is a British colony along the coast with a protectorate extending over the hinterland. Freetown, the capital, has one of the loveliest harbors imaginable, much like that of Santos in Brazil, but quite unlike Dakar's, where the coast is low and sandy. In addition to its beauty, it is one of the best natural harbors to be found on the West African coast. Should the Suez Canal ever be closed in case of war, Freetown would become of strategic importance, as all the shipping for the Far East would then have to go by way of the West Coast and the Cape. For these reasons the harbor is maintained as a naval and military station.

On the coast of Sierra Leone — “Chariot of the Gods” — the mountains come down to the sea and stand out prominently, a feature which has been a landmark to voyagers from ancient days. Among the earliest of the explorers the Portuguese came adventuring into these oceans, Piedro de Cintra mapping Sierra Leone in 1462 and giving Lion Mountain its name, because the roar of the storms in the mountains suggested the roar of lions.

Later Schouten, the Dutch navigator, landed on this shore and still later the English. For three hundred years slavery and piracy were legitimate trades here until it was chosen by British philanthropists as a suitable place to which to transfer slaves who had been emancipated in other parts of the world; so in 1787 the first settlement of Freetown was established. It was only on the first of January of the year of our visit, in 1928, that slavery was abolished by law in Sierra Leone, that is, in the hinterland protectorate, where a domestic form of slavery had persisted among the Africans and had even been supported by decisions of British courts.

The most pressing problem even today in the Sierra Leone district concerns the forms of contract labor and compulsory labor for private profit, as well as the practice of adopting children for the purpose of impressing them into practical slavery.

Another curious result of a slave-trade center made into a home for freed slaves has been the development of two distinct classes of blacks; on the one hand, the descendants of the emancipated slaves, who have taken to education and form an "aristocracy," calling themselves "Creoles"; on the other, the native tribes of the obscure back country — a land still shrouded in mystery and superstition — who are as savage as ever, who come almost naked into the towns, and who band themselves into secret societies with vicious practices. So it is that the British *Raj*, the colonial administra-

tion, has the problem of these two classes to deal with.

The Creoles are the most important group in the colored population of Freetown. They speak English; they dress in our clothes; and want to be considered on a footing with the whites. The well-to-do send their sons to England to study, some of whom on their return become the local doctors, lawyers, clergymen, and members of the Council. There is a seminary in Freetown — Fourah Bay College — which educates the boys to become clerks in the government offices and shops. In fact, most of the clerks in the British West African colonies have been educated at this college. They are all Christians. Those who have been converted have their hand-shakes and foot-washes and spirituals — much the same customs that one sees even today on some of our own cotton islands in the churches that have native parsons. There are still, however, many blacks who return to their pagan customs after they have been converted. A number, especially in the hinterland, have become Mohammedans — according to Mr. Ferdinand Ossendowski, because Islam, in upholding slavery and the power of the tribal chiefs, as well as in other respects, is closer to their original pagan customs and beliefs than Christianity. The Mohammedan influence in Freetown is not as great as in Dakar, although there is a small Arab section.

The hinterland has been the scene of many small wars. Beginning about 1882 King Samory, an im-

portant native ruler, devastated much of the land between Nigeria and French Guinea. With an army of some forty thousand men he fought the French. In 1897 he was finally defeated, but after this the hinterland of Sierra Leone was troubled by the Mendi uprising. An unpopular tax, levied by the British on each hut, was the cause of the ill feeling, and it was only after several months of fighting that peace was again restored.

A copy of the Freetown *Weekly News* was received on board *Laconia* upon our arrival, containing "An Open Letter of Welcome to the Tourists per S. S. *Laconia*" from a Creole correspondent, with a subtitle—"Travelling quickens Intelligence—clarifies Judgment—harmonizes the Affections." The article, in part, ran as follows:

" . . . Your aim there was to see the little haven for manumitted slaves, as it has been dogmatically called.

" . . . When you started to take the risks of coming I can conceive of the many acrimonious persuasions to dissuade you from the venture, undoubtedly, jungles of incoherent bosh, incongruous tales, wishy-washy effusions, niminy-piminy decoy, to thwart your courage; such as mosquitoes are so thick there that the Military authorities are obliged to fire a rammed cannon at 12:00 noon with projectiles and insect-destroying powder to break the net-work of mosquitoes which prevent the rays of the sun from penetrating through the city; they

drop down like whiskey bottles and don't touch the Africans who are immune from their bites. The Malaria there is a He and seriously attacks the white females, and the Black-water is a She and is fond of white males. The sun is so hot that on the visit of the Prince, His Royal Highness had to wear a tropical helmet embedded with ice. . . . The chameleon with its poisonous spittle too is always in evidence to keep order on pain of being blind. You have to take your meals covered for fear of the unwelcome visits of sand flies and cockroaches partaking with you. These and many more 'utopian and chimeric yarns.' I quite appreciate your courage. . . ."

As *Laconia* entered the harbor, narrow, sharp-pointed native "gigs," with triangular sails that looked as if they were upside down, came riding over the waves from Susan's Bay — the low-lying Bullom shore opposite. They were laden with black women in gay cotton dresses and turbans, who were on their way to market. While the ship was dropping anchor, a canoe made from a tree trunk, bobbing on the waves like a pea-pod, brought alongside a black diver, dressed for the occasion in a celluloid collar, a necktie, a straw hat, and a loin-cloth. After carefully removing the hat, he dove overboard after the silver pieces thrown into the water by the tourists. When he lost one of the pieces he would put his hands to his eyes, pretend to cry, and swear in English. He proved quite a character and made a for-

tune from the Americans during the day. A great crowd of colored people was at the stone wharf watching the landing of the travelers. Though the passenger ships to the Cape stop here, few passengers go ashore. As no tourist ship had ever planned such a visit as we were making, we created a good deal of excitement for Freetown.

The darkies were dressed much like those in our southern states and did not look so poor or so ragged as some I had seen in the West Indies. They were a picturesque, happy lot. Everywhere on the streets, the day we landed, were black Boy Scouts to direct the travelers, looking very trim in their uniforms. All the boys had very good manners and were most helpful. Whoever trained them did it well. The Boy Scout movement here was organized about twenty years ago by the principal of the grammar school, with the approval of two native chiefs or tribal rulers. A Girl Scout movement also began not long ago in the schools.

In the crowd which gathered to see us land were several Roman Catholic priests and Protestant missionaries. The United Brethren Mission has a small hospital, and also the American Wesleyan Society. All denominations have made converts among the natives.

Here for the first time we saw the costume adopted by many of the English in tropical Africa — helmet, shirt open at the neck, shorts, and puttees. The native police wear much the same outfit,

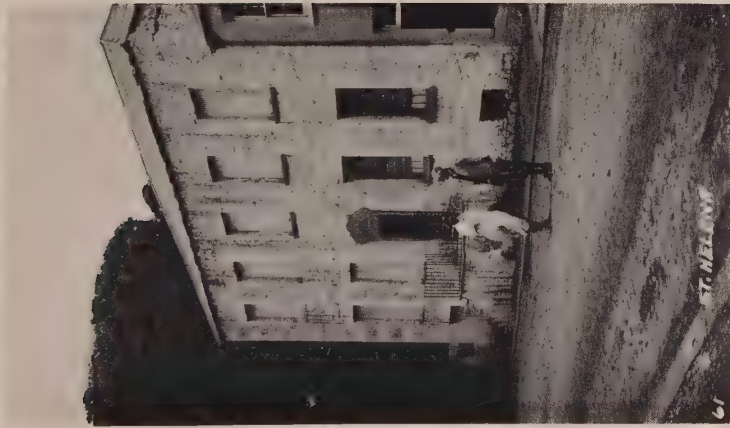
but no shoes. No wonder this comfortable costume is the rule, for the weather is very hot — at least we thought so, although we were told it was a cool day because the *hamattan* was blowing. This is a dry wind peculiar to the West Coast, which blows from the interior during our winter months. It carries small particles of sand from off the Sahara that make the atmosphere hazy. But though the sun is dimmed, it is still dangerous, and helmets are essential.

The streets of Freetown were not paved and many of the low wooden houses with corrugated iron roofs were unpainted.

The most interesting section of the city was King Jim's Market, named after a local paramount chief. It seethed with all the life and the color of a primitive land. The fat, jolly-looking black women with big eyes and glistening white teeth predominated as purchasers. They bustled round in their Mother Hubbards of bright-colored cotton with market baskets on their arms and on their heads. In the market, beer and much fish were for sale, also peppers, cassava rolled into balls, small tomatoes, bananas, ginger, cocoanuts, and melons. The natives make a palm-oil chicken stew and palm-oil "chop," a mixture of oil and rice. "Chop" is a word used for food along the West Coast. I may mention that here the English make a cocktail called a "Coaster," which is something like our Manhattan cocktail.

On landing we were introduced to a young Englishman, who was so polite as to take charge of us for the day. He had been an official for many years in Sierra Leone, knew the place, its people, and many of its "lingoes." He was at this time the "acting mayor" of Freetown, for the English Government had just done a thing that is characteristic of their high-handed methods of bringing good out of evil. The black mayor and council — the elect of the suffrage of Freetown — had proved, in office, dishonest pilferers, and so the Colonial administration had simply supplanted them by appointing an honest white official to straighten matters out; the rascals had been sent to jail without scandal or delay, and the matter was settled, and that was all there was to it. There had been no chance for the protests and postponements that would have occurred had we been doing the governing.

The capable English official took us first in his motor to Wilberforce Hall, where a bazaar had been arranged for the Americans. Here on tables were displayed native wares, rugs, and cloths. Much of the cloth was made from English thread, but a few pieces were picked out by the mayor as being entirely native. The native colors were brown, black, and white. There were also fiber nets and baskets dyed with local vegetable dyes. The cotton was cleaned and dyed by the women, but woven by the men. The pottery was made without a potter's wheel. Tin cans and bottles covered with red and



WHERE NAPOLEON SPENT HIS
FIRST NIGHT IN ST. HELENA



THE FIRST BURIAL PLACE OF
NAPOLEON, ST. HELENA



LONGWOOD, ST. HELENA, AS IT APPEARS TODAY



PLANTATION HOUSE, GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE, ST. HELENA

green leather and trimmed with fur were really very pretty.

We bought some of the bars of iron which serve for money among the natives in the interior, also long wooden sticks called "knobkerries" which the men carry for protection, and an old Bundu mask of ebony wood some witch doctor had used in his ceremonial dances. For these purchases we paid in British currency the price marked on the article, whereas at Dakar we were supposed to and did bargain for what we bought. In South America we had heard that the word "guinea," as applied to money, came from guinea-pig, because these little animals when first taken to London were sold for a bit over a pound sterling. But here on the western shores of Africa I found another explanation — that in the old days this variety of money took its name from the Guinea Coast.

From Wilberforce Hall we went to the Government House, which was once an old fort — a thick-walled, rambling, ramshackle place with a lovely terraced garden. Here we met Their Excellencies, Governor and Lady Byrne, who proved very charming. We gathered from them that tennis parties, dances, and an occasional reception at Government House were the principal forms of entertainment at Freetown. To Government House, white clerks are not invited, although the black high officials are. In racial questions like this, the English offer an example in the way they receive and recognize

the educated negro on terms of respect. On the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales to the colony, the officers of the squadron drank toasts with the black officials who were at table with them. The King of England invited President King of Liberia to a garden party at Buckingham Palace with the great of the land. Paramount chiefs from the interior are admitted to sit with the white members of the Governor's council.

After that call we continued on our way, over Kingtown Bridge, through Ascension and Congo towns, through the white residential section with houses much like our officers' quarters in Panama, past a golf course and tennis club. In the distance we saw the bathing beach and an old wreck rising out of the sea.

At last we reached Signal Hill station. This back country has its special dangers. Several varieties of very poisonous snakes are found here among the hills. In 1924 leopards killed twenty-three men and wounded many others. They not only roam the hills, but have been known to venture at night even as far as the houses, hoping to catch dogs that have been left outside. The large black-skinned chimpanzee, too, has been known to attack and kill children and has even injured adults.

These dangers seemed quite remote, however, while we were accepting the hospitalities of the club and visiting Mr. Archer's house, a wooden structure which stands on stilts, like many of the houses here.

What impressed me most was the fact that the beds were on a raised platform and had canopies of netting on account of the mosquitoes and flies. On the attractive, half-enclosed veranda we were given champagne and cake. Then we returned to the town, passing back down the road lined with hibiscus and the vine called "chain of love," which bears rose-colored blossoms, and the fragrant flower of the frangi-pani and trailing morning-glory, and went on to the Victoria Gardens, a typical English colonial botanical garden, where we found people gathered on the tennis courts to watch a native dance.

Susu girls and unmarried Bundu girls were taking part. These young girls had over their bosoms something that resembled a chest protector of bead work, and beads about their waists, while down behind hung a large strip of leather with bells sewed to it which jingled when they waved their arms and legs. Some wore huge blue turbans built up a foot or more. A Mendi man, dressed in straw and wearing a mask that looked like a bird with a huge beak, danced about very cleverly and humorously on stilts, while two wooden idols placed on the ground looked on for luck. The large drum used in the dance was hollowed out of a tree trunk and was about four feet long and two feet wide. These drums are often used to communicate messages from one village to another; in fact, they are the native long-distance telephone system. When the wind is right the code can be heard for sixty miles.

The natives of Sierra Leone have strange superstitions. They believe certain people can, if they so desire, change themselves into animals; that some have "four eyes" (second sight) and can see what others cannot; that the spirit of an individual can leave the body and enter that of a crocodile, and that some medicine men or witch doctors possess the power to cause lightning.

One of the strangest of all superstitions is practiced in the Mendi tribe. If a man suffers from a bad rice crop he goes to his medicine man and asks him to invoke the spirit which has power over the fertility of the land. He pays a sum for this service and is then told by the fetish priest to go and dig in a certain portion of his field. There he finds an emblem of good luck, usually the small clay figure of a man, which, of course, has been planted there previously by the wily witch doctor. This figure is supposed to ensure a good harvest.

Another good luck emblem is the claw of a leopard, which is used as a charm against spirits. This belief is very bad for the buyer of the leopard skin, which loses its value somewhat, once it has been declawed, but the sellers pay very little attention to the purchaser's sorrow.

"Bad medicine" is not, however, entirely limited to charms. If a man has a feud with another he can bewitch him by "putting medicine on him." This is accomplished by purchasing from the witch doctor a more or less harmless but horrible mix-

ture, for which a good fee is paid. The natives have found that if they wish really to dispose of an enemy, glass poisoning is the best method. It results in a slow and painful death, and even after the victim has expired the cause is very difficult to trace.

Religion is not confined merely to fetishes. Outside every village there are altars tucked into the edge of the bush and protected from storms by coverings of thatch. On a pedestal built of dried mud are placed offerings to appease the evil spirits who, the natives seem to believe, can best be reached through their stomachs, for the altar is usually found covered with yam and other bits of food.

Sometimes the altars have walls decorated in colored clay with designs of alligators, lizards, and leopards. The crude figure of a man or a woman guards the interior, carved in wood or molded from clay. Some of these pagan people believe in an after-life and in a sky god called "Kuru masaba." Lesser gods, good and bad, are called "Krifis" and are sometimes associated or confused with the spirits of the dead. The blacks worship ancestors and also believe in Purgatory, where the dead go first and where, in time, their sins are forgiven. Heaven is a "clean place" where there is neither work nor sleep, sun nor darkness, and what a man wants he is given. The dead, some think, may at times return to this earth, never to their old homes, but to some distant place.

Rules and ceremonials concerning marriage vary

in the different tribes. A man may have as many wives or mistresses as he desires, but there are restrictions as to whom he may marry. For instance, he may not marry his mother or his grandmother or his daughter or his granddaughter. If he breaks this law he is reported to the Humoi Society and is washed and flogged and made to pay a fine. If a wife proves unfaithful, or it is discovered she has had a lover before marriage, she can be returned to her father. A slave woman cannot marry, but if a man lives with a slave woman she becomes free and her children free. If a slave woman lives with a slave man they remain slaves. Occasionally a woman becomes the head of her tribe.

There are a number of secret societies, which white people are never allowed to investigate. The "Wunde" is one of these. It prepares boys for fighting and teaches them, also, how to handle money. There is another school for boys in the bush called "Porro," where they are taught house-building. Some of the societies exercise considerable political power. The Alligator Society is a murder organization which practices cannibalism and makes medicine from human flesh. The victim is not always a white man, but may be any unprotected stranger, or an aged fellow-tribesman. A white man who was traveling through Africa not so long ago came across the remains of three human beings still steaming in a caldron in a deserted village in the bush. The inhabitants, who had fled at his approach, had evi-

dently not had time to take their feast with them or even remove the signs of the dinner to come.

The girls whom we had seen dancing belonged to the secret society called "Bundu." When about ten years old they are taken into the bush and initiated with ceremonies into the functions of dancing, housekeeping, and cooking, to prepare them for a husband. Here they stay for several months, their parents paying something for their education; then they are married to some man who is willing to spend a small sum — ten shillings perhaps — for a wife. A go-between arranges the match. If the man is a Mohammedan and already has several wives, he sends his head wife to the girl's father. When all is arranged, the girl is sent to the man's home.

The negroes hold trials for offenses among themselves. If a case cannot be settled, or if it is one of murder, the matter is brought before the white official for final judgment.

At last it was time for us to bid good-bye to Freetown and go aboard *Laconia* again. Our fellow-tourists arrived, some of them tired, some exhilarated, carrying huge packages of all sorts. The mayor had luncheon with us on board and told us many more things. He said that something like thirty dialects were spoken among the negroes and that Freetown had in recent years been more or less free from epidemics except for the "flu," which carried off many people. But before 1885 eighteen governors and two bishops died of one tropical disease or an-

other, to say nothing of other white people. We heard it whispered that the dangerous tsetse fly, the bearer of sleeping sickness, breeds in swamps not far out of town. Few sleeping sickness cases are reported among the blacks here, but occasionally a case of smallpox appears. The tsetse fly is found in great numbers near the Niger River. For years distinguished scientists have been working on some plan for exterminating it, without much success. The bush-cow is a favorite victim and is often sent mad by the stings. Horses and cows imported from other localities are sure to be infected and usually die as a result.

As we set sail toward the south, we were regretful that we were not to stop at Monrovia, the capital of Liberia. Eager to know more about the country, I questioned the English and American people who had been there and gathered a few facts. Liberia is rich in gold, copper, iron, and other resources, but the mines have not been developed. It has been a pathetic experiment that has enjoyed especially the "benevolent interest" of the United States. As early as 1816 the American Colonization Society began its philanthropic efforts to secure land in Africa for colonization by freed slaves from this country. In 1822 the first settlement was made. Two years later the names Liberia and Monrovia (for President Monroe) came into use. In 1847 the settlers proclaimed Liberia a republic, the Society having deeded to them all its lands. The organization con-

tinued its interest and aid and still does so today, although for some time its work has been largely educational.

The experiment in Liberia has always been better in intention than in operation. Someone has called the country a "travesty of a state, chronically bankrupt and undeveloped." Before the World War a group of nations had a sort of joint financial control, but at the Peace Conference we requested a "hands-off" policy on the part of Europe and took upon ourselves all financial and moral responsibility, of which we have made a wretched fizzle. Under the aegis of our protection the government is bad to the core. The small group of partly educated blacks on the coast, who represent the Government, are enslaving thousands back in the interior, compelling work under the lash, and enforcing labor from daylight till dark — a monstrous business!

I asked an American who had been in charge of a rubber plantation in Liberia his ideas about the various methods of colonization practiced in Africa. He replied that he thought the French were poor colonizers, the British were too kind and made the negro cocky, and that the Germans with their military discipline were the best. His ideas of the treatment for negroes strongly suggested the "Simon Legree" of the slave-holding days. He said conditions all along the West Coast were bad. He told us that the old slave castles were interesting, where the

dungeons for slaves, as well as the chains, could still be seen.

I remember hearing my father speak of Calabar and Fernando Po, to the south. In the fifties he served in the navy, and was sent in pursuit of slavers. Calabar was once an old trading center on the banks of a river forty miles from the sea. In the old slave days gold, skins, beeswax, wood, and slaves were traded in exchange for cotton, powder, rum, tobacco, and muskets. A slave who cost about twenty dollars in Africa could be sold for four hundred or more in America. In the early days tribes which warred upon one another made their prisoners slaves. Slave factories, or small forts, with a few Portuguese or British in control, sprang up first on the coast. Here slaves were bought from the chiefs, herded in "barracoons" or sheds, and then shipped away. Lisbon was one of the first slave markets.

On shipboard the slaves were branded and chained to one another. Although at first they had some freedom, as time went on conditions grew worse and worse. The men in their quarters and the women in theirs were packed closely together with hardly room to move. They ate out of a trough like pigs, and were never allowed up on deck. Owing to the filth, horrible diseases broke out, sometimes ophthalmia making them blind, when they would be thrown overboard as worthless. On arrival in the States the sick ones brought only five dollars, and with them the Jews often speculated on the chances

of their recovery. One of the blackest and most cruel blots in the world's history is the story of the slave trade.

But presently the pestilential coasts of Liberia lay far behind us as we nosed south toward the Island of St. Helena.

CHAPTER VI

NAPOLEON'S LAST HOME

LACONIA was due to arrive off Jamestown, the capital and the principal village of St. Helena, after a voyage of four days from Freetown. The sea proved calm and the weather warm, but not excessively hot, even though we were in the equator belt. The sunsets were magnificent, some with floating wisps of clouds, which massed into figures like long-legged pink flamingoes flying on a blue background. At other times the sun shining through stratus clouds cast lovely shadows. We refer to this effect as "the sun drawing water," but in the Hawaiian Islands these bright streaks in the sky are called the "ropes of Maui" and in Ceylon, "Buddha's rays."

A silver moon hung in the black velvety heavens and the big stars, too, made shimmering lines of light across the ocean. The Southern Cross was at last visible. For a number of nights before we had been seeing the False Cross. Both of these constellations look something like a kite, as there is no central star, but the False Cross is larger than the real one and higher above the horizon. The true Southern Cross can be known by a smaller, scarcely

distinguishable star between the right hand and the base stars.

The blacks in the African Congo have many fables about the heavens in their folklore. The Bushman's name for Jupiter is "Dawn's Heart." The Milky Way, they think, was formed by the smoke from cooking fires of the ancients. At sunset they say, "The sun chief is handing his shield to his wife."

During the day, to amuse ourselves, we watched the porpoises roll and play. They had begun to follow the ship in small schools. We also saw large schools of flying fish. These are considered excellent food and are sold in the markets. At night they are attracted by lights on the fishing boats. The natives catch large numbers of them by holding a torch beside a sheet stretched between the masts of their small boats.

We were now bowling along with the northeast trades, soon to reach the equator, and approaching the doldrums. Here the trade winds die away, and the weather becomes hot and close. This region, made famous by Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," must have been greatly dreaded in the days of sailing ships, for a vessel would sometimes lie here for weeks waiting for a wind, meanwhile encountering bad thunderstorms.

The night before we reached the "Burning Line," while we were all at dinner, the purser came to the captain with a wireless message which he was asked

to read aloud to the passengers. It was from King Neptune, who said that he — Lord of the Sea — would send a messenger with a letter that night at eight-thirty. At the appointed time great red lights were seen burning at the bow of the ship, while jets of water spurted up in streams, and as the steamer slowed down, over the bow climbed a polar bear. He crawled up the ladder to the pilot bridge, where he delivered the message to the captain. Then he climbed down again and disappeared over the bow amid the cheers of the passengers. The letter stated that old Neptune, with his wife and retinue, would board *Laconia* the next afternoon.

At eight o'clock the following morning, as we crossed the equator, the whistle blew long and loudly. In the afternoon, to the accompaniment of a march played by the band, a majestic person with a golden crown, a long rope beard, flowing robes, and a trident appeared on the deck. His flaxen-haired queen, garbed in white, we had previously known as the pretty hair-dresser. Following them paraded the judges, in black with white wigs, the masked executioner in black tights, savages, and bears. After marching round the ship they gathered about the canvas tank, where they made an amusing group. The captain received them with a speech of welcome, which the king answered, demanding to see the pretty girls among the passengers who had never crossed the Line. They were called to the dock and questioned by the judges. "Did the lady say she

would be a sister to the purser? ” “ Was it the purser or his assistant she preferred? ” The court had some joke ready about each person brought before it. Then the victim was made to take a disagreeable-tasting pill, the ladies were almost smothered with powder, and the men were seized and roughly shaved with a board. Finally the defendant was thrown into the dirty water backwards and ducked. At the end of the performance Neptune and his retinue all jumped into the tank. Standing there, the Lord of the Sea said a few words of farewell and a flag was drawn over the scene. Each victim was presented with a certificate admitting him to the Order of the Four Points of the Compass, which he will probably guard carefully for his own protection whenever he again approaches the Line.

Among other events during these days at sea was a very gay Penguin Club dinner. This society was organized on the South American cruise when we were headed for the land of the penguins. As several members were also present on the African trip, and as penguins also live near the Cape of Good Hope, there was sufficient excuse for continuing the club and its gayeties. Original poems and clever speeches made the dinner a very lively occasion. The table decorations were amusing: in the center stood an immense stuffed King Penguin while Mrs. Penguin sat on a nest of large eggs. A few baby penguins, who seemed to have been lately hatched, were grouped about.

During these few days Kissing Kitty got in some good work with the Insistent Young Man. Rolling Rosie lost a few pounds exercising in her "Annette Kellerman" and Leaping Lena grew steadily stronger from punching the bag and was all ready for a boxing match. The Laconia-Africa Masonic Club met, and a treasure hunt was held.

Only once in the four days, after we had passed out of range of the continent, did we run near any land, and that was far off to the west — Ascension Island — one of those isolated, apparently God-forsaken peaks in the boundless ocean, that England, at one time or another, has felt impelled to take over, often from some weaker possessor, but always with a highly moral explanation. Yet the fact remains that to be an English possession is generally to the advantage of the possessed. From the moment England takes charge, the land becomes a well-governed observation point and a beacon in her "dominion beyond seas." It may seem strange that England clings to these far-flung and desolate spots, but she recalls, perhaps, that once on a time she gave away a rock of an island that proved later a thorn in her side — Heligoland. Long may she hold on to these costly places — for she makes it possible for travelers to visit them in safety!

By the time we approached our next stopping place we were eager to see land again. In the distance St. Helena loomed up larger than I had expected. It was like an enormous chocolate cake, cut

into slices by ravines. It is really of volcanic origin and has been greatly changed by oceanic abrasion and atmospheric denudation. Great bare cliffs rise out of the sapphire sea, while huge rollers break on the rocks and rush into pirate caves. Many vessels have been wrecked here.

As we dropped our anchor off Jamestown, we saw a giant ray scuttling off through the water. While *Laconia* lay in the roadstead, several fishing boats passed by, about sixteen feet long, with very small sails, and very long oars, and four men to a boat. We were told that these fishermen stay out for a week at a time, a small boat taking back to town each night the fish they have caught during the day. The catch consists mainly of tunny and mackerel. American whaling fleets put in here occasionally.

St. Helena is a lonely spot: it lies twelve hundred miles from Africa, and eighteen hundred from South America. The nearest land, Ascension Island, which we had passed far to the north, is hardly close enough for neighborly visits. With rare exceptions, only two steamers call at Jamestown each month, one outward, one homeward bound.

The island was discovered on May 21, 1501, by João da Nova, a Portuguese navigator. Because the day happened to be the anniversary of the birth of Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, the island, they say, was named in her honor.

The early navigators reported that the island was

covered by forests, and that even on the precipices overhanging the sea were to be found gum-wood trees.

The first known inhabitant was Fernandez Lopez, a Portuguese of good family, who for some misdemeanor was so horribly mutilated that he preferred being marooned on this island to returning to Europe. Here he was set ashore in 1513, with a negro slave and some live stock. He proceeded to make a garden and to raise pigs, goats, and poultry, which he sold to the sailors who put in here.

The Portuguese, who were ever busier with new conquests than with the colonization of the old, left the island to the Dutch traders to develop. For a time it became no more than a post office, where letters were placed under a conspicuous boulder. In this way the crews of homeward-bound vessels learned the news from the outward-bound.

After establishing their colony on the Cape of Good Hope the Dutch, too, deserted St. Helena. The English, however, saw possibilities for themselves in the island, and began developing it, whereupon the Dutch wanted it back again. They attacked it in 1665 and regained control. Twelve months later the English were back in power. Again in 1673 the Dutch won the island, but Captain Munden surprised them and retook it for Great Britain once for all. The story of this episode in St. Helena's history is a favorite one among the islanders. Even today they use a postage stamp which shows a scene

from this battle. It represents a frigate near a great rock — Sugar Loaf. Captain Munden ran his ship in so close to this precipice that his men were able to drop off the yardarms onto it and make their unexpected attack on the Dutch. In 1681 a charter was granted to the East India Company which is still preserved at the Castle in Jamestown. Through their efforts a thriving colony was established at this period. Some of the families ruined in the London fire sought refuge here and started life anew.

At one time St. Helena experienced prosperity when it was an important victualing and coaling station for ships sailing into far seas, for, as an outpost of the East Indies, it formed one of the most important links in Great Britain's chain of communications, but with the change in travel lanes, it lost its importance, and its value is now chiefly strategic.

The population today numbers about four thousand, only half that of fifty years ago. There are some English, but the inhabitants are mostly dark in color and of mixed blood, negro and Portuguese probably predominating. There is neither poverty nor great riches. It is only since 1899 that the islanders have had any means of direct communication with England. A submarine cable, landed in that year, connects them with England and the Cape, a cable which proved of great value in the war with the Transvaal.

The sale of flax and postage stamps is the chief

source of revenue. We had no sooner landed than the tourists made a rush for the post office. All St. Helena stamps are much sought after by collectors and some, owing to unusual water marks in the paper, command very high prices. The five-penny stamp, green and magenta, is an absolutely new color for colonial issue. Most of these stamps, by the way, were designed by the postmaster at Jamestown, who once lived in New Bedford, Massachusetts. He did not realize what a financial boon he was conferring on the island. There is talk now of bringing out a new issue picturing St. Helena floating on the blue expanse of the South Atlantic Ocean.

The principal claim of St. Helena to a place in history and to the interest of travelers is the fact that here Napoleon Bonaparte lived in exile for the last six years of his life. Because his was the greatest personality which has been associated with the island, his stay tops everything else in the mind of the world.

We landed at Jamestown, the only port and town on the island. It nestles, a splash of green, in a deep valley between two dark volcanic peaks. We had been warned that landing was difficult, sometimes dangerous, and many times impossible, but the clever way in which the native boatmen handled their craft made our trip fairly easy. They backed the boat in; a post had been set up in the stern (where the flag pole would ordinarily be) which was a great help in steadying the passenger as he stepped

out. We were rowed in behind a small breakwater by the sea wall near the old stone moated castle built by the first English governor, Captain Dutton. The moat is now filled with the green of banana trees and palms.

Inside the castle we were greeted by Governor Harper, C. M. G., and his wife, together with several other English people who were there to receive the American tourists. Among other bits of the history of St. Helena, they proudly told us that Halley's comet was first discovered from what is now known as Halley's Mount, used by Dr. Halley for his observations in 1676. This same great astronomer also discovered the transit of Mercury while on the island.

In one room an interesting—and illuminating—collection of documents had been arranged. Only two ledgers contain even a mention of Napoleon, the sole official references to the presence of the great man. An entry for October 15, 1815, reads: "Sunday the 15th arrived His Majesty's Ship Northumberland . . . having on board General Napoleon Bonaparte and certain individuals as state prisoners." And in an 1821 ledger appears this curt sentence: "Saturday the 5th died General Napoleon Bonaparte." A little later, at the now empty grave of Napoleon, we were to hear evidence again of the stubborn refusal of the British to admit that he was more than a general.

A conspicuous feature of the landscape at James-

town, as we found when we began to take in our surroundings more completely, is a long ladder with 699 steps which reaches up the bare face of the cliff to Ladder Hill Fort. For many years the only use to which the hilltop was put was for the gibbet on which criminals were hung, in full view of the town, that the unfortunate spectacle might prove an example to the inhabitants. Today, the boys have little fear of the place and their favorite sport is sliding down this unique and unusually long ladder.

The influx of *Laconia* tourists taxed the vehicular resources of St. Helena to the utmost. Some forty vehicles of all sorts and conditions had been either drafted or loaned — victorias and low and high phaetons and carts — a most amazing collection for these days. For our sightseeing we were given a really smart high two-seated cart with a pair of handsome horses, which had been loaned, together with a very helpful colored driver, for this occasion only, by an English landowner.

We entered the town square, called the Lower Parade, by turning across a narrow real portcullis bridge and under a gate in the protecting wall, with ancient mortars guarding the drab walled entrance. In the square is the Palace containing the government offices, the post office and inn, a few shops, and St. James' Church, built in 1722. The Catholics have more than one church in Jamestown, and the Church of England four, with one bishop. The jail, at the time of our visit, contained a single prisoner.

It looked clean, but for windows it had only air holes. The town itself is a delightful old-fashioned little place, with balconied houses and winding streets that look like old Portugal. The shops do not furnish much of interest: the native lace is rather coarse, and the only things worth buying are the bags, hat-bands, and belts made from thorns, beads called "Job's tears," and the wood carvings wrought by Boer prisoners when they were in exile here.

In the Government Garden is a monument in memory of those who lost their lives in the suppression of the slave traffic. At the Garden gate is the house which was hastily prepared to receive Napoleon on his first night ashore, for his arrival at St. Helena, in those days before cables and wireless, was absolutely unexpected. By a curious coincidence, the room assigned to Napoleon was the very one which had been occupied by the Duke of Wellington on the occasion of his visit several years before.

After our brief tour of the town, we started for Longwood, the real objective of our visit to St. Helena, the house where Napoleon spent practically all the time of his exile. It is situated about four miles inland from Jamestown, on an elevated plain two thousand feet high, and the road leading to it is very steep and zigzags as it climbs. Driving up the valley we first came to "The Briars," the house where Napoleon lived for several weeks while Longwood was being made ready for him. This

place now belongs to the Eastern Telegraph Company. It consists of some whitewashed bungalows made of volcanic rock, with tin roofs painted red, like those of many of the houses on the island. On the way up we also saw the alarm house where in olden times a gun was fired to warn the natives that a ship was approaching the island.

The bare hills reminded me somewhat of the Canary Islands. Cattle and sheep were grazing in the fields. Little yellow birds and birds with gray and pink bills fluttered about, and we saw red birds and weavers, called Napoleon's birds, and heard the cooing of doves. Pheasants and partridges and Cape Colony duck live here, also deer and mino birds, which are so plentiful they have become a pest. We were passing among hills covered with gold-red cactus blossoms, pink and red aloe, patches of wild geranium, oleander, and wild cotton, and meeting picturesque country people with loaded burros, who bowed and smiled most politely.

We saw the natives gathering fiber, or flax, which had been spread to dry and loading it into wagons drawn by mules. This is made into hemp rope and exported. As we rode along we met a school teacher — a white woman — riding a donkey, and a plantation owner on a fine horse, while natives were gathered at various points to watch the tourists.

Finally we came to a gate that led to a grass road and down through a pretty lane to a beautiful little dell, one of the most secluded and serene spots in

the world. Here, beneath a tall grove of shading cedars, willows, and Norfolk pines, was a flat white stone surrounded by a simple iron railing, from each corner of which fluttered the French tricolor — the empty grave of one of the greatest soldiers that has ever lived. During Napoleon's stay at Longwood this hollow was his favorite spot. He would ride here almost every day, drink from the spring, and read under one of the willow trees. To this day the stone bears no inscription, the reason for this omission being that the British insisted on an inscription reading "Bonaparte," while the French wanted "Napoleon," the first implying "general" and the second "emperor." In consequence, the stone is blank. In 1840, nineteen years after Napoleon's death, his body was returned to France to rest in the magnificent mausoleum on the banks of the Seine — a vivid contrast to the unmarked grave under the somber pines in the "Glen of Silence."

Another drive and finally we came to Longwood, situated on a high plateau overlooking the sea seventeen hundred feet below. It was wind-swept and somewhat misty. Although the one-story farmhouse may once have been a barn, it was neat and clean, with a walled garden to one side. Longwood and the grave in the valley are really a bit of France in the midst of an English island, for they were presented to Napoleon III in 1858, and are now in the care of the French consul, Monsieur Colin, who, with his wife and children, has lived here for about eight

years. They received us and showed us over the house and seemed happy at the chance to talk French. Monsieur Colin had prepared with touching kindness for the coming of the tourists — more, perhaps, than had visited the place in all the years before. He had ready seeds and slips from the flowers in the garden and slips from the willows by the grave, which he hoped would be replanted and thrive in American gardens. To us, who were fortunate in being the first to arrive, he gave a slate from the roof of Napoleon's time.

The first room we entered, which was Napoleon's salon, was also the room in which he died. He had asked to be brought here a few days before his death because it was lighter and airier than his bedroom. He slept on the war-cot he brought with him. None of his furniture remains in the house, for such as was not taken back to France by the emperor's *entourage* was removed to the English governor's house, including the bookcases, cabinet, and billiard table. Monsieur Colin took us from room to room, into the small bedroom, and beyond that the work room, which opened into the dining room. The members of Napoleon's household had a sitting room in the house and slept in the ell at the rear of the cottage. Of the faithful followers who shared his exile, some remained for only a short time. Being confined in such close quarters, they soon quarreled with one another, and unable to endure the loneliness, drifted away.

The garden Napoleon planted lies just outside his rooms, but it has always been difficult to make things grow here on account of the wind. We were shown, too, the small pool which he built, with his own hands, for a fish pond.

An amusing incident occurred in connection with the marble bust of the emperor in the salon, sculptured, it is said, from the death mask. When we first arrived, the consul and L. chatted and exchanged visiting cards. The consul chanced to lay L.'s down on the pedestal underneath the bust. A fellow-tourist told us later that when she arrived at Longwood, she found that some women had discovered the card and were insisting loudly that L. had presented the bust!

It has been said that Napoleon was continually complaining, was disagreeable to the English, and constantly made trouble, while at St. Helena, and also that he circulated stories that he was badly treated. As a matter of fact, the British built a new house for him, which he refused to live in, gave him a substantial sum of money, and let him retain a good deal of his own. But there is still another angle to the story which would indicate that some of the British officials were most disagreeable to him.

In the spring following Napoleon's arrival, Sir Hudson Lowe, formerly an officer, who was knighted for bringing the news of the capture of Paris in 1814, came to the island as governor and lived at Plantation House. Some heated letters

passed between Napoleon and Lowe which have never been published, but which are now in the possession of an old resident, who received them from the harbor master of that time.

On one occasion Napoleon escaped his guard, and even reached the grounds of Plantation House, with the intention of killing the governor, who had constantly insulted him. Why this episode, which has never, to my knowledge, been told, has been kept a secret, it is hard to understand. Probably the British, as well as the French, did not want it generally known for reasons of their own.

Usually Napoleon was closely watched both at home and when he was riding horseback — one of his few diversions. Much of his time he spent in reading and in dictating his memoirs. There may have been good reason for surveillance, even on an island so isolated as St. Helena, for there is said to have been a plot to bring about his escape to America of which he refused to take advantage, because he felt that if he died as a martyr, succession for his son would be the more secure. Furthermore, he was then ill, dying of cancer, and he feared that he would be assassinated, or worse, that he would be forgotten, in America.

Much has been written about Napoleon, his life, his victories, and his amours, that does not need repeating here. A few epigrams, however, stand out in my memory. Someone remarked of him as a boy: "The youngster is made of granite, but there is a

volcano inside." He himself wrote when he was young: "I would rather be first among the workmen in a factory than last among the artists in the Academy." When he buckled on his first sword he said, "Only the scabbard belongs to France; the blade is my own," and later: "At last one end of the rope is in my hands — grip and hold fast."

When people speak bitterly of Napoleon as a land-grabber for his country, I am reminded how often other countries have acted in just the same fashion — particularly in the case of Africa.

Although the house at Longwood proved perhaps better than we had expected, and although the climate of the island is undeniably healthy, Napoleon's place of exile was, and still is, a very lonely spot. We left it sad at heart. After his active and extraordinary life, what torture of mind he must have endured, dying alone and apparently almost forgotten on this far-away island!

On our way back to Jamestown we took another road which opened up a vista of the blue sea. In a pretty valley with luxuriant trees and flowers we stopped at Government House. What a contrast to Longwood! It is the old Plantation House, built in 1791, where Governor Lowe lived when Napoleon was on the island. The present governor is soon to abandon it, because it has decayed to such an extent, on account of the ravages of the white ants, that it is now unsafe. However — to quote from a newspaper clipping — "Thanks to

the publication of the United States Government, for which he paid five cents, the Governor is enabled to choose materials for rebuilding which the ants cannot destroy."

We signed in the guest book in the vestibule of Plantation House, while two gray and white parrots squawked because some white doves were picking up their seeds which had fallen to the ground. A glimpse into the large hall showed us some fine furniture and old portraits. Some of Napoleon's furniture from Longwood, which is here, was, as a matter of fact, not his own, but was made for him by the English. After his death his few personal belongings were taken to France and some were sold. A few of them were bought by Mme. Tussaud for her exhibition of wax works in England.

As we continued on, we saw the basin called Sandy Bay, which is part of a huge crater, and near it the basaltic columns of Lot and Lot's Wife and the Asses' Ears.

High Knoll Fort, built by the British about two hundred years ago, stood out on the rim of a high hill. Here the Boer prisoners were confined during the South African War. General Cronje spent his period of exile in Ken Cottage. We also saw the house where the great Zulu chief, Dinizulu, lived.

It was in 1890 that Dinizulu and his two uncles, Undabuka and Tchingana, arrived at St. Helena, accompanied by their wives and servants. Dinizulu became a really civilized chieftain during his stay

on the island. He learned to serve tea in correct English style to all the visitors who called. He not only dressed himself in the latest fashions from England but sent for the measurements of his relatives in Zululand so that they too might be correctly outfitted. He was also much interested in music and even learned, after earnest effort, to play hymns. All three of these Zulus were taught English. Dinizulu learned quickly, but his two uncles did not easily acquire English or English ways.

An amusing anecdote is told about Undabuka. When he found he could not learn his lesson, he asked what the teacher would do to an English boy who was equally stupid. The teacher said he would stand the boy on a form until he could do better. A few minutes later, to his great surprise, he discovered the huge Zulu standing on the seat of his chair. After a little time he got down again and took up his book. But he could say no more of his lesson than before, whereupon he became very angry at the teacher who, he said, had deceived him.

By the time the three chiefs were to be sent back to Zululand, even the two uncles had become attached to civilized customs. It is said, however, that no sooner had they reached home than they threw off the foreign mannerisms and clothes and returned to the primitive customs of their ancestors. It is doubtful whether even Dinizulu was able to defy the forces that were brought to bear upon him.

Our trip back to Jamestown concluded with a

final zigzag descent down the steep slope of the chocolate-colored volcanic rocks into the town with its green verdure and running brooks.

Into a small boat we crowded and were rowed out over the rollers to *Laconia*, while the tourists, ourselves included, held a violent discussion about Napoleon. The only one who remained calm was the "balloon man," as we called him, a gentleman who had the forethought to bring with him hundreds of balloons, which he planned, as occasion arose in Africa, to blow up and give to the natives, who delight in such toys. So our memorable day at St. Helena came to an end.

CHAPTER VII

BOERS, BLACKS, AND BRITISH

"Hail! Snatched and bartered oft from hand to hand,

*I dream my dream, by rock and heath and pine,
Of Empire to the northward. Ay, one land
From Lion's Head to Line!"*

— KIPLING

AS WE approached Cape Town, we received the rather startling information by wireless that the bubonic plague was raging in South Africa and was even then spreading toward the city for which we were headed. But fortunately either we arrived first or something diverted the path of the disease, for we heard no more about it after landing.

The germ is thought to be carried by wild hares that burrow in the grain fields. The prevalence of these animals in South Africa is shown by the frequency of their appearance in the folklore. Some tribes consider them unlucky; a hunter will turn back if a hare crosses his path in the morning. The Bushmen think this animal was once a human being who was obliged to assume this shape because he was thus cursed by the moon for stupidity. The

Bantus believe that the movement of his lips is a sign that he can talk and that he is, therefore, very wise. There are innumerable fables about the hare and other animals — the hare and the jackal, the hare and the hyena and the elephant — in most of which the hare is the hero. Our Brer Rabbit is a direct descendant of the African hare.

But we were less interested in hares than in penguins as we drew near Cape Town. Dassen Island, some forty miles out, is the real penguin island. Here thousands upon thousands of these little creatures stand in rows in military formation as far as the eye can reach. From the bridge to which the captain had invited us, I could see — or thought I could see, with the aid of field glasses and a little imagination — row after row of the queer black birds with white fronts and fins, instead of wings, standing like little men in evening dress, watching the steamer.

The Dassen Cape penguins are smaller than the antarctic variety, standing less than two feet high, while those in the antarctic region, called Emperor and Adelaide, are over three feet tall. The Cape penguins are generally credited with more than mere animal intelligence — indeed, all penguins are far above the average in this respect and possess certain very human characteristics, being inordinately curious, and when mated, appear to be violently quarreling. They seem to converse, conveying information to each other with many bows,

and speaking, as it were, with a sort of sharp, crisp squeak. They carry their unusually large eggs on their web feet. Later, in the harbor, we saw penguins and seals swimming about the ship, while cormorants and gulls circled above.

The Benguella current, like the Humboldt off the west coast of South Africa, flows up here from antarctic regions but does not bring so many interesting fish or birds. On the way in we passed the leper island, Robben, and then Devil's Peak loomed up and Lion's Head, and behind them and dominating the whole scene, Table Mountain, flat as if it had been sliced off by a gigantic hand and covered with a "table cloth" of clouds. In the distance could be seen other mountains — the Hottentots (Holland Mountains) and the Drakenstein and the Oliphants, and Great Winterhoek, which stands over six thousand feet high.

In sailing into the harbor of Cape Town we had reached one end of the world — roughly speaking, for Cape Agulhas is actually the southernmost point of Africa — but it did not seem as remote as Punta Arenas in the Straits of Magellan where we had stopped the year before; as a matter of fact, it is not. The Cape of Good Hope is sixteen hundred miles farther from the South Pole than is Cape Horn at the southern end of South America. Cape Town is in the same latitude as and directly opposite to Buenos Aires and Valparaiso. Durban, on the Indian Ocean, lies in relatively the same latitude

south of the equator as Palm Beach is located north of the Line, so that South Africa may readily become a perfect winter resort.

In 1486 Bartholomew Diaz made a voyage to this region, naming the Cape *Cabo dos totos Tormentososo*, because of the sufferings he and his men had endured during the terrible storms. A few years later Vasco da Gama, another Portuguese mariner, on his way to the East Indies, also doubled the Cape, and although he and his men nearly perished in the attempt, he was so encouraged by the prospect of a successful voyage that he renamed the promontory *Cabo di Buena Speranza* — Cape of Good Hope.

In 1580 Sir Francis Drake, in the *Golden Hind*, rounded the Cape and wrote of it as "the most stately thing and fairest cape we saw in the whole circumference of the world." No wonder, then, that South Africans bid departing travelers farewell with the words, "Good-bye and Good Hope."

In 1652, Johan van Riebeeck, whose statue can be seen on a promenade pier not far from the docks, came with about one hundred pioneer Dutch under the auspices of the Dutch East India Company to try farming. From the sea the prospect had appeared promising to them, but upon landing the men were disheartened, for after a long dry summer the vegetation was parched and unyielding, and it seemed impossible to bring forth good results under such conditions. But with great determination these pioneers set to work cutting down trees, building



CAPETOWN HARBOR, TABLE MOUNTAIN IN THE BACKGROUND



PANORAMA OF CAPETOWN



RHODES' HOUSE, NOW THE PRIME MINISTER'S RESIDENCE



RHODES MEMORIAL, CAPETOWN

their huts, and planting their gardens. In spite of winter floods which destroyed their cultivated fields, and many other hardships and discouragements, the colonists persisted in their efforts, and from these small beginnings later developed the thriving city now known as Cape Town.

For the first hundred and fifty years after their settlement, the Dutch controlled the Cape. At one time a group of French Huguenots, fleeing from persecution, was added to the colony, but gradually the French element was absorbed in the Dutch. The present British control came about in a curious fashion. In 1793 the French Republic declared war on Great Britain and the Netherlands, in the course of which the Netherlands was conquered and the Prince of Orange fled to England. The original British occupation of the Cape was really carried out in the name of this prince and the colony was later restored to the Netherlands. After a series of clashes and of transfers back and forth, Great Britain, in 1806, paid six million pounds for the Cape and for British Guiana in South America. But with the control of this region, it also took over colonists who were by now much less European Dutch than South African Dutch, and highly independent in spirit.

In the 1830's, ten thousand Dutchmen, chafing under the British rule, made the "Great Trek" back into the hinterlands to the north, gradually moving in against savage and treacherous native

attacks, across the Orange River to form the Orange Free State, and across the Vaal River to form the Transvaal; but the Boers did not then cross the Drakensbergs into Natal or that east coast which had already been settled by the English. In 1867 came the discovery of diamonds about Kimberley, and in 1886 of gold in the Witwatersrand about Johannesburg, which so changed the economic and social conditions that after annexations by the British and uprisings by the fearless Boers, in 1899 came the Boer-British War, with final British victory, creation of Crown Colonies, granting of responsible government, and in 1910 complete unification of the four states — Cape of Good Hope Colony (now Cape Province), Orange Free State, Transvaal, and Natal — into the Union of South Africa. Since the Great War, German Southwestern Africa, a great territory, has been placed under the mandate of the Union; a protectorate extended over Bechuanaland, and Rhodesia and North Rhodesia have become vast additions to England's greatness to the north. Tremendous problems face Great Britain in her African Dominion, for the years have proved no "melting pot" in South Africa; deep racial differences still exist and are constantly seen in the varying political and social points of view.

No one can be long in Cape Town without being conscious of the varied races which make up its population. While most of the people that we saw

on the main street — Adderley — seemed white, a few were Hindus (another racial problem), and a great number were half-castes or “Baastards,” many of them descendants of the Hottentot slaves. While I had thought that no blacks could be more coal-black than the Senegalese, some of the Hottentots we saw working on the dock were as sooty as chimney-sweeps who have done a thoroughly conscientious job.

We took our first comprehensive glance at Cape Town by motor. It is a wide-spread city which permits of handsome parks and gardens and avenues, for the old Dutch were great planters of trees. Some of the streets with their arcades and two-storied iron balconies reminded me of New Orleans. The stores were rather second-rate.

As we motored out into the suburbs, white bungalows with pretty gardens appeared. These were reminiscent of Dutch architecture, but some, made of white plaster and roofed with red tiles, suggested Florida and California. We passed many old estates of the Dutch period, charming for the homelike air which is characteristic of the Dutch. Because of the climate, the Cape is a veritable land of blossoms, the wild flowers being particularly lovely.

Driving out to Claremont, where we went to see an English friend, we found the lady in an old-fashioned, yellow-plaster, one-story house with thatched roof and veranda. On the walls inside were hung mounted heads of African animals, and the

cozy rooms contained charming old-fashioned English and Dutch furniture. Although we were told that the gardens hereabout were at their best in October, we thought them lovely in February, for the gum tree was brilliant with pink blossoms, and there were oleanders and many other flowers that we have at home.

In the botanical garden at Kirstenbosch, at the foot of Devil's Peak, we saw something of the amazing wealth of plants and wild flowers that enriches the Cape — gladioli, lilies, wild orchids, wild geranium, blue bells, rose bells, wild heath, marigolds of every hue, and rainbow-tinted wild figs. Many African flowers are heavy with scent, the most fragrant I have ever breathed.

Passing through a forest of oaks and pines, we finally came to the Zoo, where we found such typical African animals and birds as ostriches, zebras, wildebeests, frolicsome monkeys of several varieties, parrots, jackals, and huge lions.

Because Cecil Rhodes is the most interesting and the most familiar figure in South African history, we were eager to see "Groote Schuur," the house where he lived, and which he bequeathed to the Government of the Cape Union to serve as an official residence for the prime ministers. It lies in the center of a vast estate, laid out in gardens and woodland walks, with the wide vistas which he loved. The house, of white plaster with a red-tiled roof, is built in the old Dutch fashion. Over the

front door hangs a bronze tablet depicting the first landing of the British on the shores of the Cape. We were taken all over the house, which still contains many of Rhodes' most treasured possessions. The rooms, Dutch in style, paneled in African wood, with doors and shutters decorated with fanciful brass hinges and locks, are filled with handsome inlaid Dutch furniture. Among other historical mementoes we saw an ebony elephant that had belonged to the Zulu chief, Dingaan, the first shell that fell into Kimberley, and some of the bullet-riddled flags which have had a share in the not-too-peaceful history of South Africa.

Upstairs we were shown Rhodes' bedroom, which looked out on the terraced hill garden. Here hung pictures of native chiefs and a photograph of the men who started the De Beers mine. Some of these early builders of South Africa were Americans. We saw also the room that Dr. Jameson always occupied when in Rhodes' house, and the clock that was ticking in Longwood, St. Helena, when Napoleon died. The bedroom that the prime minister uses today held, among other things, a great Dutch inlaid cupboard with secret drawers in the huge legs.

After this interesting visit we continued on to see the impressive Rhodes' Memorial, which is terraced on the side of Devil's Peak, overlooking a superb view of the town below and the sea beyond. This memorial consists of a series of wide granite steps,

guarded by eight bronze lions, with a symbolic equestrian statue on a pedestal at the base. At the top of the flight is a colonnade or classic porch, very like a Grecian temple, in which is enshrined a bronze bust of Rhodes. This glorious memorial is South Africa's monument to her leader; the grave itself we were to see later on Matopos Hill near Bulawayo.

The South African Museum, at which we presently took a look, contains an interesting collection from the ruined city of Zimbabwe in Rhodesia, which was discovered by a hunter in 1868. Archaeologists differ as to when and by what people this city was built. The Phoenicians, Jews, Arabs, and Persians all knew the east coast of Africa, intermarried with the blacks, and penetrated into the interior to some extent. No inscriptions have been found in these ruins by which the people who built them could be traced, but stone carvings of birds such as the Bantus worship have been discovered. Legend, but not authority, has connected the region about Zimbabwe with the fabulous King Solomon's Mines, from which the gold for Solomon's temple was obtained. Sir Rider Haggard made use of this legend in a novel. Splendid temples, dwellings, storerooms, and fortifications have been unearthed, with walls which are over thirty feet high and vary from ten feet at the base to six at the top. Over two miles of the ruins have been excavated, yet much remains unknown. In these melancholy ruins grue-

some discoveries, as strange as those at Pompeii, have been made. Workmen's bodies have been found "vulcanized at their crucibles and gold found in the crucibles just as it was left when destroying gases asphyxiated the artisans." This sudden disaster Professor Osborn suggests may have been due to the same mighty cataclysm that caused the Great Rift and sundered Madagascar from Africa.

In the museum we saw, also, wax figures of the Bushmen — little creatures resembling orang-utans — misshapen and black, sway-backed and large in the hips. These primitive wild men, a race now nearly extinct, had no homes but caves, and lived much like animals, eating raw meat and never providing for a possible shortage of food. It is said that the abnormal accumulation of fat about their thighs and hips was Nature's reservoir for them in case of famine. The Bushman rock-paintings of animals were surprisingly well drawn.

The museum also contained some curious sea creatures — a long sea-snake or eel, measuring fourteen feet, and a ribbon fish twenty feet long. If any one had seen these in the water, he must have been convinced of the reality of sea serpents.

The Koopman de Wet Museum, too, is worth seeing, for it was once the home of a wealthy sea captain, and from it one can get a good idea of the stinkwood furniture, old pewter, and china used in the early days of this colony.

We spent the greater part of an interesting after-

noon attending a session of the Assembly in Parliament House. The hall was small but handsome, lined with dark wood, and provided with a small balcony for visitors. The presiding officers, sitting on a raised platform, were very impressive in black robes and white wigs. We arrived at rather an exciting moment, when the question uppermost in the United States was being discussed — the prohibition problem. A modification of the laws under which liquor is sold in South Africa was the point under consideration. What applied to the towns did not apply to the people on the farms. Even modified prohibition would affect the vine growers, of whom there are many on the Cape; the Dutch were famous for their vineyards. We could not understand all the speeches, for some of the Boer members spoke in Cape Dutch, which is one of the two official languages, English being the other. The United States, of course, was mentioned in the discussion. It was finally voted to leave the question to a committee appointed by the governor-general. The racial differences between the Boers and the British were closely marked in the course of the session, as they were in the case of another question which had been causing bitter feeling at this time — the matter of the design of a new flag for the Cape Colony. The Boers did not wish the Union Jack incorporated, but the British insisted upon it and gained their point. It will be unfortunate if the display of the flag is a cause for irritation rather than patriotic fervor.

One memorable evening during our stay we drove to the Lion's Head in a world which the last rays of a setting sun turned gloriously pink; then darkness descended while thousands of twinkling lights, outlining the bay and spreading out like a fan, appeared in the town below. It reminded me of Rio, although of course the scenery does not approach that of the Brazilian capital in grandeur. Presently the full moon rose and the wonderful, fairylike "silver trees" shimmered in its light. They are tall, like poplars, and have a leaf like the willow, covered with white down, and glow like burnished silver when stirred by the wind.

The most famous drive in this vicinity is the hundred-mile circuit of the Cape of Good Hope, which skirts beautiful bays on the one hand and towering peaks on the other, and is marvelous all the way. We motored along the edge of the sea, past numberless pretty bungalows and small hotels with bathing pools, and polite signs reading, "Mind, keep to left." As we went on, the scenery became finer and finer. As we drove past Camp's Bay and Hout Bay under Chapman's Peak, we saw fishermen launching their dories along the beach — their small boats riding over the breakers. In this bay slaves were landed in olden times; the ruins of the house in which they were kept are still to be seen.

Crossing the peninsula to the Indian Ocean, we passed on the way peach plantations and melon patches, which made our mouths water. Upon reach-

ing the other side we had a view of the Cape of Good Hope, and of the lighthouse at Cape Point, surmounting a high and dangerous rock. Returning to Cape Town along False Bay, we passed more towns and watering places, for the climate and sea bathing are better on this side. Muizenberg is the most popular of these seashore resorts.

A friend had kindly written the governor-general that we would put in on *Laconia* at Cape Town, and so we were asked to dinner. Their Excellencies were stopping at Westbrook Government House in Claremont. They spend a few months here at Cape Town, the legislative capital of the Cape Union, in the summer — our winter — during sessions of Parliament, while the rest of the time they live at Pretoria in the Transvaal — the administrative capital of the Union. Princess Alice, the governor-general's wife, is the daughter of Queen Victoria's youngest son, the Duke of Albany. The governor-general was known as Prince Alexander of Teck when I was at LaPanne during the war. At that time he visited Ocean Hospital and Dr. DePage asked me to escort him through the wards. His mother was a daughter of the Duke of Cambridge, and so he was of the royal family of England, but as his father was German, and as during the war English royalty put off all German family associations, he assumed the family name of Cambridge and in 1917 was created Earl of Athlone in the English peerage. He had served in South Africa in the Matabele War in 1896

and in the Boer War. In 1921 he was made governor-general and is so popular that he has been asked to remain for another term in South Africa.

So it came about that we found ourselves driving through the gates and park to Government House. A major-domo, who had been a favorite footman of Queen Victoria, met us at the door, and others in dark liveries with war decorations took our wraps. The good-looking aide, who conducted us into a big homelike sitting-room with chintz-covered furniture, introduced the guests as they came in to form the circle. Among them were Mr. Martin, an important newspaper man from Jo'burg, and Sir Charles Cust, a naval officer, who remembered having been at our house in Washington. It seems he had come to dinner with us with the English naval attaché Sowerby, who went down with his ship during the war. Lady Meux was another of the guests — L. remembered her as the Honorable Mildred Sturt and a great belle at the time he served as Secretary at our Embassy in London. She was the widow of Viscount Chelsea when she married an Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Hedworth Lambton Meux. Princess Helena Victoria, the daughter of Princess Christian and granddaughter of Queen Victoria, was staying at Government House at this time and was present at dinner. Her brother was killed fighting in South Africa. Her sister, Princess Marie Louise, was at this time visiting the governor of Rhodesia at Livingstone.

When the time came, Princess Alice took L.'s arm and I went in with Sir Charles Cust, sitting down on the Governor's left while L. sat on Princess Alice's right, with Princess Helena Victoria on his other side. The dinner was much like other dinners, but more interesting than many. Later, L. said that at his end of the table they had talked about John Hays Hammond, Dr. Jameson, Trader Horn, and De Lazlo, who had painted Princess Alice. After dinner we all went back to the drawing-room and played cards or talked. I had pleasant conversations with Lady Meux and Princess Helena Victoria, who was quite amusing, and later with the secretary of Princess Alice, who had been, it seems, with several of the governor-generals in South Africa. Sir Charles Cust showed me a book of clipper ships which he had just presented to Princess Alice and which brought New England vividly to mind.

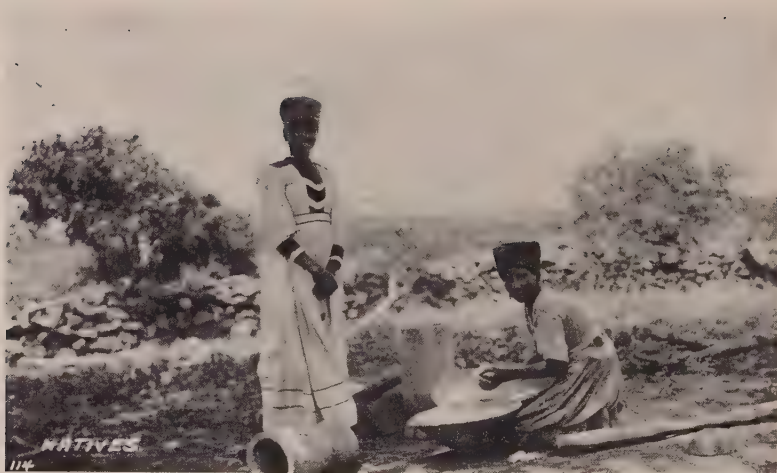
So the evening passed, and one more interesting occasion was added to our increasing store of African memories.



TREKKING



THE GREAT HOLE AT KIMBERLEY



SLAVES FROM THE INTERIOR



NATIVE KRAAL

CHAPTER VIII

TREKKING BY TRAIN

CAPE TOWN was left behind. We were bound for the interior of Africa on a special train that was to take us far into the heart of the continent and out again to the Indian Ocean — some three thousand miles in all. What were we to see on our way inland? Many things and places of interest, chief among them the vast diamond fields of Kimberley, the lonely grave of the great Cecil Rhodes on Matopos Hill near Bulawayo, the blacks in their native *kraals*, and the roaring waters of Victoria Falls, one of the wonders of the world.

As the train pulled out from the steamer dock under the towering Table Mountain, we waved good-bye to our friends on *Laconia*. The cars began to joggle along in the intense heat and dust, through the town and out among the suburbs, by vegetable patches and on into the wine districts where, at the stations, natives sold huge bunches of delicious white and purple grapes. As we went along, high, bare mountains were to be seen, and the country reminded us of Arizona. At Touws River, at an altitude of twenty-five hundred feet,

we came to the edge of the Great Karoo, which developed before us as dawn spread its golden radiance over the gaunt brown plain, reaching off to blue mountains that, although miles away, seemed near by in the fine, clear atmosphere. It was a vast, treeless, and sterile-looking plateau, broken by *kopjes*, with the huge ant hills that become in time such a familiar part of the African scene. Beneath the unpromising surface may lie a wealth of minerals, as yet untapped. Most of the low, plaster bungalows dotting the landscape here and there were closed, for the farmers had trekked away with their sheep on account of the lack of water for the last few years.

Kimberley, our first long stop, typifies modern South Africa, the real development by the British which came with the discovery of diamonds. It is indeed the "City of Diamonds," for from a region of only about two hundred acres, a billion and a quarter dollars' worth have been taken in fifty years; and it still remains today the great source of these precious stones, although a few new sources have been found in the Transvaal and in southwest Africa.

Early morning saw me looking out of the train window while we ran over the long bridge of the Orange River and later over the Modder. Kimberley we found to be a flat and burning spot, as well as a sleepy small town. It consists of a number of bungalows, a few stores, a statue of Rhodes on

horseback, and a monument with a verse on it by Kipling to the officers who were killed during the siege in the Anglo-Boer War. Huge dumps and great yawning holes are evidences of the years of mining operations. Originally five diamond mines were worked, but at the time of our visit only three were running.

The De Beers Company, organized by Rhodes about 1888, owns the town of Kimberley, letting the houses for a pound a month. Perhaps this monopoly is one reason why the town has not progressed in trade. Around the mines for miles are wire entanglements such as were used in France during the Great War. These are to prevent the mine workers from escaping with stolen diamonds.

In the early days this part of Africa was called Griqualand, being occupied by Griquas, a mixed race — largely Hottentot. Then a few Dutch settled here. Nicholas Waterboer owned much of the land near the Vaal River where many diamonds were later found. Several claimants cropped up to make trouble when Sir Henry Barkly, the governor of the Cape, took over this district in 1870 as British territory. It was four years previous to this controversy however, that the child of a Mrs. Jacobs found the first diamond at "De Kalk" on the Orange River, and thinking it simply a pretty stone, gave it to a friend named Van Niekerk, who admired it. It was sent to Cape Town to be tested and proved to be a diamond of twenty-two and a

half carats. Sir Philip Wodehouse, who was the governor at that time, bought it for five hundred pounds, the purchase price being divided between Mrs. Jacobs and Van Niekerk. The next large diamond to make its appearance was bought by Van Niekerk from a witch-doctor who had found it and kept it as a charm. The Dutchman paid the black man the sum of two hundred and fifty pounds in cattle and later sold the stone for a fabulous sum. It was the famous gem called the "Star of South Africa." Prospectors then started looking for diamonds in this district and found some, whereupon adventurers from Africa and all over the world rushed to Kimberley.

The river findings are distinct from the dry mines. It was Fleetwood Rawstone, one of a party of eight men headed by Henry Giddy, who discovered the Kimberley mines on Sunday, July 17, 1871. He was sitting smoking and scratching among some pebbles where *veldt* rats had been burrowing, when he picked up a diamond. Prospecting then began in earnest.

It was about this time that the De Beers' hole was started, which became the largest man-made hole in the world. Standing on the green edge of this vast excavation and looking down the sheer cliff into the depths was to me something like gazing down from the rim of a Colorado canyon. It was overpowering to think that this huge cavity was made by man and not by nature. The cavern



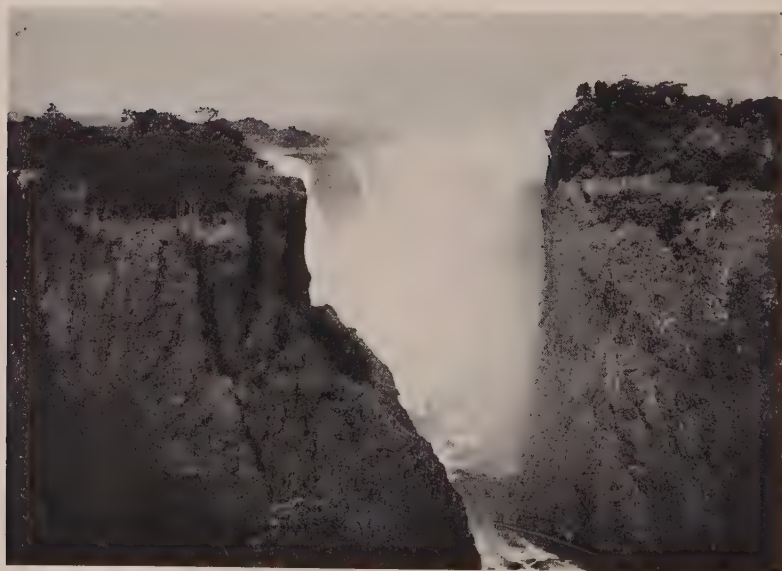
RHODES' GRAVE, WORLD'S VIEW



JAMESON'S GRAVE, MATOPOS HILL



A BAOBAB TREE



VICTORIA FALLS

is riddled with tunnels where miners once toiled with picks and torches. Now that the mine is no longer being worked, hundreds of doves flutter about, deep in the hole, making their nests undisturbed.

Convicts from all over Africa are among the laborers employed in the crushing and washing plants of the working mines today. Their food and clothes are provided by the company, while their wages, a few cents a day, go to the Government. They all wear leather bands with numbered brass tags on their wrists. Their clothes consist of red flannel shirts and canvas jackets and trousers. We saw the men line up at four o'clock after their day's work was over, and march off with their white overseers to their compound, where they were stripped to make sure they had not stolen a diamond. If suspected of swallowing one, they are given an emetic. This same system is carried out with other black workers, not convicts, who sign up for four months only and can renew their contracts if they wish. They, too, are not allowed out of their compound; nevertheless, several have chosen to remain here for years, one man for eight years. They receive wages according to the work done, from three to nine shillings a day.

The large open square of the compound we visited, where the paid workers live, is enclosed by continuous, low, white-washed buildings containing their sleeping quarters, with a covered porch

running the entire length, where they can sit in the shade in their off time. They buy their supplies at a store within the compound with pewter money provided by the company, but most of their earnings are sent to the bank or to their families. Their food consists principally of canned goods and bread. They do their own cooking in the open square over a few sticks of wood, each man for himself, and wash themselves — as well as their mine uniforms, consisting of blue shirts and trousers — at a community wash place.

Mr. Alpheus Williams, the American manager of the De Beers Company, showed us the various processes in diamond mining. He is the son of Gardiner Williams, who was associated, in the opening up of this vast project, with Cecil Rhodes, John Hays Hammond, and Cleveland Perkins, all of whom we had known in Washington, and for whose sake we were particularly interested in this visit to Kimberley. We first were shown the crushing plant, where great wheels break up the "blue ground" brought up in hand trucks on tracks. Each week seventy thousand tons of the rock blasted out of the mine must go through the crushing process to yield perhaps ten pounds of diamonds.

"Why are not diamonds crushed by the wheels as well as the rock?" I asked.

"That seldom, if ever, happens," was the answer, "because most of the gems are so small and because they are so hard."

Up and down ladders we climbed. A thundering noise made it impossible to do much talking. "Blue ground" in pans, mixed with muddy water, was being shaken by machinery to eliminate the undesirable earth. It made me think of the process I had seen in Alaska at a gold-mining plant. Next we saw pulsating pans covered with grease under streams of running water. Diamonds will stick to grease, while ordinary stones do not and are washed away. A number of diamonds were caught in the pans, but to the uninitiated they looked just like white pebbles.

Mr. Williams next conducted us to a room where diamonds were being graded on a table as to size and value and according to the degree of perfection. Two natives were doing this work with a white man watching and advising. In another room two white men sorted the larger and more valuable diamonds. We were told that one of the stones which we saw was worth a thousand dollars. These diamonds were to be sent to Amsterdam to be cut, shipment being made by parcel post, which is considered the safest method. A handful of diamonds, worth about seventy thousand dollars, comes out of these three mines every day. No uncut stones can be purchased at the mines or in the "City of Diamonds," for every one is taken by European syndicates. Shipments are readily absorbed. The increase in price lately proves that rumors of over-production are unfounded.

We were next taken to Mr. Williams' estate — a big house with a lovely shaded garden — and to Kenilworth, the model village of pretty bungalows a few miles out of Kimberley, which was developed by Rhodes for the white employees in the De Beers mine. Here we stopped at the peach orchard where Rhodes liked to sit and think out his problems, and saw an extraordinary grape arbor, over a mile long, which he cherished. The cracking of a whip startled us until we discovered a Kaffir watchman snapping a long black snake whip to frighten off the birds. While we ate some delicious purple grapes, the old chauffeur, who had known Rhodes well, told us of the troubles between the Dutch and English which had led up to the Jameson Raid and finally the siege of Kimberley, which began in 1899, when the British had so little food that the natives had to be sent out of the town. So ended our interesting day in Kimberley.

Off to the east of this region in Orange Free State is Bloemfontein, the capital of the state and a place of historical importance. To Americans it is especially interesting because fourteen miles away, near Mazelsport, is located the new southern station of the Harvard Observatory, which has been transferred here from Arequipa in Peru for the purpose of securing better atmospheric conditions for stargazing. "Harvard Kopje," the site of the new station, is in part the gift of the city of Bloemfontein, which purchased land from Boer farmers to add to

that already owned by the Harvard authorities. A sixty-inch reflecting telescope, now under construction in Pittsburg, will be, when it is set up, the largest telescope in operation south of the equator. Yale and Michigan Universities also have astronomical stations in this vicinity.

Out of curiosity I stepped out on the platform of our train that night to see if the stars were any bigger and brighter in this part of the world, but to my untrained eyes they seemed no more brilliant than on many a winter night at home! No doubt, however, there is a greater average of such nights here in the course of a year.

As we continued northward, the train stopped at Fourteen Streams, where the railway crosses the Vaal River. During most of the trip, the country had looked dry and gray, but now round Lobatsi the grass appeared green and for the first time cattle were to be seen grazing. On the trails along the route we had watched picturesque Boers trekking in open wagons with sixteen oxen or, occasionally, mules attached to a load. The blacks who now gathered at the stations as we traveled inland, seemed a little less civilized and a little less clothed than those we had seen earlier. Not far from Pitsani, Dr. Jameson's camp had been pitched prior to the raid on Johannesburg in 1896. By the time we reached Bechuanaland we were seeing few whites. This was a country of game — silver jackals, tiger and *simba* cats, gazelles, and birds. The natives

grow Kaffir corn, or mealies, and raise cattle, goats, and sheep.

Once the train stopped in the midst of the bush to give us an opportunity to visit a *kraal*. A black constable greeted the tourists in all the glory of a fine khaki uniform, spurs on his bare ankles, swagger stick, puttees, and a cocked hat. With him was a representative from the *kraal*, clothed according to his own fancy in a hat, a pink tie, a loin cloth, and a pair of boots, riding on the rump of a donkey and directing him with a rope and stick. Soon there appeared out of the bush another native with a string of rattling pods tied to each ankle and a piece of fur about his waist, who danced with excitement at seeing the travelers. Naked children, and women dressed in bright-colored calico Mother-Hubbards and turbans, with beads about their necks, and silver bracelets on their arms, hurried to the train. The babies were strapped to their mothers' backs with animal skins. Two women, dressed somewhat differently from the rest, stood by themselves, hand in hand, and watched us. Upon inquiring, I learned that they were not of this Bakgathla tribe, but were slaves who had been brought from German South Africa. As we walked up a red sandy path to the *kraal*, I distributed some candy to the children, who were greatly pleased. All seemed kindly and pleasant.

The village was amazingly clean and pretty. The better huts — arranged in little compounds

surrounded by adobe walls — were circular and made of adobe with conical thatched roofs carried down to posts in such a manner as to make a narrow veranda all round outside. A school house and community corn house stood near by. Except for an occasional bed, the rooms were empty of furniture. On the floors of some of the huts were animal skins. The native fur rugs are generally made of buckskin with *simba* cat or other furs inserted, while the plain rugs, made up for travelers, are mostly all of one fur. These blacks hardly know the value of money — “A tikkie, please,” they would say, hoping for a coin from the travelers. They showed us with pride a photograph of their chief, Isang — a big black man dressed in English clothes.

The Bakgathla are a pastoral people related to the Basutu. They are proud of their past and have official “praise-chanters” who, on important occasions, recite the deeds of successive chiefs for generations back. The chief is, with them, the father of his people, and the center of the tribal life. He tries all cases and decides on all penalties, which consist of fines and thrashings, for there are no prisons. Each family has to care for its own relations, so that there are no paupers.

Farther on in the interior of Africa we found that the huts in the *kraals* were no longer of mud, but were built of sticks, with pointed tops covered with thatch. Several huts as a rule would be surrounded by a stockade of thorn, sticks, or mud, where the

goats and cattle were put at night. Most of the natives we saw along the way were more or less clothed — perhaps in a shirt and a knitted cap — while one I observed had hen feathers for a hat. Some played crude instruments made of a stick, two strings, and a tin can, or a gourd, strung with little strips of iron or steel.

I was reminded of Kipling's verse from "We and They."

*"We eat kitcheny food,
We have doors that latch,
They drink milk or blood,
Under an open thatch.
We have doctors to fee;
They have wizards to pay.
And impudent heathen, they look upon We
As a quite impossible They."*

Not far from Mahalapye station is the mission Shoshong, where the great missionary-explorer Livingstone and Moffat lived. A little farther on we passed Francistown, which contains several gold mines, including the Monarch, the oldest in South Africa.

Along our way we had been skirting the fringe of the Kalahari Desert, which, rather than the Gobi Desert in Asia, may prove to have been the "cradle of the human race." Strange tales are told of people seen in the interior of this little-known region, so primitive as to be still in the Stone Age.

It was hot traveling during the day, 96° at times, but the atmosphere was so dry we were not uncomfortable. Our special train was made as homelike as possible, with excellent restaurant service. The native wines and the game from the country through which we were passing proved delicious.

Entering Rhodesia, we stopped at Plumtree, about twenty miles from the battleground where occurred the fight between the Matabele and Major Gould Adams' troops in 1893. Grain and tobacco are cultivated by Dutch settlers in this vicinity. South African cigarettes, by the way, are excellent.

The countryside was covered with bushes called camel thorn, but few trees were to be seen. Notwithstanding the noises of the train, we could hear the lovely notes of "finks" — our finches — and we saw the nests of indefatigable weaver birds like small hay stacks among the branches. Ox-peckers perched on the backs of oxen — they are, as the name implies, friends to cattle and foes to their parasites — and black widow birds with long tails were etched against the blue sky.

Ant hills, made of brown mud, were numerous, some five feet high. I jumped out at a station to examine one and to my surprise it was hard and the occupants small and black. They were evidently at home down under ground because when I poked one of the hills, only a few appeared. The natives make walls for their *kraals* out of the mud prepared by these tiny insects, and the British use it as a

foundation for tennis courts. In some places along the route we saw fence posts made of iron railway ties, because ants would destroy wooden posts. Townspeople are much troubled by ants in their houses. The natives in some parts of Africa, on the other hand, make a meal of them. Not a mosquito did we see, although the train had no nettings on the windows or over the beds. We were passing through a country known to be malarial, however, and several passengers later came down with the disease. I was bitten by a strange-looking sort of black wasp with a long tail, but by painting the spot with iodine at once, I escaped further trouble. A few other queer-looking insects were seen at various times; among them, a praying-mantis which appeared on the platform one day.

We had now reached Bulawayo in Rhodesia, one of the important objectives of our inland trip. While we were here, the following article appeared in the local *Chronicle*:

“ MILLIONAIRE TOURISTS ON THE WAY TO THE
FALLS IN LUXURY TRAIN ”

“ The chief characteristics of American visitors: The first of these is to hustle, the second to see everything, and the third to buy and send picture post cards. On the train very little in the form of intoxicants has been indulged in, but there has been a continual demand for ice water. . . All were most

appreciative and pleasant. Many of them are hard headed business men and they expressed confidence in the future of South Africa. For Matopos they have unstinted praise and to all of them the name of Rhodes is well known. 'You have a wonderful railway service,' said one of them, 'one that compares favorably with any I have seen; the catering could not be excelled.'"

Bulawayo, once the place of *kraals* of Matabele chieftains, of Moselikatze and Lobengula, lies among rolling uplands, a rather scattered community, with wide streets, bungalows with pale-red tiled roofs in new gardens, native huts, and shacks, all centered about a statue of Rhodes, the great hero of the region which bears his name. At a shop on the main street we bought some *assagai*, Matabele spears. We took a look at the hospital, which is a memorial to Major Wilson and his brave band, killed in 1893. Then we went outside the town for a glimpse of "the largest lion in captivity," since we were in the country of lions.

Afterwards we drove out a few miles to visit Government House, once the home of Cecil Rhodes, and now the residence of the governor of southern Rhodesia when he comes to Bulawayo, for the capital is a day's journey away at Salisbury. The house is reached by a two-mile driveway through a vista of pines. It is Dutch in architecture, built of brick painted white, with a thatched roof. On this site stood the *kraal* of the cruel Matabele chief, Loben-

gula, whose vast herds of cattle ranged the country round about. In the garden is the famous Indaba tree under which he, like his father, Moselikatze, before him, sat in council and dispensed bloody "justice," while within view is the Hill of the Indunas from which he ordered his enemies to be thrown. The scene was a vivid reminder of Kipling's verse:

*"At the gate beside the river where the trouty
shallows brawl,
I know the pride that Lobengula felt,
When he bade the bars be lowered of the Royal
Cattle Kraal,
And fifteen miles of oxen took the veldt.
From the walls of Bulawayo in unbroken file they
came
To where the Mount of Council cuts the blue. . .
I have only six and twenty, but the principle's the
same with my Sussex feeding in the dew."*

A drive of forty miles took us through Matopos Park and past the Rhodes estate — now a government reservation — and by the dam Rhodes built, to "World's View," where he is buried. During the Matabele Rebellion, Rhodes went unarmed with four companions into these Matopos Hills, to which the rebel chiefs had withdrawn their forces, and arranged terms of peace with the leaders. In these hills he asked to be buried.

In the course of the drive out I chatted with the



LION CUBS IN ZOO



DANCERS IN THE COMPOUND



GOLD MINE DUMPS AT JOHANNESBURG



DIAMOND MINE, PRETORIA

chauffeur about the country through which we were passing.

"Is any money made in cattle or grain hereabouts?" I asked.

"Very little," he answered. "Four years ago we had too much rain, but for three years we have had too little, and now if it does not rain within a week, our grain will be ruined."

"How do people make money here?" I inquired.

"In trade," he replied. "The richest man has a department store and has also made money in a gold mine near by."

"Aren't there diamonds and platinum in Rhodesia?"

"I believe there is a small diamond mine, but the platinum that has been talked of does not amount to much."

"Are the natives good workers?" I asked.

He replied that the Matabele boys were. He then went on to say that the English missionaries had been making trouble because it had always been customary for a black child born to parents who worked for a white man, on reaching the age of nine, to work for the white "boss" for three years without pay. This practice the missionaries considered child slavery and were trying to abolish. The black town is situated just outside the white town of Bulawayo.

In the park through which we passed, we saw antelope, bush-buck, and giraffe roaming about in

the *kopjes*, fantastic hills strewn with queer-shaped rocks and boulders. At last we came to a spot where the driver stopped and told us that we would have to walk up the highest hill in order to see Rhodes' grave. Leaving our car, we climbed a path through trees and bushes and over rocks until we reached the top of the hill, which Rhodes aptly named "World's View." Here, overlooking "a rough sea of mountain ranges," in the midst of huge round boulders is his grave, cut out of the solid rock. It is a wonderful burial place in the country he developed, in the land he loved, which was named after him. Near by is the grave of Dr. Jameson, Rhodes' faithful friend, and not far away a square granite monument with bas-reliefs in bronze, erected in memory of Major Allan Wilson and his thirty-five men, who fell in the fight with the Matabele in 1893. "There was no survivor," reads the inscription. The story goes that the native chief said he would let one white man live to return and tell the story — but none did.

"Not much of a view, after all," said one tourist, "compared to some of ours in America." And another made the foolish remark that she did not see how they had brought up all those boulders and put them about Rhodes' grave!

On another high hill, not far away, is buried a great black chief, Moselikatze. So in death the black chief and the white chief lie here together in the sunshine under the blue sky — a good omen, it is

felt, for the continuance of peace between the two races.

When a young man, Rhodes came to Africa for his health, where he soon recovered from his lung trouble. He never married. Whatever may be said for or against him, he was the outstanding figure in the development of South Africa for the British. His capacity for work and organization and money-making, his courage and love of adventure, his insight, his knowledge of the Dutch and skill in handling of situations as they developed, were remarkable. Finally he was made prime minister. "Oom Paul" Kruger was the other great figure of those days, less well educated, stubborn, honest, and respected and loved by his people, whose good he had deeply at heart. As time went on, Rhodes became ill, was badly advised, and his patience with Kruger gave out, for Kruger made it difficult for the English to develop the diamond and gold mines. Although Rhodes knew of Dr. Jameson's plans to enter the Transvaal, he did not try to stop the famous raid until the last moment, which was too late, for Jameson could then no longer hold his followers and so they rushed over the border and were captured by the Dutch. Because the raid was not authorized by England, Rhodes lost many of his supporters and friends, and finally resigned his post as prime minister. His trial was conducted in England. Jameson, John Hays Hammond, and Rhodes' brother were tried in the Transvaal and

condemned to be shot. Finally they were grudgingly released by Kruger with a large fine, most of which was paid out of Rhodes' own money. This raid brought on the Boer War. After the war, however, when it was felt that the guiding hand of Rhodes was needed in the affairs of the country, he regained some of his power, and many of his friends renewed their allegiance. Soon after, however, he died of a heart attack. He was then only in his forties.

CHAPTER IX

VICTORIA FALLS TO PRETORIA

AS WE approached Victoria Falls, the “Queen of Cataracts,” we could see the spray that rose high above the green foliage like smoke from a forest fire. To our surprise we found an excellent hotel near the station, but this was the only sign of civilization. After some discussion as to accommodations — “rooms and bath” sounded delightful to us after five hot days on the train — we were told that we must get ready to start for the Rain Forest on the rim of the canyon.

We watched with great amusement as the party assembled in the lobby of the hotel, each member arrayed in what he or she considered an appropriate costume in which to encounter the drenching spray. The scene was as good as a play. Rolling Rosie had on her “Annette Kellerman” with a bright kimono partly covering it, and carried a Japanese umbrella. Kissing Kitty, in the smartest of silk bathing suits, might have been ready to dive into the waves at Narragansett. Leaping Lena had donned a sou’-wester, an oilskin coat, and sneakers. The Insistent Young Man wore some beautiful blue-striped pa-

jamás, his initials embroidered on the pocket. Some went in their underclothes and sun helmets. Others even went without shoes or stockings although they had been warned that the grass harbored chigoes — those unseen little creatures which can cause much trouble.

At last we sallied forth under the dry, burning sun. First we jumped on hand-pulled trolleys, each carrying eight passengers. Big black men, sweating and panting, pulled and pushed us until we reached a bridge that crosses a canyon, under which rush the terrific rapids and whirlpools that lie at the base of the cataract. From here we walked along the edge of the canyon through wet, coarse grass and on under the dense, dripping trees of the Rain Forest. At last, very suddenly, from Danger Point, we looked across at the falls themselves — a torrent of amber, racing water, more than a mile in width, let loose in fury as if by an angry pagan god. Slowly, at first, the majestic flood moves out from its background of tropical verdure, then faster, faster, until it swells over the black basalt rim of the mighty abyss. Down sweeps the tremendous curtain of water, churning up clouds of spray that now hide, now reveal the grandeur and immensity of the scene. As we stood there, the mist enveloped us, and rainbows — most wonderful rainbows — floated before our eyes. For once, we could actually touch the end of a rainbow, just as we longed to do when children. The natives, surprisingly, believe the bows are un-



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, PRETORIA



KRUGER'S HOUSE, PRETORIA



WAR MEMORIAL, DURBAN



KRUGER'S STATUE, PRETORIA

lucky and bring disease. "If a rainbow rests on a man, something will happen to him," they say.

There are two special features in which the Victoria Falls are unique: one is their situation, the ways in which they can be approached and viewed, and the other is the glory of the rainbows. Most waterfalls can be viewed only obliquely — unless from a bridge — but in the case of Victoria, one brim of the deep gorge into which the river disappears faces the length of the cascades and serves as a continuous balcony. As for the bows, they are created endlessly as the sun shines through the clouds of misty spray. In the depths of the canyon, they even form complete circles. At night there are mysteriously beautiful lunar rainbows.

From Devil's Point we had another and different view of the waters leaping over the cliff and making whirlpools below. Indeed, from every angle the aspect changed, and so perhaps did my mood, for suddenly I found myself trying to make a verse, which ran something like this:

*God's tears are the falls,
The mist, too, and the rain.
The black children's calls
Rise from the earth's rim
Full of anguish and pain
Into the clouds to him.*

It was in November, 1855, that Livingstone, paddled by skilful blacks, floated down the wide

Zambezi — “the lost river” — at the close of his three-year search for the “Smoke that Sounds” of which he learned through the rumors that had traveled from *kraal* to *kraal*. When he saw the mist in the distance, he stopped at an island (since named for him) and walking to the edge of the black basalt ledge, looked down into the deep canyon over which the river smoked. Livingstone was the first white man ever to gaze upon these roaring waters, which he named after Queen Victoria. He knew Africa and the natives even better than some more recent explorers, for he not only preached the gospel to the blacks but taught them how to farm and how to build better homes as well. It was not until the year 1862 that another white man penetrated this region and saw these wonders — Thomas Baines, an artist and explorer.

The other great cataracts of the world are the Tequendama in Colombia, the Grand Falls of Labrador, the Orange Falls in South Africa, the “Wonder Spot” of Gersoppa in south India, Iguazu of the Parana River in the Argentine, Kaieteur in British Guiana, and Niagara. The Victoria cataract is the greatest of all, being wider than Niagara and twice as high, and nearly half again as high as Iguazu, although not as wide. But in full season a greater volume goes over Iguazu than over Victoria, although far less when the water is low, so that Iguazu does not average so well and is not so spectacular as the latter.

In May the torrent is so high and the spray so thick one cannot get a good look at Victoria Falls, and in the dry season, between September and December, they are hardly worth visiting. January and February are the best months in which to view them. During the dry season one can walk onto Cataract and Livingstone Islands and look down into the gorge. The whirlpools below Victoria, however, do not compare with those at Niagara, and so, after all, Niagara holds its own even if it is not so wide nor so deep, for at almost all seasons the flow there is superb. The industrial plants have, of course, damaged Niagara's beauty considerably. Victoria is untouched in its grandeur, for no work of man has defiled it.

Nevertheless, a lady from Kansas remarked that she did not understand why she had been brought such a distance just to see these falls, and a few of the other tourists felt as she did. I was reminded of the old scout who, when he first saw the magnificent Bryce Canyon of Utah, remarked: "A hell of a place to drive cattle!" Each one of us sees things differently in this world!

That night the band of the "Askari" native regiment came to the hotel from Livingstone — seven miles away, where the English governor of the district lives. As we stood in the open in the dim light under the trees, the black musicians in their colorful tunics, bare black legs, red fezzes, and leopard skins, and the brilliantly lighted hotel with

its crowds of well-dressed people, made a fantastic picture not to be forgotten in its setting in the heart of Africa. The airs the natives played were the same that British bands play all round the world and that in the farthest-away places stir the heart with thoughts of home.

A few tourists who were lucky enough to get a motor went on to Livingstone. They said that the regiments in their quarters were very picturesque, that each soldier was allowed to have his family in the barracks, and that groups did their cooking in the compound, the women doing most of the work.

A trip by launch for a number of miles up the Zambezi River proved enchanting. Above the falls, it is a broad, languid, tropical stream, palm-fringed; so wide and slow and still, it is like a lake; indeed, the British hold regattas at times in one of the upper reaches. Although we kept a lookout for crocodiles, we heard only a splash or two. Baboons were playing among some trees on the bank, but we looked in vain for hippos. At last we landed on a paradise of an island, called Kandahar, and here under a thatched open hut found several blacks displaying leopard and wild dog skins for sale. They had paddled here in a dugout canoe when they heard that tourists were coming.

Soon the tea things from our basket were arranged, a fire was lighted, and the black kettle was boiling. Meanwhile we wandered along a path round the small island and saw the strange green sausage

tree and huge vines, like snakes, which coil about tree trunks, and hug them to death. We felt very far away from civilization.

On the return trip we noticed natives putting up nets on an island. It seems that the water, when high, flows over the low islands, and then the fish are caught in the nets.

What of our fellow-travelers in the heart of Africa? Our Insistent Young Man blossomed out in the garb of the country — “shorts,” a shirt, with no tie and a belt. Leaping Lena wore a khaki suit, leather leggings and a huge Stetson hat. Kissing Kitty, dressed like a man in shirt and long trousers, looked rather fetching. And how did they all behave? Gabby Gracie went for a swim in the Zambezi, and was lucky not to get swallowed by a crocodile. The Insistent Young Man, we noticed, ordered gin for breakfast and by evening was very gay. Several tourists sat up all night to see the moon disappear over Victoria Falls and to watch the sun rise.

Once more on our rolling home — our now-familiar special train — we waved good-bye to the glorious cataract. We were bound south as far as Mafeking — where the Boy Scout movement had its origin during the Boer War — over the same route we had taken in going north; then we planned to branch off toward the east through the Transvaal, stopping at Johannesburg, the “City of Gold,” and at Pretoria, the administrative capital of the Cape

Union; traveling on into Natal with a pause at Ladysmith — a name familiar to most of us because of the terrible siege during the Boer War — and then to Durban on the Indian Ocean, where we were to join *Laconia*.

Not far from the falls we pulled up at the largest coal mine in Africa, in the midst of sheds and tunnels and throngs of blacks, naked except for pieces of sacking. When the train stopped at the stations, native women with their pickaninnies appeared on the platforms and smiled, showing glistening white teeth, as they thanked the white "Missie" for something she had given them.

The section of the Transvaal through which we were passing was a wide panorama of rolling *veldt*; of grazing cattle and sheep speckling the landscape; of *kraals* and mealie patches; of rich red plowed earth, orchards, groves, and thinly scattered farmhouses of gabled Dutch architecture; and of slow-moving, outspanned oxen.

The Transvaal, in its peaceful aspect today, belies the bloody times of a few years ago. Into this rich country trekked the Boers across the Vaal River in 1836, to suffer massacre and constant fighting at the hands of the Matabele and Zulus under the leadership of such cruel chieftains as Chaka and Dingaan and Cetewayo. This sturdy stock, nevertheless, established a sort of government which was "recognized" by the British. In 1877, "in order to save the country," Great Britain annexed it, thereby bring-

ing on the first Boer War. Again England "recognized" the independence of the republic. After the discoveries of gold, adventurers and foreigners poured in. The Dutch, outnumbered, tried hard, under "Oom Paul" Kruger, to defend their sovereignty, but the demands of the *Uitlanders* became more and more insistent. Jameson's ill-starred raid in 1895 caused intense feeling that increased until, by the close of the century, when England again tried to intervene, the second Boer War followed. The British met defeat after defeat until Roberts and Kitchener arrived on the scene. Then the tide turned; French saved Kimberley, Cronje surrendered at Paardeburg, Roberts entered Bloemfontein, Baden-Powell was relieved at Mafeking, Roberts took possession of Johannesburg and Pretoria. The end was inevitable. Great Britain assumed control and established a colony which, in turn, became a part of the Union of South Africa in 1910.

We came into Johannesburg in the evening, through outlying suburbs that suggested London far more than central Africa. Jo'burg — as it is affectionately nicknamed — is the third largest city on the continent, a thriving community of three hundred thousand people, where in 1884 was only a barren waste.

How we looked to Jo'burg we learned from the following newspaper paragraph:

"Our American visitors presented an unusual appearance as they stepped out of their special train.

Horn-trimmed spectacles were of course to be expected among Americans and were worn by practically every member of the company, but unexpected were the sun helmets. Not satisfied with wearing them, they had two or more to spare under their arms. Some of the men wore helmets in conjunction with plus-fours while the women introduced an atmosphere of the desert of the East by wearing veils attached to their helmets. Many carried cameras. They busily plied the drivers of the motors with questions regarding the objects which excited their interest. They were eager to gain information. While not too prone to discuss American affairs, the visitors declared that no serious account should be taken of the war talk which had been indulged in by some Americans, for as a country America was wholly friendly towards Great Britain. They commented on the progressiveness and the cleanness of the towns, the fertility of the soil et cetera."

The Carlton Hotel proved to be large and somewhat old-fashioned, but the food was very good. The evening we arrived, a band was playing and people were sitting about drinking gin and quinine tonic, beer, and whiskey and sodas. The hotel guests looked cosmopolitan, many of them evidently rich Jews.

Next day we found Johannesburg a fine, well-ordered, modern town — the main street like those in many of our cities at home. It was the largest, as



AMANZIMTITI BARBECUE



INCHANGA NATIVE GROUP, KRAAL, NEAR DURBAN



NATIVE POLICEMAN, DURBAN



JINRIKISHA, DURBAN

well as the most up-to-date city we had seen in Africa. For many miles in each direction out of Jo'burg stretch chimneys, factories, galvanized mine buildings, huge wooden and iron structures, drab trestles, and trolleys — for this is the center of one of the most prolific gold-producing regions in the world. Here and there are patches of pine and eucalyptus, planted to provide the wooden supports required in the mines. But the most characteristic sights surrounding the city are the great dumps of white waste from the old gold mines — like huge blocks of vanilla ice cream — some of them one hundred feet high. The small bungalows on the outskirts are occupied mostly by the white workers, while the natives are lodged in compounds. About one hundred whites and four thousand blacks are required for each mine.

We visited the Modderfontein Deep, one of several Modder mines. The secretary, Mr. Balfour, received us in his office, and while waiting for the other tourists to arrive, told us he had lived in South Africa for over forty years, and that there was constant friction between the English and the Dutch. His two daughters, nevertheless, had married Boers. He informed us that this gold field is known as the Witwatersrand — more commonly called the Rand — and that it is the largest gold field in the world. South Africa has produced more than 945,000,000 pounds of bullion. Some shafts have been sunk to a depth of 7,400 feet. In both the diamond and gold

mines a great deal of money and labor is required to obtain a few diamonds or a very little gold. Both types of mines, moreover, give out after several years, the diamond mines producing for a longer period than the others. The gold fields in the Rand have been worked for only a comparatively short time.

After tea had been served — although it was the middle of the morning — we were shown specimens of gold ore and presented with samples. The process of refining employed in America is not in use here; it was tried, but did not prove a success. The machinery used is of English, American, and German manufacture. We watched the various steps in gold refining — the machines in which the rock is first crushed in water to a pulp, the huge vats containing a gray solution of cyanide of potassium with which the earth is washed, and the new process they were trying out in which the mixture flows over tables covered with corduroy which catches and holds the gold and concentrates. We visited the furnace, also, where pottery molds prepared to withstand the heat, were lifted out with long iron pincers and filled with the golden liquid. It quickly hardened into ingots of almost pure gold, which must be purified still further at the refinery before they are shipped to the mint.

In the Modder compound into which we looked, the workers are provided with food instead of doing their own cooking as is the case at the diamond mines. The compound did not look so clean as those

at Kimberley. The men sleep in tiers, one above the other, in their own blankets. There is a fumigating plant, but it is difficult to keep out the vermin. When the men come up from underground, they take off their clothes, which are washed for them. Within the compound is a recreation hall. There are first-aid stations underground and, in addition, the workers are weighed regularly to see whether they are in good condition.

Johannesburg contains some famous zoölogical gardens, where, during the course of our stay, the mayor delivered an address of welcome to the American travelers. The gardens are beautifully landscaped over many acres, with groves and flowers, lakes and vistas, and best of all, they contain natural dens and rocky retreats for the wild animals of many kinds, including a remarkable collection of lions.

A native dance had also been arranged by two Zulu tribes in the Municipal Compound. Every Sunday dances are held by the native workers in different compounds for their own amusement and the entertainment of visitors. The blacks vary their costumes and their songs, so I was told, according to the audience or their whims. The steps, however, are much alike. A leader blows a whistle for the start and finish, and to change the action from marching to dancing. The man who composes the verses chants a line, which the actors repeat in chorus while they march. Such songs, like all the

songs of the blacks, are very simple, with much repetition. A typical example runs as follows:

"O Maruwa, are you not coming back?

Are you not coming back again?

Never mind the beans, we will plant some more.

Never mind the beans, we will plant some more."

Maruwa answers:

"Not I. Not I.

The baboon came and ate the beans . . .

The monkeys came and ate the beans."

As we waited in the compound for the dance to begin, we heard whistling in the distance and the tramp of feet, then tom-toms and chanting, growing louder and louder as the dancers approached the audience. Soon round a wooden barracks the performers appeared, two by two, jumping first on one foot and then on the other, much after the fashion of our American Indians in their native dances. The procession was headed by the witch doctor, stripped to the waist, with the greeting "Eh America Guess!" painted in red on his black chest. He led the procession like a drum major, but as he went along he would break into a wild dance of his own and rush at the audience with grunts and groans, brandishing a spear. The performers were dressed in most remarkable costumes, a peculiar mixture of white and negro raiment. Many of them

wore yellow and green striped woolen sweaters, and bright-colored rubber bathing caps, with a piece of ribbon and a tin cup or beads for decoration hung round their necks. Some were naked and had only pieces of fur about their waists and bands of white goat's hair on their ankles, while several were dressed as women. They lined up in two long columns with their leaders in front. The supposed girls came forward successively and shook themselves violently to excite the performers. As the dance progressed, it grew wilder and wilder — a mass of whirling, wriggling legs, arms, and bodies and flourishing spears — until the whistle brought the dancers to a standstill. Some of the blacks worked themselves into a frenzy, gyrating until they dropped from exhaustion. When we asked what the dances represented, we were told they portrayed such subjects as war or past victories or the search for a bride.

The first group were of the Mvenda tribe which, in early days, had broken away from the Kalangas in the north. Togandulu was their chief. He had a son who was a great hunter. One day the son went hunting alone and failed to return. Searchers were sent to find him, but they were unsuccessful. Then the father said that he himself would go to look for his child. Since he was determined to go, his tribe decided to follow him. They trekked south, fighting many tribes on their way, but never finding the boy. At last they settled in what is now the Transvaal.

The present ruler is George Rambulwana Mpefu, who reigns over a great tribe.

Another group — from the interior — now came forward and danced in a circle to the accompaniment of pipes played within the ring. In the center was a fat negro dressed in Scotch kilts and white spats, who caused a good deal of laughter and excitement.

These men were of the Zulu tribe. Chaka was their ancient mighty ruler who, when lesser chiefs plotted to overthrow him, fought and defeated them and drove them north, east, and south. Isiquode fled to the east and settled there with his tribe, whom he named Tshangaans. On his death, his sons quarreled as to which should rule and Mzila won. When he died, his son Gungunyana proved as ruthless a ruler as Chaka. He was continually at war with other native tribes until he was captured by the Portuguese and sent into exile with his son Buyasondo. The latter was finally released from exile and is now chief of the Tshangaans.

On one of our evenings in Jo'burg we attended a vaudeville performance in which some English actors and an American comedian took part. As we heard the touching songs of the homesick "favorites" of the music hall, far from their native land, I could not help thinking of those men in Africa who had come there, perhaps, because they could no longer stay in England, and Kipling's verse came to my mind:

*" O God, one sniff of England!
To hear our flesh and blood —
To hear the hansoms slurring
Once more through English mud!
Our towns of wasted honor,
Our streets of lost delight!
How stands the old Lord Warden?
Are Dover's cliffs still white? "*

CHAPTER X

FROM PRETORIA TO THE INDIAN OCEAN

PRETORIA, the old Dutch capital of the Transvaal and now administrative capital of the Union of South Africa, was our next stop. Less than a third the size of Johannesburg, it has greater charm and much more picturesque Boer atmosphere and architecture. Here lived "Oom Paul" Kruger, the last president of the Dutch republic. Near the station in the square stands his statue—a massive bronze figure in top hat and frock coat. At each corner of the pedestal sits a bearded Boer on guard with his rifle—reminding me irresistibly of pictures of our old Mormons.

Kruger stands out conspicuously in history as one of the great leaders, whose sole reliance was on the justice of the principle for which he was contending. He commanded the loyal support of his followers, not through promises of promotion, decorations, material gain, or imperishable glory. He offered them only the opportunity of fighting and dying for a country and cause in which they absolutely believed. From the ages of eighteen to eighty his countrymen volunteered *en masse*, and although they did not win in the end, they inflicted very severe losses on the trained troops of Great Britain.

After the Anglo-Boer War Kruger went to Holland, hoping to persuade the European powers to intervene on his behalf, but he was unsuccessful. He died in Switzerland in 1904.

The house in which he lived in Pretoria is a low bungalow with a wide porch, shaded by trees. It is now a maternity hospital, with babies in cots squawling on the front *stoep* where he used to sit smoking his long pipe, governing the Transvaal like an Old Testament patriarch. One room has been reserved for a memorial — the one where his body lay in the coffin when he was brought back from Europe to be buried in the Transvaal. Here hang many wreaths from friends and societies and South African states, together with photographs of his funeral.

In the church which he and his wife always attended, opposite the house, may be seen the chairs covered with black horsehair in which they sat and held receptions after services. His grave is in a forlorn little Dutch cemetery near by — the monument a simple stone shaft containing a niche in which is set a black marble bust of the great old man. Members of his family are also buried in the same lot. A number of Boer soldiers lie in this cemetery, their graves in many cases unmarked mounds of brown earth. On some we saw pathetic broken vases containing flowers. Very few of the Boers are well-to-do and it is said that those of "Oom Paul's" family who are left today are very poor.

The little Boer Museum, with an attractive court in the center, interested us greatly. There we saw the old wagon belonging to Kruger, which had been sent to the British Museum in London, but was returned; the carriage of state, lined with blue satin, used by him when president; some old furniture which he had owned, made of stinkwood and ebony inlaid with ivory, and also a number of things that had been in his house, including the presents sent to him at the time of the war, with lists of sympathizers from different countries and people—the Germans, the Russians, and some Americans. After what I had seen and heard, I must say my heart rather went out to this remarkable man, who had much wisdom and force.

Looking back over the history of the Dutch in South Africa, I found that "Oom Paul" shared in the "Great Trek" in the thirties, in the course of which, it will be remembered, some ten thousand Boers migrated from the region about Cape Town to the northward. They traveled, for the most part, in "covered wagons," each drawn by sixteen oxen. In spite of terrible hardships and disasters, the pioneers persisted in their efforts. One group of trekkers included Caspar Kruger and his son Paul, then a boy of about ten. At that time the Baralong tribe was friendly to the emigrants, but most of the natives they encountered on the way were bitterly hostile and treacherous, especially the cruel and powerful Dingaan, who was finally overthrown at

Blood River. Pressing still farther north, the Boers traveled across the Vaal River. I was reminded of the flight of the Mormons with their covered wagons and their families and cattle across the continent to Utah, the "Promised Land." Finally on the river of the Little Apes the town of Pretoria was established — named after Pretorius, the great emigrant leader. His son became president in 1857 over all the white men between the Vaal and the Limpopo Rivers. Kruger at that time was one of his lieutenants. Later Kruger became president. With the gold rush in 1885 the town developed into a mining camp. After the Anglo-Boer War, it became British and in 1910 one of the capitals of the Union of South Africa.

On a *nek* of Meintjes Kop, about a mile from the center of the town, are located the magnificent new Government Buildings in which are housed the administrative bureaus of the Cape Union. This impressive edifice is composed of two wings of semi-classic design connected by a majestic semi-circular building, which is flanked on either end by imposing towers. This encloses with its colonnade a vast amphitheater with gardens and terraces, which can be used for great open-air ceremonies. The buildings accommodate some fifteen hundred officials of the four provinces — the Transvaal, Orange Free State, Natal, and the Cape Colony.

We drove out some miles from Pretoria to visit Government House, where the governor-general

and Princess Alice live much of the time — a large dwelling on top of a hill with a wide view of the surrounding rolling country. There were bare hills in the distance, with small forts on the heights. In the lovely garden were arbors and flower beds in profusion, and a swimming pool. Over the front door of the house was a magnificent hippo's head. Great chests, richly carved and decorated with brass, were ranged along the hall. The woodwork in the building was of handsome stinkwood. Many of the chairs and sofas were finished with strips of hide instead of cane. A huge central room looked out over the landscape, while small parlors and sitting rooms and a dining room opened at one side. We were even shown the bedrooms upstairs.

Before leaving Pretoria we had a glimpse of the Zoo, which, while smaller, was prettier, I thought, than the one at Johannesburg. It was older, for one thing, with shady lanes, delightfully cool in the heat of the day. Here we saw some enormous playful baboons and animals of every sort, while cages of birds — talkative parrots, blue and yellow macaws, a lilac-breasted roller bird, and others of gorgeous hue — lined the main path, and made bright splashes of color.

The large museum contained a great variety of stuffed animals, some huge elephants' tusks, and specimens of African minerals. One case was filled with imitations of the famous diamonds of the world.

In the morning we slipped out of Pretoria over the wide plateau of the Transvaal into Natal and down to Durban on the coast. The approach to the Drakensberg Mountains from the high hinterland was not imposing, but after we passed the escarpment, the splendor of the range was revealed, with peaks rising to eleven thousand feet. We traveled down gorges, seeing our last of the straw-thatched, beehive native villages, and on into cultivated fields and pasture land, passing places with sad, but immortal names — Ladysmith, Spion Kop, and Colenso. Off to one side was Rorke's Drift, where the Prince Imperial of France was killed in a Zulu war in 1879 while fighting for England. Finally we reached parklike country — rather English in appearance — plantations, and red-roofed white little towns, and so came at last to Durban.

The train ran in a most convenient way right on to the docks, where we shifted our bags to *Laconia*. The first to greet us were the Zulu rickshaw boys, magnificent in great headdresses of hens' feathers, porcupine quills, and ostrich feathers, with, in most cases, huge buffalo horns sticking up from their heads, giving them the appearance of wicked devils. Every rickshaw boy here in Durban calls himself "Jim Fish" after a celebrated member of their calling who, in days gone by, won a race with a horse and then dropped dead. Only one old rickshaw man is left in the town — most of them die when

young. He has run for thirty years and is now a privileged person needing no license.

Durban is in the same latitude as Palm Beach (on the other side of the equator) but it has a much more glorious setting. It lies between the long strand of the Indian Ocean and a bay which was once a lagoon and is now a fine harbor, the most important on the East Coast. Beyond the splendid series of commercial docks, a beautiful esplanade is carried on around these protected waters, with yacht clubs, handsome buildings, and avenues of palms, flowers, and fountains. On the opposite side of the bay are the whaling stations, for Durban is an active whaling center. The residences are terraced along the slopes of the ridges back of the town in the midst of lovely gardens, with wide views of the ocean. Durban is a seaside resort for the people of the hinterland, and is quite gay in its winter season. The sea looked most inviting, but we were told that the surf is dangerous and sharks lurk not far away, to say nothing of jelly fish and some sort of fly that floats on the water and bites the bathers. Those who wish a swim must content themselves with the open-air bathing pools which have been built behind the beaches.

Both the Marine Hotel and the Royal were attractively located. Picturesque East Indian waiters in clean white suits and turbans served the guests on the terraces with excellent food and native liqueurs made from grapes.

The memorial in the main square to the men who fell in the World War is an unusual and striking monument with allegorical figures in blue terra cotta and gold. A light burns perpetually at the base.

In the museum near by are the bones of a dodo found about 1600 on the island of Mauritius (where the birds were plentiful) and a stuffed imitation of a live one. Long ago a picture was painted in Holland of a dodo which had been brought there by a sailor, and so we know that the long-extinct bird was probably a kind of flightless pigeon with a few ostrich feathers for a tail. The museum likewise contains a roc's egg found on the island of Madagascar. It is three times the size of an ostrich egg. While there is no specimen of this bird which was reported by Marco Polo, it is evident from the records that it was some sort of huge condor. The story of Sindbad the Sailor in the "Arabian Nights" tells of this strange, enormous creature. We shivered a bit over specimens of the tsetse fly and other deadly African insects, which are by no means extinct, but an ever-present menace. The bite of the tsetse fly, as we know, causes sleeping sickness. A victim is usually banished at once from his village into the wilderness and left to die alone, although there are now camps for black patients in some sections. The disease is a lingering one, in the course of which the patient sleeps a good deal, eats little and becomes very much emaciated, and at the last, goes

insane. Because the tsetse fly does not like the citron-odor of lemon grass, huge fields are planted with it in the danger zones. It is well to carry a quantity of lemon grass when passing through districts where the flies are prevalent.

By chance we learned of the "Old Fort," the place from which Dick King, the Paul Revere of South Africa, started on another famous ride. We made haste to visit the place and were repaid for our efforts.

Entering the fort by a pretty gate in a stone wall, we found ourselves in a small bower of shade trees and flowers — bamboo and cypress, Pride of India, cineraria, and bougainvillea. The place is full of romance and charm — the stone paths and steps are almost lost beneath ferns and cacti; the old inner walls of the fort divide the garden into pretty little retreats; orchids hang from the trees and trellises; and the old magazine has been consecrated into a tiny chapel.

In 1842, the time of Dick King, the Old Fort was the barracks of the British garrison at Durban. A British force had been placed here in opposition to the wishes of the settlers, who considered that they had trekked beyond British control and desired to establish a republic of their own. This attitude on the part of the people led to hostility against the garrison and finally to a siege. Dick King managed to get through the lines with two horses and rode from Durban to Grahamstown — six hundred miles

in ten days through a dangerous wilderness — to procure reënforcements for the British. Eventually help arrived and the Boers retired. In the end, their efforts at independence came to nothing, and Natal was formally organized as a British colony in 1845.

During our stay in Durban a native dance took place at a Zulu *kraal* some miles away, which had never before given a dance for visitors. The men, their black skins shining, wore little in the way of clothing, but much in the way of decoration — pieces of fur hanging from their waists, bands of long goat's-hair on their legs and arms, feathers and beads and garlands about their necks and on their heads. They carried ox-skin shields and imitation spears. They are not permitted by the authorities to possess real *assagai* or use weapons in their dances, since they might become over-excited by their own performance. As it was, their excitement was startling, for they worked themselves up by playing at attacks and rushing at the tourists in threatening fashion, until they rolled on the ground in frenzy. A number of women wore skirts made from hide or bark. Some were dressed in beads and carried pouches of tobacco or snuff. Their hair, which was twisted into a huge topknot, was dyed red with ocher, as were their bodies. All grunted, strutted, and pranced about wildly. Near by, in a *kraal*, an ox had been killed, and a barbecue was being prepared in order that the dancers might feast after their performance. Some were already drink-

ing the blood to "make them strong," as they say, and others beer to make them gay. The dance was still at its height when we left.

When, at Durban, at the close of our inland journey, I thought back over our trip, I realized that it had been difficult to verify the conflicting answers to some of my questions, or even to get time to write down what I saw and heard. When I had asked an Englishman, a Boer, and a black the names of various trees in the bush, the only answer I received (no matter what tree I indicated) was "a thorn," "a camel thorn," or when I pointed to a bird, "a fink." For the name of the most common flowering tree in a garden (which looked much like a pink hawthorn) I got three answers — "a pink gum," "China rose," and "Pride of India." Finally I resorted to a bird and flower book and from these I believe I have gathered the correct names of the birds and flowers we saw. In February and March cannas, oleanders, red-hot poker, white "belladonna" lilies, gladioli, bluebells, freesias, and orchids were in bloom, and among the wild flowers, many different sorts of heath.

For birds, in the *veldt*, we noticed such varieties as the weaver bird, the widow bird with its long black tail feathers, the red bishop bird, the lark, the mocking bird, the hoopoe, the toucan, the hawk vulture, the snake bird with its lengthy, sinuous neck like a reptile, heron, cattle egret, and guinea fowl; also the familiar cuckoo, swallow, crow, mino,

canary, kingfisher, woodpecker, owl, stork, dove and pigeon, partridge, pheasant, quail, plover, and sandpiper.

Just as Punta Arenas had been the turning point in our cruise around South America, so Durban was the turning point on this circle about Africa, just halfway in time and distance. We now started "up-hill" again, coasting along Zululand as darkness came on, rolling up toward the Mozambique Channel with a good deal of motion. By noon of the next day it was smoother, for we were in the southeast trades, and the sea was a following one and very blue beneath its smother of whitecaps. We were passing Lourenço Marques, but out of sight of land, off Delagoa Bay and Cape Corrientes, the most southern point to which the early Arab and Persian traders dared to venture, for beyond it was a fabled fury of winds and waters. The powerful current here made navigation extremely hazardous for the light barks of the ancients. With vivid imagination they peopled this unknown sea with mermaids and old sorts of mythical and terrifying monsters who lured unfortunate mariners to their doom. Later the Portuguese gave Corrientes its name of "Cape of the Currents" because of their experiences in the baffling and dangerous waters of the Mozambique Channel.

Beira is the next good port after Durban on this Portuguese coastland. From it the railroad runs up into the hinterland of Rhodesia, to the wonderful

and puzzling ruins of Zimbabwe, to Salisbury and Bulawayo, and Victoria Falls.

I was up at sunrise — such was the force of the habit formed on the train trip — and saw the sun come over the horizon fire-red, with its promise of a hot day at sea. Again we crossed the Tropic of Capricorn, which we had last crossed on the train above Mafeking. We were now inside of Madagascar. Awnings were spread on deck and people sat about in easy chairs and called for cooling drinks, and the popular “gin and tonic.”

Meanwhile we heard at the Travel Club the experiences of the passengers who had not traveled inland, but had remained on *Laconia*. After leaving Cape Town they had rounded the Cape of Good Hope into the Indian Ocean and stopped first at Mossel Bay, where they had visited an ostrich farm and some marvelous caves with fantastic-shaped stalactites all green and pink. Going on to Port Elizabeth, they had seen the Snake Park, which is one of the most important research laboratories of venoms in existence and in which hundreds of varieties of reptiles are exhibited. We had seen a similar institution at São Paulo in Brazil in the course of our South American cruise and also one in India.

Yet as I recalled scenes from our trip into the heart of Africa — the grave of Rhodes in the midst of gigantic boulders, the massive statue of Kruger with its top hat left hollow for a bird bath, the *veldt* at setting sun with its huge ant hills and birds singing

and insects humming, the blacks in their peaceful *kraals* and in their wild dances, the surge of dashing amber water over Victoria Falls — as these and many other scenes flickered through my memory, I was not sorry we had chosen to make the inland journey.

CHAPTER XI

MOZAMBIQUE AND ITS PRISON FORT

AS we sailed up the East Coast, stopping at one port after another, life on shipboard slipped back into its former routine. The Travel Club continued to meet, a Garden Society was started to study the flowers of South Africa, while the doctors gathered to discuss tropical diseases, and the deck-sports tournament made steady progress.

Rolling Rosie began to roll again in the gym, confiding to me that she could now touch her toes with her fingers, an accomplishment for which she had long toiled. Leaping Lena applied herself to fencing with even more vim than before. The crowd in the swimming tank became boisterous. As the days grew hotter and hotter, Kissing Kitty became more amorous. Outside our window the word "darling" could be heard constantly until 2 A.M. Gossip and complaints were rife, but stopped abruptly as Mozambique loomed in sight.

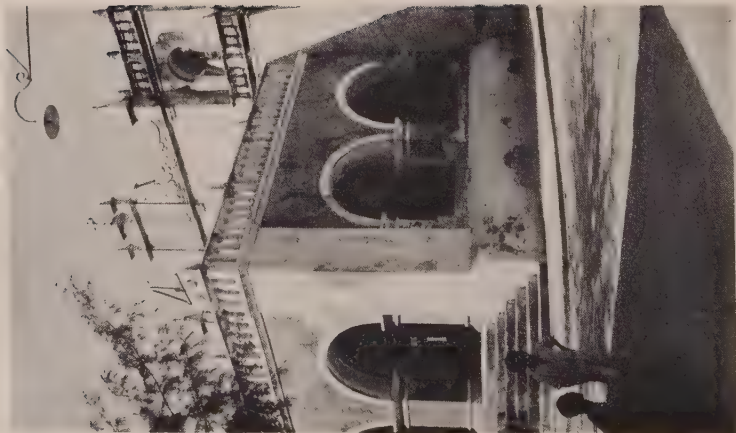
A lovely sight was our first glimpse of this fairy coral islet, between two and three miles long and about a quarter of a mile wide, with its sandy beach glistening like snow and its white lighthouse set



PRISON FORT, ST. SEBASTIAN, MOZAMBIQUE



INSIDE FORT, MOZAMBIQUE



CATHEDRAL, MOZAMBIQUE



LACONIA IN THE ROADSTEAD

among the green palm trees as if in a sea of peacock feathers. Most of these islands along the coast were chosen as places for settlement because the location protected foreigners against sudden attack by the natives of the mainland. In the old days the Portuguese possessed several stations on the East Coast, of which only this one is left them today. The flag of Portugal has been flying for more than four hundred years over Mozambique. The island commands the channel at the narrowest point between Africa and Madagascar.

As we drew near we could see the fringe of forest on the coast of the mainland beyond, and some dim highlands back in the country. Here was East Africa, "the land of Myrrh and Ginger, of fish eaters and cannibals, Aethiopia Inferior," from which coffee, sugar, ebony, sandalwood, and ivory are now brought to the sea on a small railway.

A tiny, old-fashioned tug with a boat in tow came billowing out to meet *Laconia*. The pilot had some difficulty in scrambling up the ladder, for the little boat tossed about like a cork, and the poor man in his immaculate white suit fell back into the dirty bottom in a most undignified manner. No doubt he cruelly hurt his Portuguese pride. He finally climbed on board amid the cheers of the passengers.

The waterway of rainbow colors was wide but shallow and the channel narrow and zigzagging, so that *Laconia* moved in slowly, passing a native

thatched village and the old Portuguese fort. In the distance we watched the white breakers roll and splash over the reef on an outlying atoll. Before us, like a stage-setting, lay the governor's gray two-storied and porticoed palace, a stone jetty and warehouses, administration buildings, and low, flat-roofed dwellings that stretched along the water front for an unexpected distance — houses of pale pink and saffron and lemon and blues, all cool-looking in the gleaming sunshine, in contrast to the red church and spire with its white "piping."

The early history of the East Coast of Africa is full of color and romance. Long before the Portuguese established themselves here the Phœnicians, Sabæans, Persians, and Arabs knew this country, as some records of those days go to show. It seems Zaide, a great-grandson of Ali, the nephew and son-in-law of Mohammed, held religious views that differed from the *Koran*, and for that reason he was banished from Arabia. He and his followers — called Emozaide — sailed over to the Dark Continent and in time made several settlements north of the equator. They were more civilized than the blacks, and kept their own religion, even when they intermarried with the natives.

Later other Arabs migrated on account of oppression by some sheik. They found the Emozaide already established, but as they differed from the latter in religion, they drove the first comers inland, where they became the traders of the interior. These

later Arabs founded the towns of Brava and Mogodosho (which became, about 1066, very important), as well as Sofala on the mainland not far from Mozambique, where they traded in gold which is thought to have come from Zimbabwe.

It was almost a hundred years afterwards that the Persians made their appearance on the East Coast. A ruler, Shiraz by name, died, leaving seven sons, one by an Abyssinian slave. Because this boy was the son of a slave woman, he was despised by his brothers. Accordingly, he and some friends set out for Africa and founded Kilwa, not far from Mombasa, which became very prosperous. They captured Zanzibar, Sofala, and other places, and looted them of ivory and gold. Stations on Madagascar also came under their rule. About the year 1333 the great Mohammedan traveler, Ibn Batuta, journeyed down the coast and described Kilwa, now Kisiwani, as "the most lordly city built on earth." Today it is without commerce. Ruins of Persian palaces are the only signs of its former splendor.

Not long after the first voyage of Vasco da Gama round the Cape of Good Hope, De Mello captured Mozambique, and the Portuguese began to use it as a station for ships coming and going to and from the Far East. But when Turkish corsairs under Pasha Soleiman began to make their appearance along the East Coast, Catherine, the regent of Portugal, decided, in 1558, a fort was needed at Mozambique. The nephew of Archbishop

Baga, an engineer who had learned his profession in Flanders, was engaged to build it. He laid the foundation of what later became Fort São Sebastião. Every stone used in the building was brought out in small ships of this period from mother Portugal, an amazing undertaking, and black slaves put them in place. The architect also built a fortress at Daman, India, whereupon Philip the Second of Spain asked him to design part of the Escorial.

In those days the Portuguese legalized slave trading, and ivory-bearers in shackles brought out on their shoulders the huge elephant tusks from the interior. The Portuguese became very wealthy and lived in great luxury, intermarrying with the Bantus and Arabs. The Arab merchants also dwelt in Oriental splendor. They dressed in silks embroidered in gold and wore great turbans and carried handsome scimitars. But as time went on, this luxury became a thing of the romantic past.

Mozambique is full of ghosts of departed glory for those who care to peer into its sixteenth-century houses of mellow colors that glow in the dazzling golden sunshine or fade away in deep shadows. They are houses with iron-barred windows (some still with panes of mica instead of glass) and heavy doors through which one looks into cavelike, vaulted, gloomy spaces made for coolness, where now rickshaws are stabled but where once on a time slaves and retainers used to huddle. Or in these same vaulted depths can be found today counting houses,

wide open to the narrow streets, and furnished with old-fashioned tables, musty account books, ink wells, and weighing machines.

As we walked about the town, we came upon government bureaus and barracks, with groups of tattered soldiers lolling about. Five Englishmen living in comfortable quarters ran the wireless station. The hospital was a large and imposing colonnaded building. We tramped from one poor little square to another, each with a few straggly trees, through the narrow crooked streets with open drains, and looked into dark shops on the shelves of which stood tin cans, wines, and cotton goods. In some of these holes Arab tailors were busy making native garments on Singer sewing machines. But there were very few things in the shops a tourist would care to buy — only some wooden fans, sea-shells, and corals.

On the outskirts of the town we saw a native thatched village with paths higher than the huts, curiously enough. The natives walked in their stately way in procession, carrying loads on their heads, or balanced on poles between them. Some of the women had smeared their ebony black faces with white paste, with the result that their heads looked like skulls.

The population of the town seemed to be mixed — Arabs and blacks and half-castes. We met few white people, for they were no doubt taking their proper siesta during the middle of the day and

thinking the visiting tourists mad to expose themselves so dangerously to the blazing, merciless sun. Some came out later in the afternoon and paraded about the open squares and *maidan* before we sailed away.

It was hot walking, but really not hotter than often of a summer's day in our beloved Washington, and on the ocean side there was a refreshing wind, almost a gale. We trotted about faithfully so as not to miss anything in this strange, remote corner of the world. The port doctor said we were lucky in that the thermometer registered only 100° that day, whereas for some days before it had stood at 120°.

The dances given for the tourists in an untidy square hardly deserved the name. The women skipped rope, one after another, while the men beat a tin pan and tom-toms made of iron kettles. They built a fire under the drums to dry the hide and so make a louder noise. The men were dressed in European fashion, more or less, but mostly in rags. The women had cotton cloth pinned over their breasts and cotton scarfs for skirts — in some cases of bright colors.

The most interesting experience to me was our visit to the old fort which is now a prison, where the worst criminals from Portugal and her colonies are sent for life. The prisoners are allowed to work and wander about the whole island, for the island by its situation is a prison.

Entering by the main gate, with the water gate

to one side, we passed under the portcullis and through a dark passage in the thick castle wall, containing the cavernous old guard rooms, into a blazingly hot court with balconied barrack quarters and broad stone stairways leading up to the ramparts above. On the upper level of the broad rampart was the "Governor's Garden" — a wide terrace with a grove of trees that made it a shady resort — an unusual hanging garden. We walked along the bastions and looked over the island and the indigo sea, and came down again where the stones in the casement walls had been set so as to make pigeon cotes from which innumerable pigeons cooed at us. We looked into the gloomy, cavelike recesses in the thick fortress walls, where hot, weary Portuguese officials sat sprawling at their work tables. Then we passed into another walled-in court where we found a motley crowd of blackamoors, mostly naked, standing about or cooking their food over little fires. We were told they were recruits for military service. The prisoners were guarded by black soldiers in khaki uniforms with red fezzes on their heads.

Out again we went through a small postern gate to the bastion terrace, where the small mosque-like chapel, built in 1500, hangs over the rocks and splashing emerald sea. In its dark tiny interior, memorial stones to important officials are laid in the uneven pavement. The convicts are not buried here but in a graveyard some distance away.

A guide had been assigned us at the entrance to the fort — a prisoner who spoke some English, having lived for a time, he told us, in an English town in South Africa. He wore a sort of dirty pajama-like uniform with a cap bearing a number. He had a shifty eye and a rather worn little face. But there must have been something fine about him because he picked a flower in the garden, apparently to give to one of the ladies who joined us. Not knowing he spoke English, she unfortunately remarked that she hoped he was not going to give it to one of us as he looked so dirty. Whereupon, his ratlike face turned toward her with the suddenness of a flame and his eyes gleamed like a snake's. If he had had a knife I believe he would have used it, but he quickly controlled himself and threw the flower away.

As we walked, we talked with our guide. He told us that many of the prisoners were murderers. Some were shackled together. The six women prisoners we saw were all murderesses. One had killed several husbands. One woman was black, one white, and the others were half-castes. Our guide informed us that they did no work.

"They just eat and sleep and sometimes marry other prisoners," he said.

I saw two small children and asked why they were in prison.

"Their mother is dead and they came with their father," he answered.

"What are you in for?" I inquired.

"I got into a drunken fight with several men and someone was killed. But I am in for only a few months," he added — a statement which was not, I think, entirely correct.

"What are the prisoners given to eat?" I asked.

"Rice and beans, but not much of them. We do our own cooking over a few sticks of wood. All the men are made to work."

But there were no workshops so far as I could see.

The fort was very dirty. A barrack might contain fifty men or more who must sleep on boards, except for the occasional convict who owned a blanket. Vermin were crawling about everywhere.

Outside the walls of the fortress-prison, where the moat used to be, we saw prisoners digging trenches. These men were suffering a most terrible torture. They were condemned to be shackled together in pairs, by means of chains belted around their waists with only four or five feet of slack. These helpless individuals were doomed to eat, to sleep, to work, to live for years, maybe till one died — tied inseparably to each other. These scenes made us think of Devil's Island — the French prison island off Guiana, near which we had passed a year ago on our South American cruise — and of the horrors there of which we had heard so much.

The fairy island of my dreams, as it had seemed when it first came into view, on nearer inspection had become a tragic and pitiful spot.

We were due to sail before dark but the tackle of one of the ship's boats broke when it was being hoisted, and it took an hour to rig up another to carry the passengers. Fortunately no one was hurt, but there might have been a bad accident if a crowd of travelers had been in the boat at the time. We got away safely at last, though late, and left behind this romantic place with its ghosts of past glory, while the sunset turned the world into a Roman scarf of many colors, and the twinkling lights of the town rivaled the stars, and the moon rose serene in the heavens.

Mozambique became once more a fairy floating island.

CHAPTER XII

LA GRANDE ÎLE DE FRANCE

WHILE sailing from Mozambique to Madagascar, I read Professor Chase Osborn's absorbing account of that "Land of the Man-Eating Tree." There are few other recent books in English about the island, but there are French volumes of different periods by travelers and explorers such as Abbé Rochon, Com-merson, and Grandidier.

For ages writers made it the setting for many of their happiest flights of imagination; it is the scene of some of the best-beloved stories in the "Arabian Nights" — of Sindbad the Sailor and the Old Man of the Sea; of that fabled bird, the roc, and its huge eggs, some of which have actually been discovered recently near Fort Dauphin in southern Madagascar. Marco Polo tells of a roc's feather sent as a present to the Great Khan of Tartary. This is thought, however, to have been only the frond of a raffia palm. The Cid and Vasco da Gama and Captain Kidd were among the great adventurers to visit this island at one time or another.

Where the name of Madagascar comes from, no one seems to know. The place appears on an early

map, dated 1560, as the "Isle of St. Lawrence." The French at one time named it "Ile Dauphine" and now give it the pretty title of the "Island of the Moon," also the "Grande Île de France," while the natives sometimes call it the "Land of the Wild Hogs" or the "Land of Lemurs."

Madagascar is the third largest island in the world—980 miles from north to south—larger than the whole of France. It is probably the most beautiful of islands and, unfortunately, the least known, for with its warlike tribes and its evil climate it defied the grasp of European colonization longer than most places. It was known to the Portuguese as early as 1501, when Diego Diaz landed there. It was "nibbled at" by Dutch and English and French as time went on, but all their attempts to gain control failed because of the prevalence of tropical diseases and the hostility of the natives. Even our American whalers, as in the Falkland Islands, once raised our flag over a corner of Madagascar and claimed it for the United States.

In the early nineteenth century it became the resort of pirates, who ravaged the surrounding seas, attacking the East India merchantmen. In fact, a pirate republic, called *Libertatia*, of which Misson, the French sea rover, proclaimed himself president, was founded at Antongil Bay. The laws were "models of justice" made by pirates for pirates. Caraccioli, a priest to whom Misson had confessed his sins in Italy, joined him and later became sec-



STREET SCENE, MOZAMBIQUE



DRUMS WITH FIRE UNDERNEATH



HARBOR OF HELLVILLE, MADAGASCAR



PIROGUES

retary of state in the colony, while Captain Tew, from Rhode Island, was appointed admiral of the fleet. Misson did not fly the skull and crossbones, but a flag with the inscription, "For God and Liberty." In Joseph Gollomb's "Pirates Old and New," these freebooters are described as "moral pirates" because in some instances they really did much good. For one thing, they provided places of worship for the various faiths in their strange colony; they put up on one hill a Roman Catholic altar, on another a Moslem mosque, while on a third they erected a joss house.

The story of how French Misson and Yankee Tew joined forces is dramatic. Off Madagascar, François Misson, sailing on the *Victoire*, hailed Thomas Tew on the *Jezebel*. At the very moment they were preparing to attack each other, a British man-of-war appeared in the distance. Misson made a bold stroke. He signaled to Tew, asking for a parley, and rowed over to his ship.

"Look here, Captain," said Misson, "I have a feeling that you and I have more in common than either of us with that British man-of-war. Suppose we first settle with him."

The story goes that they opened fire on the British ship, which quickly retired, whereupon Tew and Misson became friends and Tew a member of the colony.

Eventually trouble developed between the natives and the freebooters and, in addition, various

countries waged relentless war upon the pirates. Many of their ships were captured in Antongil Bay and burned, and the colony was finally wiped out. Even today there may still be found in Madagascar traces of the white pirate blood. Tumasiallo, the son of a pirate and a native woman, was at one time king of this region.

A story is told of the wreck of the English pirate ship *Deverage*, with Captain Young in command, off this island in 1702. Robert Drury, a cabin boy, was captured and enslaved by the natives — as was Robinson Crusoe in Morocco. Drury lived among them for fifteen years, marrying a native, before he was finally rescued and taken to England. Later he became himself a slave trader and sold slaves in America, procuring them in Madagascar.

Blacks were not the only commodity carried from this island to the United States; in 1699 rice was taken to Charleston — a variety that is still grown there and the best that has ever been cultivated in this country.

During the nineteenth century the island had a remarkable internal history. Of the Hova rulers of the period, Radàma was Christianized by early missionaries, but he was succeeded by a bigoted, bloodthirsty Malagasy queen — Rànavàlona — who drove out the missionaries and for some years excluded all Europeans, and whose rule was a reign of terror. Two later queens of the same name were of somewhat better character. The country made

progress under their régimes, or rather under the jurisdiction of the prime minister, who was king in all but name, and who won his power by the unique method of marrying three rulers in succession. The last Rànavàlona was exiled in 1895 by the French, first to Réunion and later to Algiers. It was to Réunion, a lonely French island in the Indian Ocean to the east of Madagascar, that Abd-el-Krim, the Riffian leader in Morocco, was also exiled in recent years.

From the first it seemed as if Madagascar was fated to fall at last into French hands. After various protectorates had collapsed it became, by conquest, and with a final ultimatum, a French colony in 1896. Gallieni — that general whose quick thinking and action saved Paris in the Great War — was the first governor to establish adequate rule in Madagascar. Though he worked under great difficulties, he constructed roads, organized hospitals, and established schools, especially training schools of many kinds. Meanwhile Lyautey — who later became a great proconsul of France, and with whom we lunched once on a time at Rabat in Morocco — was entrusted with similar work in southern Madagascar.

While the economic progress of the island is not rapid, yet its almost four millions of people seem content today under the paternal French rule. There are able, self-sacrificing, loyal, and tactful administrators, who are confirming French authority in a

quiet and unobtrusive manner over independent but amicable races.

Besides its beauty and potential wealth, Madagascar is remarkable in many ways, for by some great cataclysm of nature in the dim past it was cut off from Africa (its nearest neighbor), so it is thought. Yet its flora and fauna are more like those of South America, which is half a world away, than like those of the Dark Continent only a few miles across the channel. In the Grande Île there are none of the wild beasts that have made Africa so famous — no lions or leopards or elephants or rhinoceroses or hippopotami. However, at some time in the early days, Madagascar was the home of huge creatures, for remains of lizards fifty feet long have been found — as well as of other prehistoric animals. The island today teems with animal life, and there is more life that is autochthonous than in any other territory of like size on earth.

Professor Osborn gives an enthralling account of Madagascar. He calls the island “that strangest and most characteristic of all places.” For its area, it has greater variety and more that is peculiar to itself than any other part of the world. Its isolation centuries ago has given it an opportunity to develop forms not known elsewhere.

He says, too, that “all of the useful minerals of the earth are found in some quantity in Madagascar and almost all the gems except the diamond.” And even diamonds may yet be found, as there are

“crater chimneys” such as produce the diamonds in Kimberley fields.

The southern end of the island is low and malarial, but backs up inland step by step into fine plateaus and rises into mountains nine thousand feet high. On the east coast, the best known port, Tamatave, was so damaged by a hurricane a few years ago that it is planned now to make some new port for the island capital, Antanànarivo. Along the west coast to the north, for almost a thousand miles, there is no good port, although the French have a naval station at the extreme northern end among the rugged ranges that dip down into the tropical seas. But on the west coast there is a roadstead harbor inside of Nossi Bé, the small island where *Laconia* made her call at Hellville. The port is not only a typical colony in the Indian Ocean but has real historical importance, for it was at Nossi Bé that the first actual protectorate was established by France in 1840. The French sailed in and took possession at the request of the Sakalavas who had asked to be protected from the marauding Hovas of the interior. There had been other pretenses of taking over the government in Madagascar, but this was the first real assumption.

The scenery of Madagascar resembles that of the Philippines, for the verdure is tropical and dense, and the air hot and full of moisture. Shrubs grow here that make a perfect food for the silkworm, which produces raw silk that is exported to France.

A spider is also found on the island whose fine thread can be woven into fabrics. Vanilla, cocoa, and coffee are cultivated—the latter considered better than that grown in Brazil. In fact, Madagascar has a way of appropriating anything that comes to her and developing it on a grander scale than is found elsewhere. The Philippines and South America may be famous for their orchids, but it is claimed that this island has more varieties than both of them together. Fine native woods, such as ebony and mahogany, also flourish here. An evil devil tree, worshipped by the natives, is supposed by some to grow in the wilds. Professor Osborn tells of the upas tree, which exhales a deadly poison that overcomes people who approach it, and of an unnamed plant that swallows mice—something like the pitcher plant of India. But the man-eating tree of Madagascar—if it really does exist—is the most horrible. Osborn quotes from a letter written by Dr. Fredlowski in 1878 in regard to this tree:

“Suddenly all the natives began to cry, ‘Tepe! Tepe!’ The sluggish canal-like stream here wound slowly by and in a bare spot of its bend was the most singular of trees. . . . If you can imagine a pineapple eight feet high and thick in proportion resting upon its base you will have a good idea of the trunk of the tree. . . . My observation on this occasion was suddenly interrupted by the natives, who had been shrieking around the tree with their shrill voices and chanting what Hendrik told me

were propitiatory hymns to the great devil tree. With still wilder shrieks and chants they now surrounded one of the women, and urged her with the points of their javelins, until slowly, and with despairing face, she climbed up the stalk of the tree and stood on the summit of the cone, the palpi swirling all about her. 'Tsik! Tsik!' (Drink! Drink!) cried the men. Stooping, she drank of the viscid fluid in the cup, rising instantly again, with wild frenzy in her face and convulsive cords in her limbs. But she did not jump down, as she seemed to intend to do. Oh, no! The atrocious cannibal tree that had been so inert and dead came to sudden savage life. The slender delicate palpi, with the fury of starved serpents, quivered a moment over her head, then as if instinct with demoniac intelligence, fastened upon her in sudden coils round and round her neck and arms. Then while her awful screams and yet more awful laughter rose wildly to be instantly strangled down again into a gurgling moan, the tendrils one after another, like green serpents, with brutal energy and infernal rapidity, rose, retracted themselves, and wrapped her about in fold after fold, ever tightening with cruel swift-ness and the savage tenacity of anacondas fastening upon their prey. It was the barbarity of the Laocoön without its beauty — this strange terrible murder. And then the great leaves slowly rose stiffly, like the arms of a derrick, erected themselves in the air, approached one another and closed about

the dead and hampered victim with the silent force of a hydraulic press and the ruthless purpose of a thumbscrew. A moment more, and while I could see the bases of these levers pressing more tightly towards each other, from their interstices there trickled down the stalk of the tree great streams of the viscid honey-like fluid mingled horribly with the blood and oozing viscera of the victim. At sight of this the savage hordes around me, yelling madly, bounded forward, crowded about the tree, clasped it, and with cups, leaves, hands, and tongues each one obtained enough liquor to send him mad and frantic. Then ensued a grotesque and indescribably hideous orgy, from which even while its convulsive madness was turning rapidly into delirium and insensibility, Hendrik dragged me hurriedly away into the recesses of the forest, hiding me from the dangerous brutes. May I never see such a sight again!"



STREET SCENE, HELLVILLE, MADAGASCAR



STREET SCENE, HELLVILLE, MADAGASCAR



THE QUEEN'S DANCING GIRLS, HELLVILLE



THATCHED VILLAGE, HELLVILLE

CHAPTER XIII

HELLVILLE, MADAGASCAR

NATIVES in *pirogues* paddled out to greet *Laconia* on our arrival off Hellville on the small island of Nossi Bé. The outrigger canoes floated like eggshells on the surface of the water about the ship. Soon we found ourselves in a launch jumping over the waves, bound for the little mole which was all decked out in flags with the Stars and Stripes displayed prominently next to the tricolor of France. Along the sea wall stood bamboo poles with decorations streaming in the wind to welcome the travelers from across the seas. As we landed at the steps, the moss-grown stone pier was crowded with French officials in their immaculate white uniforms and helmets, and Roman Catholic priests, as well as East Indians, Malays, and Arabs, but principally Malagasy from different tribes and of different shades from black to light yellow.

We saw dark men with white wives and white men with brown wives. The fact that many slaves from Africa were sold here by the Arabs from Zanzibar in the past, may account for the negro type, especially among the Sakalavas. The Hovas are more intelligent and lighter in color.

We thought the women of Hellville pretty, on the whole, and their costumes attractive. They wore two bright-colored scarfs wound about them, called *lambas*. They have their own fashions in color and design quite as much as we do. At the time of our visit red and yellow seemed to be the popular colors. Cotton goods here and throughout Africa are referred to as "Merikani," because originally such cloth was brought from America in our clipper ships, although not a bolt comes from the States today. Most of it is made in England now, and sold only in this part of the world. The designer in London is said to be paid twenty-five thousand dollars a year.

Hellville I found as hot as I imagine the underworld to be. It was a disappointment to discover that it was not named after the supposed home of the devil but after a most respected Admiral de Hell of the French Navy. The only other place called "Hell" — that I have so far visited — is in the far north of Norway.

When we landed, a market had already been established on the quay and along the path leading to the town, where natives were squatting among their live stock and wares. Some Malagasy pottery of a dark glossy color was for sale — vases mostly — with designs of animals and human beings and crudely carved native boats, as well as musical instruments. We bought a *valiha* made from a piece of bamboo about a foot long, from which eight

strips had been cut and pulled out to form the strings. This instrument is played like a banjo. Practiced hands can produce music from it which is very sweet and plaintive. The *lokanga* is an even more primitive instrument, which has but one string drawn over a calabash.

The natives in the market were surrounded by pigs and chickens, chameleons and pet lemurs. These last, which looked like a cross between a cat and a monkey, had long black and white-striped tails. There are many varieties; in fact, some forty different kinds—flying lemurs and amphibious lemurs—little fellows as small as mice and others as large as St. Bernard dogs. There are many familiar beasties on the island and others that are peculiar to the place. One interesting animal is called the *jaboady*, a sort of civet cat which, unlike the skunk, gives out a pleasant odor. The natives make a perfume from the *jaboady* which is said to be much pleasanter than the cheap scents used by “civilized people.”

The priests here distill a perfume from the flower called *ylang-ylang*, and very sweet smelling it is. The native women also had lace for sale. They had evidently been taught by the nuns, for it was pretty and carefully made.

Nuns and priests have been in Madagascar for many years. Christianity was introduced in 1810. In 1882 there were twenty-two Christian churches on the island. In the southern part at one time

there was a so-called "American Mission," made up, however, entirely of Swedes, not one of whom was an American citizen, and indeed only one of whom had ever been in America. Some of the inhabitants are Christian, but many are Mohammedan and Hindu. The pagans are mostly scattered among the hills of this lovely island of forests and rivers.

The principal street of Hellville was a wide thoroughfare shaded by huge old mango trees, which hung over the low two-storied shops and private houses and government offices made of plaster or wood. The hospital was large, but we found the surgical methods, according to American ideas, rather primitive, and the institution not over clean. We were told that there were a few cases of infantile paralysis in the hospital and also a good deal of leprosy on Madagascar. At the school we heard the children chanting their lesson in unison, saying over and over again the same sentence in French. We passed the mossy walls of the old "Maison de Force," and looked through into its courtyard and saw several prisoners, and later some more at work on the roads.

The French, as always in their colonies, have made some excellent roads over the Grande Île and there are several railways and trams. Small motors are used by the French, as well as carts drawn by small humpbacked cattle, and in some places, but off the beaten tracks, the *filanzana* is still resorted



THE KING OF NOSSI BÉ AND A
SAKALAVA QUEEN



WAR DANCER, HELLVILLE



LACONIA PASSENGERS VISITING A KRAAL



MR. AND MRS. ANDERSON AND FRIENDS, CAPETOWN DOCK

to — a sort of chair carried on poles by natives. As we walked up the street we noticed a very strange one-wheeled contraption, called *mono-pousse*, in which a French officer was riding. It is something like a cross between a bicycle and a wheelbarrow, which is pushed and pulled by natives, and is used only in Madagascar.

On our walk we were introduced to the French governor of Nossi Bé, who kindly took us for a drive in his motor. We passed the native village of thatched huts in their little bamboo compounds, lost in the rich tangle of tropical vegetation down in the gullies below the roadway, with glimpses of the blue sea from under the great umbrella trees. We drove out over roads that were carpeted with red blossoms that had fallen from the brilliant tops of the flamboyant trees and looked out over the fine landscape.

The governor explained many things to us in the course of our drive. He said that the natives owned and cultivated land and raised cattle and sheep, but were more or less lazy, so that the French were obliged to get the East Indians to do much of their work.

Bushmen still exist in the mountain fastnesses, it is thought, living in caves in the Ankaratras Mountains — dwarfs only three feet and a half in height — who communicate by means of clicks instead of words. Even the more civilized natives still hold to some very strange practices as well as

voodoo idol worship. There is no cannibalism, however.

The poison test is the method of administering justice among most of the tribes. If a man has committed a crime he is made to drink poison. If he dies he is considered guilty. If he lives he is held innocent. Since these poisons are made from vegetables and vary in strength, the native judges can generally produce the result they want.

Witch doctors, sorcerers, and diviners are called in to cure people who are ill, and a feast is held if anyone dies, the dancing, feasting, and speeches sometimes going on for days. The body is put in a grave, the head toward the east from which it is believed the ancestors came, and where the spirit must return to the "holy mountain." The modern royal tombs are located in handsome temples.

Another strange practice is that of infanticide, which the witch doctor encourages, for he profits by it. If he decides a child has been born on an unlucky day he comes to the parents' hut and dispels the bad luck — providing they can arrange to give him enough presents. If they are unable to do so, the child must be laid in the gateway through which cattle are driven. As a rule, the baby is trampled to death, but if by chance it escapes, then it is allowed to live. When a child is born to a chief's wife, an old custom still persists of a wild feast of several days of immorality — on other occasions the people are fairly moral. Their feasts or *trembas*

take place generally at births and funerals and on New Year's Day, when they enjoy dancing, boxing, speeches, cock fighting, and bull fighting by two bulls in a pit. The natives eat beef and mutton, sweet potatoes, fruit and nuts, and drink rice water, and rum made from sugar cane. Some tribes eat caterpillars and spiders and lemurs. In olden days the different tribes were always fighting one another, except when they met peacefully together at the market. Under the French rule, however, all seems serene at present.

On our drive we met a most colorful procession of dancing girls walking down the road to the main square of Hellville, preceded by men bearing French flags. These graceful creatures made an enchanting picture in their silk dresses of softest tones of rose and mauve, lemon and saffron, pale green and blues, with their black hair very carefully dressed. These were the *marovary*, the dancing girls of the sultan of Nossi Bé, who were coming in to give a performance on the *pelouse* in front of the governor's residency in honor of the Americans. They reminded us of the famous *femmes de couleur* and *mêlé-sangs* of Martinique.

This main square, shaded by splendid mango trees, was set about with houses in tangled, tropical gardens, dark and damp, with patches of scarlet hibiscus and bright-leaved croton. Here stood the governor's palace and some administration buildings, all balconied and weathered, streaked into

lovely colors by many rains. In the square lolled the pretty brown girls — moving bits of color against the rich varied greens — passing from the dappling sunshine into the dark shade of the huge gnarled trees with their bowers of glossy leaves.

The performance the women gave was graceful and pretty. As they swayed back and forth under the great trees, they chanted all the time, but I was unable to find anyone who could tell me what they were saying. About thirty girls took part, led by a black man in a white jacket and a short colored skirt, who wore an old straw hat, and carried a cane. Then two men gave a war dance, much like that we had seen among the Moros in the southern Philippines. While the tom-tom sounded, one warrior would creep and crawl after the other, with his knife ready to strike or his gun in his hand ready to shoot, while the other would try to escape. They looked so very wild and earnest it was quite exciting. They were dressed in gay-colored short skirts and belts and had high caps from which floated streamers. Round about the dancers was a ring of absorbed on-lookers — French and natives and tourists. The islanders not only dance on occasions but use dancing as a cure for fevers. If the patient is too seriously ill to perform for himself, another may be drafted to serve in his place.

The French governor of Hellville we found jolly and agreeable; since he could not speak English, he was glad to talk with those of us who knew his lan-

guage. He told us that he had just been promoted to the governorship of another division of Madagascar and was leaving that night for his new post. He introduced us to his successor, Monsieur Gautier, who proved quite charming but, alas, he shook with an attack of malaria while talking, although he was quite brave about it. Then we met the sultan of this small island, and the queen of some tribe from the *Grande Terre*, who had come over for the celebration. The sultan wore a long handsome robe and fine turban, and many French decorations. He was middle-aged, rather dark, with a pleasant face and smile. He spoke only a few words of French. Because he was a Mohammedan, his wives could not come with him; they were no doubt hidden away in his palace. The queen was evidently a Christian. She was brown and rather pretty — perhaps in the twenties or thirties — and wore a pink silk Mother Hubbard sort of dress and a handsome gold necklace.

The two governors, together with the sultan and the queen with their suites, were invited aboard *Laconia*. The queen had her own barge and rowers, but as she indicated she preferred to go in the ship's launch, they all came out in that together.

Their Highnesses were conducted from deck to deck in the ship's lift, an experience which was, apparently, most novel and surprising for them. When they first entered the lift, they looked at once for some way out on the other side, evidently thinking

they were in a sort of lobby. After their voyages up and down, they were eager to discover how the contraption worked.

We were invited to join them in drinking a toast in champagne, but as it was *Ramadan* the sultan could not eat or drink from sunrise to sundown. The queen, however, took some wine and cake as did the governors and others present. The Cruise Director made a little speech of welcome, thanking them for their hospitality on the island, to which the governor responded. And as we sat with them in the saloon we learned much from the intelligent and polite French officials and from these composed and dignified *indigenes* — Queen Mamouana Tsi-rietsy of the tribe of Bemozava, and King-Sultan Amada, successor of Queen Binao and head of the tribe of Nossi Bé and some four or five thousand Sakalava subject-people.

When the visitors came to see our cabins, L. presented the king and queen with some “Alfred” penguins which were hanging on the cabin wall — toy penguin figures which had lately been the rage in France as “lucky” tokens. They seemed rather puzzled at such a strange gift — although they were too polite to say so — till L. reassured them by giving them a photograph as well, which hung on our cabin wall, showing the President of the French Republic signing his name on a penguin. This at once gave the quaint toys an official *cachet*. As we waved them good-bye on their departure for shore,

we could see the “ Alfreds ” in the safe-keeping of the vizier.

Too soon the lovely Island of the Moon faded from our sight and we were once more at sea, bound for Zanzibar.

CHAPTER XIV

ZANZIBAR

ZANZIBAR we found to be the paradise its name implies — a rather warm Moham-medan paradise. An alabaster city of splendor and color, of towering minarets and great wooden carved doorways all hidden among feathery cocoanut palms and acacias and gay flamboyant trees. A city of cloves and perfumes. Quite the most fascinating place on the whole East Coast.

The very name excites the imagination. For this is an important ages-old city, the seat of sultans, the resort of pirates, the center of commerce for centuries with Arabia, India, Persia, and Madagascar; the doorway through which all sorts of adventurers have gone into the blackest parts of the interior — explorers, slave traders, gun runners, and missionaries.

In the seventeenth century the imams of Muskat built up a great empire, ruling from Zanzibar, along the coast from Cape Guardafui to Cape Delgado, with claims inland as far as Lake Tanganyika. They called themselves the sultans of Zanzibar. This romantic but infamous rule continued till toward the end of the nineteenth century, when the

European nations began their frenzied scramble for colonies in Africa.

Great Britain, France, and Germany entered into an agreement in 1886 by which the vast hinterland was calmly divided between them, graciously leaving the sultan of Zanzibar only the islands and a strip of mainland ten miles wide. But since the interior could not be properly developed so long as the coast was in the hands of the Arabs, more pressure was brought to bear on Sultan Bargash with the result that Germany bought a five-hundred mile littoral that became German East Africa. England "leased" a protectorate over enough of the coast for her purposes. But it was not long before she extended it over the few islands left the sultan and over the sultan himself — though she did pay a good sum under the treaty. The whole matter was arranged in conformity with an agreement between England, Germany, and France by which Heligoland was ceded to Germany, while the French were given a free hand in Madagascar.

After the Great War, as I have said elsewhere, Germany lost her colonies in Africa. Yet changes may occur again — who knows? Germans are conspicuously present in this part of the world today. The German flag once more whips out in the breeze of the Indian Ocean.

Alack! our flag is seen less and less, although America was once leader in trade in these very

waters, just as in the China and other oceans, when our clipper ships sailed the Seven Seas. America was among the first to have a consul at Zanzibar in 1863; today we have one at Nairobi, Durban, and Madagascar, but none in Zanzibar. Our consul at Madagascar was a colored man from Georgia, who had been there for twenty years and made an excellent official. The fact that he was colored led the natives to suppose that all Americans were black.

I was out on deck before sunrise to watch our entrance into the harbor. As *Laconia* neared the city, I knew for the first time just what Kipling meant when he wrote that familiar line in "The Road to Mandalay" — "When the dawn comes up like thunder" — for great black clouds floated in the heavens and finally, with the rising of the sun, turned to rose gold, as the blinking lights from the twin lighthouses went out and the twinkling lights of the sultan's huge three-storied palace vanished. Catamarans with double outriggers were drawn up on the beaches, while other boats were scudding toward small islands, their triangular lateen sails billowing in the wind. Dhows with rakish masts and high strange bows and decorated sterns were riding at anchor in the harbor. They made me think of half-caste ships, a queer mixture of Chinese junks and the Spanish caravels of old. The scene was so lovely that I burst into verse:

SLIPPING INTO ZANZIBAR

*I see the young sun, gorgeous in pink,
Kissing the peacock sea.
Over the dhows, laden with dates, from nearby
Araby,
The lights in the sultan's palace wink,
While the perfume of cloves drifts over the stream
Through the feathery cocoanut palm.
But ah! 'tis of home that I dream,
Not this East with its treacherous charm!*

Opposite the landing place stood a famous old sultan's palace with tiers of verandas, called *Beit el Ajaib*, the "House of Wonders." It now contains the government offices. Along the water front extended flat-topped, solid-looking houses, white or amber color, streaked by the mildews of tropical rains and humidity, giving little intimation on first view of the wealth of color and movement to be found seething behind them in the town itself.

On landing we found an Arab city with narrow, winding streets of high white plaster walls, broken by many little dark niches in which were shops, and an occasional superbly carved wooden door with a great lock and decorative brass work.

The streets were filled with people — picturesque figures, East Indians in black pill-box caps, and Arabs in white robes and red fezzes, with silver belts over their sashes. The Swahili women were

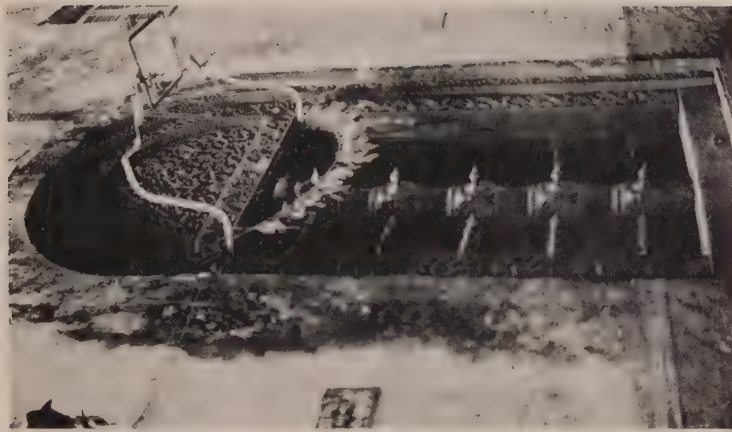
swathed in bright-patterned scarfs, while a few women had their faces covered, and wore black wraps over their gay dresses. Some had strange white-frilled pantaloons peeping below their garments — a costume to be found, it is said, only in Zanzibar.

The tourists reveled in the shops. The dealers so evidently expected us to bargain with them that buying became an amusing game. We could generally purchase what we wanted for just half what was asked. They dealt in merchandise not only from all parts of Africa but from every country of the Orient — carved ivory hippos, Arabian silver guns and knives, teak-wood elephants from India, silks from China, and embroideries from Japan. The old Zanzibar wooden chests, decorated with brass and studded with nails, which are found nowhere else, were especially beautiful.

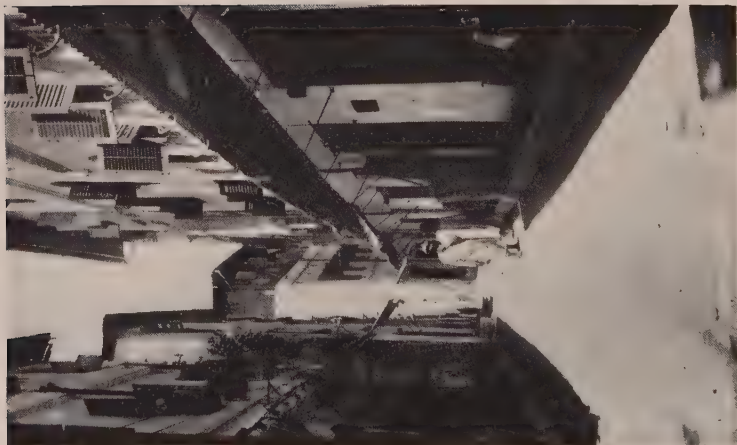
We visited the museum, but it contained little of interest — a few stuffed animals, venomous snakes, and poisonous insects. An English club was provided with the inevitable tennis courts, and there was a native football field. We came upon Arabian, Hindu, and English cemeteries, and a variety of churches — a Roman Catholic, a mosque, and an English church. The last was built on the site of the old slave market, of which an ancient whipping post was a gruesome reminder. Government House, in which lived the British governor, Sir Claude Hollis, was an attractive, large white house, set in



BASTION, OLD ARAB FORT, ZANZIBAR



DOORWAY OF A HOUSE, ZANZIBAR



STREET IN ZANZIBAR



A COURTYARD, ZANZIBAR

a garden. Black soldiers in khaki, much bemedaled, guarded the entrance.

The palace of the present sultan is large and ocher-colored. The outer walls and iron gates hide the columned entrance and buildings that extend back through a walled garden and narrow streets to the water front. At the gates of the sultan's palace were guards with red cuffs and collars and golden epaulets on their uniforms, leather belts over red sashes, high red fezzes with black tassels — and bare black legs and feet!

We met the sultan driving in state in an open barouche. He bowed and waved to us in the most friendly way. On the high box sat the coachman in gorgeous red livery and large turban, while two *syce* or footmen stood on the rear of the carriage. The sultan looked quite handsome with his flashing teeth, dark eyes, and black beard. He was dressed in European clothes with a huge white turban. Unlike other sultans who have ruled before him, he has but one wife and only one child, a boy.

That night he sent his band on board *Laconia* to perform for the Americans, and they played the most difficult music remarkably well. The native African has usually a good ear for music. He is so eager to learn that he can be taught more easily than one would expect, first to play by ear, and then to read written scores.

It seems that in the past each sultan, as he came to the throne, built himself a new summer palace,

and at the same time that of the former ruler was turned over to the people to plunder and demolish. Accordingly, there are several old palaces, more or less in ruins, round about Zanzibar.

We motored out of town to see two of these with an agreeable Englishman who lived in the house of Tippoo Tib, the infamous old slave trader. We scooted through crowds and bazaars, along roadways, across green parklike places, till we came to the open country, where the tangle was richly tropical. We passed plantations, *shambas* of cloves — green, glossy-leaved trees like olives — and stretches of weathered walls rotting with the dampness. We whizzed by villages hidden among mango trees and yellow stalks of rustling bamboo, villages with small, one-room houses made of sticks plastered with brown mud and decorated with gay colors in Arabic designs.

We came at last to a tumble-down gate, where a natty constable stood at attention as we turned in to visit the ruins of the palace of the Sultan Marabubi. Here he had lived two hundred years ago with his four wives and two hundred and fifty concubines. Great pillars were still standing in the overgrown garden among pools where stiff papyrus was sticking up and lotus flowers were floating on the water. All that remained of the palace was the pillars and the baths. The *hammam* baths for the harem were in a damp, cellar-like place, where horrid black bats were flying about in hordes.

Nevertheless, we entered and found a large swimming pool under a high dome. About the walls were niches where the ladies rested after their baths, and were rubbed and fanned and perfumed by slaves.

Continuing on our way, we came to the village of Bububu. When I first heard the name, I thought the Englishman was joking, and I wanted to answer, "Poohpoohpooh!" It was a pretty native settlement by the ocean, with lovely views of sparkling seas through the jungle green. The women in bright *kangas* had their wares spread out, and their vivid cotton swathings and bunches of yellow and red bananas, and the baskets full of *papayas*, made a brilliant picture. The Swahili women, some of whom had large holes in their ears stuffed with colored paper rolls, offered us the fruit to eat, and some men chopped off the tops of fresh cocoanuts, so that we might drink the milk which they call *madufu*. These refreshments were delicious, for the temperature was 107° in the shade.

We motored then to a high bluff overlooking the sea to find the palace *Chukwani* of the last sultan, Bargash — a huge, square, three-storied white house made of coral rock and plaster, and surrounded by wooden balconies which made it look like an American "summer" hotel. In the sultan's time, however, the palace had been decorated with marbles which were later carried off. The top story he had used as a reception or audience hall, and

the second story as living quarters for the harem, which contained about two hundred women. A bungalow in the grounds housed the favorite of the moment. Bargash also kept a charming summer house in which he entertained his foreign friends. It is not surprising that he was finally deposed because of his extravagance and also because of his fondness for foreign ways.

During the Great War this palace was used for aviation headquarters. Now it belongs to the African Automobile Association. A British officer who was making maps of the surrounding country at the time of our visit, occupied a few rooms with his family. They took us about the palace, which is now bare of furniture, and into the slave quarters and baths below. The baths must have been very handsome before they were stripped of marble. There were many private baths and domed pools and resting rooms. The whole was quite my idea of the Oriental luxury and splendor proper to the harem of a sultan.

On our return to town we stopped at the Hotel Africa, kept by a half-caste — an old Arabian house with stone floors and great carved doors and a central court. Here we had a bite of supper on the rooftop, feeling as if we were in the midst of a strange and tropical dream.

So our day in Zanzibar came to an end. Even now it does not seem quite real.



THE LAND OF CLOVES, ZANZIBAR



CHURCH OF ENGLAND CATHEDRAL,
ZANZIBAR



RUINS OF A SULTAN'S PALACE, ZANZIBAR



THE SULTAN'S MODERN SUMMER PALACE

CHAPTER XV

THE ISLAND OF WAR IN THE DEEP WATER

MOMBASA, the "Island of War in the Deep Water," was given this name because it changed hands so many times and was so often the center of strife. The Arabs settled here as early as the eighth century, when they traded with the Malabar coast. An old Arab watch-tower is still standing. Traces of Persian occupation are found near by on the mainland at Kilwa. The Portuguese sailed along the coast in the sixteenth century and made several settlements, taking possession of Mombasa in 1593. A column, supposed to have been erected by Vasco da Gama, is yet in existence and there are two Portuguese forts—one, Fort St. Joseph, now in ruins; the other, Fort Jesu, in use as a prison today. Early in the history of Fort Jesu the garrison was massacred by the Arabs, but more Portuguese sailed over the seas from home and retook the fortification. After many years of fighting, the Portuguese were finally driven out.

Once a British ship stopped off the small island when trying to suppress the slave trade. While she lay there at anchor the Arabs sent out to ask per-

mission to fly the British flag over the fort — so the story goes. Not knowing the situation exactly, the admiral sent back a message that it was impossible to grant this request and continued on down the coast. To his surprise, on his return, he found the Union Jack flying notwithstanding his refusal. The Arabs explained that they were trying to protect themselves against Turkish corsairs, because the coast was the prey of slave traders and freebooters. This was the first time that the British flag was hoisted in this region. It was not, however, until 1877 that the sultan, then reigning over this strip of land reaching along the coast to Zanzibar, gave the British a concession under the Imperial East African Association. Sir William McKinnon, then chairman, was the foremost figure in the development of British East Africa. His statue now stands outside Fort Jesu.

The coast land and islands are now governed as a British protectorate under the sultan of Zanzibar. Following the custom of days gone by he lives at Zanzibar but has now a representative in Mombasa who rules under the guidance of the English.

Today the bare promontory, which is one's first glimpse from shipboard of the island of Mombasa, seems entirely covered with foreign houses and consulates, and as we entered the "deep water" of the narrow, winding new harbor, we saw that the shores on either side were fringed with palm trees and huge

sacred baobab trees, such as grow in Dakar, and I realized that once more we must be not far from the "Burning Line."

As we drew near the town, there was a look of newness and up-to-date foreign hustle about the people and modern methods of trade. We found the cliffs scarred and steam shovels at work; a fine new quay under construction, with large brick warehouses alongside; tracks and trucks and puffing engines, and a road leading to the heights above, over which motors were scurrying up and down. Even the motley crowd which had gathered on the dock to watch *Laconia* tie up — more or less naked blacks, Englishmen in white and sun helmets, East Indians in turbans, Arabs in fezzes — seemed less picturesque than usual against the background of cranes and scarred hillside; as if stage hands had set up act two of an opera and the chorus had dressed for act three.

"Remember to wear your helmets!" called out someone, as we prepared to land. "Perhaps you have not heard that there are three people now on board in the hospital with heat prostration."

"I hope there is no yellow fever on shore," I remarked.

"No pest at present," was the reply, "but last year the smallpox was so bad that no ships were allowed to dock here for a time."

Native Mombasa police were on guard at the

wharf, wearing their own special uniform — dark blue sweaters with brown leather shoulder-pads on which to rest their guns, khaki shorts, blue puttees, gay red *tarbooshes* with black tassels, and shiny brass badges of their office.

Rickshaws and motors were in readiness at the dock to take the tourists about. As we ran up over the palisade, we found ourselves among new buildings — offices of shipping companies, customs and immigration bureaus, and hotels — but passing quickly by, we came unexpectedly into the native Swahili village of brown adobe huts, palm-thatched, where the natives in ragged groups were squatting or were lolling about their doorways. Presently we arrived at the better and more colorful East Indian section, also with its life in the open, the women in gayer dress with earrings and bangles, and finally at the old city of narrow and crooked streets, where the Arab and Portuguese influences of the great bygone days were still to be traced in the architecture.

The East Indian shops are built of plaster, close together, on narrow lanes. Here we saw Hindus making gold filigree work, and we also visited the Arab ivory market. Mombasa has been a famous ivory port for centuries, though the tusks from this region are not so fine as they used to be. The best ones now come from Italian Somaliland. It seems that the African male elephant produces the most valuable ivory, the female not so good, and the hippo

even less. The African variety is better than the Indian. The demand for ivory today exceeds the supply.

Mombasa has a very mixed population, as we realized from the conglomeration of peoples in the streets. Arabs, Goanese, Kikuyus, Kavirondos, and Swahilis are all to be found here — twenty thousand of them in contrast to the three hundred Europeans, British predominating. The costumes are as varied as the races — so too are the smells. Tanalizing, unfamiliar odors of strange dishes mingled with the fragrance of sandalwood and other Eastern perfumes.

The presence of the East Indians along this coast causes a difficult labor problem. In some districts the Hindu coolies are still pouring in, and in others they are being stopped and shipped back to India. Many of them work for the English on coffee, coconut, or clove plantations in the interior. They receive higher wages than the blacks and work better, for they are more intelligent. When the coffee bean is ready to gather, after three years of growth, the planters need a great many laborers for a short period. The blacks will not always work. We were told that the Englishmen who had taken up farming in these parts on small capital were today more or less bankrupt. The English are not such clever traders as the Hindus or Arabs.

The British on the East Coast do not like to be confused with the West Coasters or the South Afri-

cans. When you ask a Britisher why he happens to be living hereabouts, you are likely to learn that he is cultivating land allotted to him as a deserving officer in the World War. Some of the English inhabitants are officials, some adventurers, some big game hunters, and some admit that they prefer to live in a land where they can be of importance rather than to be nobodies at home.

While traveling in Africa, one finds all sorts of people. For instance, we saw the grandson of Livingstone, and also Alexander McNab, the adventurer who went with Roosevelt on his big-game hunting expedition, and many other unexpected people such as one always finds in far-away places in the world.

On our tour of the island we passed one of the most impressive war memorials we saw in Africa — a monument to the black soldiers who were killed in the Great War. It represents a spirited and characteristic group of native soldiers in their picturesque African uniforms, one from each of the four branches of the service.

The "camel camp," outside the town in a deep jungle, is an ancient institution in Mombasa, and an interesting but very smelly and pathetic place. The camels are used to furnish the power for the press which extracts oil from the *simsim* seed. The poor gaunt old creatures are in turn blindfolded and harnessed to a boom which they propel round and round the press — rather like a hollow tree

trunk — while the oil drips down inside. A small black boy sits on some sort of contraption and belabors the beast to make it continue its round. There were many sad-looking camels wandering about or tethered under the trees, waiting their turn at the wheel, and the smell of them was quite overpowering. The *simsim* seed, by the way, is the magic, luck-bringing “open sesame” of the “Arabian Nights” tale. When the pods are opened, the seeds come pouring out in rich quantities.

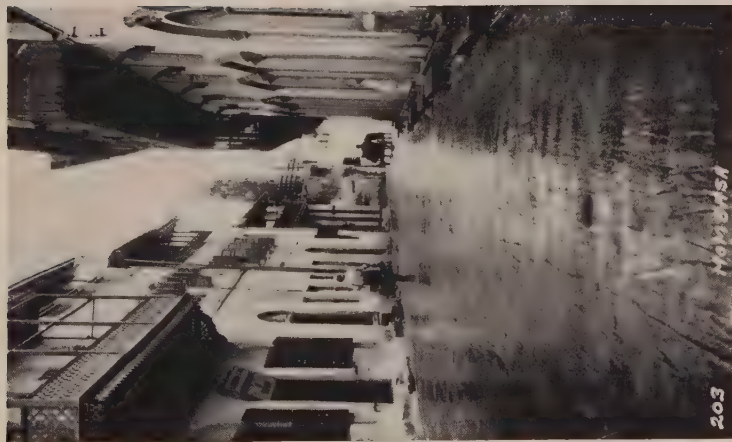
From the camp we drove to Tudor House, a most exotic and fascinating little hotel, where a bazaar of native goods was being held. Here we sat and looked out on Port Tudor (so called after the English officer who surveyed it) and Port Reitz, named after the English resident who died while exploring the Pangani River in 1823. In this inlet of calm blue water visitors can canoe when the sun goes down, and there is a sandy beach for bathing far from the dangerous shark. I recommend this exquisite spot to any novelist who is in need of a setting in which to hide any two members of a triangle or to place a “remittance” man drinking himself into oblivion, or a poet dreaming the days away.

We were curious to see the inside of Fort Jesu and on our return to town succeeded in doing so, although there was a good deal of red tape about getting in, because it is a British prison, but finally the officer in charge agreed to take us about. The

fort is built of coral rock of a lovely old-rose color, with several watch towers and turrets with narrow slits for guns. The big locks and huge spikes in the gates are reminders of the old days when elephants were trained to batter down doors in time of war. Very smart, uniformed black guards lolled about the entrance. Inside, the construction is much like that in the Portuguese prison at Mozambique, with barracks surrounding a central court, but the fort at Mombasa was far cleaner and was managed as well as any institution I ever saw.

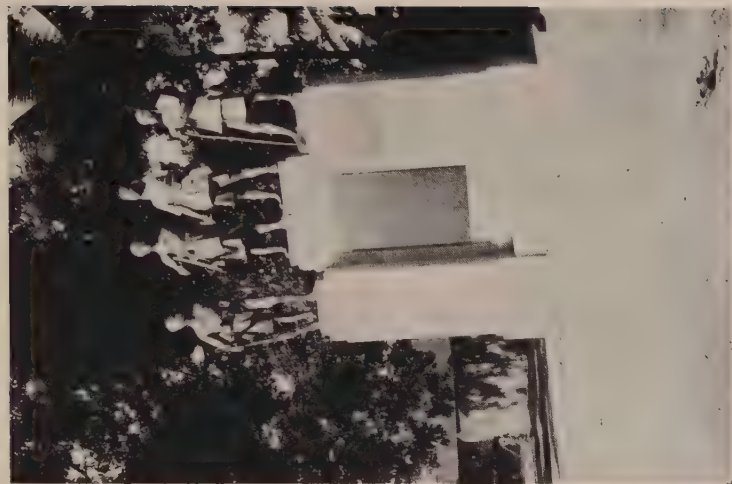
The convicts, all except the lifers, wear tags bearing their names, the date of their arrival, and the length of their sentences. All prisoners are obliged to take a bath in the sea daily. They sleep on matting, a number together in the same building, although they are divided somewhat according to their tribe or race and religion. The barracks are not only washed out every day but are whitewashed as well.

The inmates numbered from two to three hundred, representing about ten different tribes. East Indians rarely commit crimes, we were told. We saw none except those who were there as instructors. We heard that there were three white prisoners, but we did not see them. Seven native women, guarded by a matron, had quarters by themselves, consisting of cells and a small walled-in yard. One woman had been committed because she had killed her child; others were there for theft. They were all

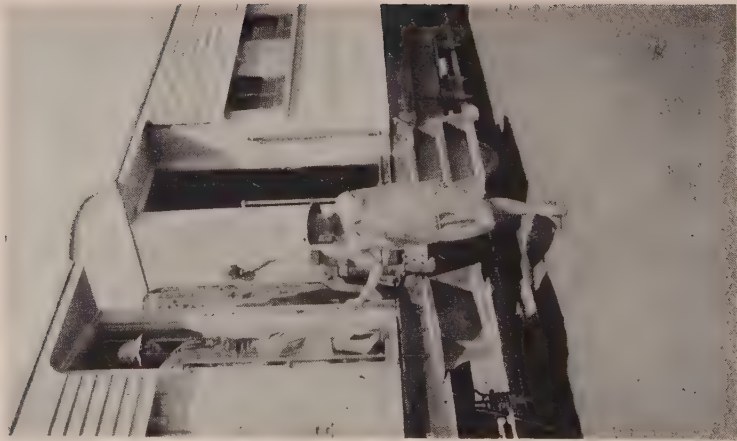


STREET IN MOMBASA

203



MEMORIAL TO NATIVE SOLDIERS IN GREAT
WAR, MOMBASA



Mrs. ANDERSON AND Mrs. RUNYON
STARTING ON AN INLAND TRIP



RAIN-FOREST COSTUMES

out in the courtyard when we saw them, and appeared to be very poor specimens of humanity. Of the men, a number were murderers.

It seems that when natives drink too much in this hot climate they often go quite crazy and then commit crimes of violence. If unmanageable when they arrive at the prison, they are given a dose of castor oil, and sometimes a whipping is necessary, but they generally soon become amenable and behave well. Some of them are very stupid, and some really ill, the officer told us. The latter are cared for in the prison hospital. All are made to work without pay, according to their mentality and strength. The stupid ones are taught to make matting and baskets — the baskets being supplied to the railroads. Others make very pretty furniture and do tailoring. All the prisoners', as well as the officers' uniforms, are made here. The convicts do their own washing and cooking. They are given beans and meal daily, and meat once a week. Fortunately for them, they are never chained together as was the case in Mozambique. When sentenced to death they are hanged in this prison. The officer, like many French and other European officials, did not believe in electrocution as a means of capital punishment.

While we were in Mombasa an amusing item appeared in the newspaper, which showed that slavery was still in existence not far away.

“ 16th Magabit 1916, Ethiopian date.
26th March 1925.

“ Our Wife.”

“ The Sub-Mamur of Gedaref, Atbara.

“ After greetings and prayers for the mercy of Allah and his blessings, and after enquiry about you and your affairs I hope that you are well. Further, I inform you that six days ago slaves fled from us to the number of eight head, amongst them a woman who is our wife. We sent people after them as far as the frontier, but they crossed into your territory, and the people returned without them. They are accompanied by a thief called Fiki Ibrahim Senusi, an inhabitant of El Kurreita. Their tracks go towards the Atbara River in the direction of the new Fellata settlement.

“ I request you go after them and bring them to the District Office, as I have written to the District Commissioner, Gedaref about them and about our wife.

“ Greetings,

Muhammed,

Ibrahim Atham,

Abyssinian Frontier Office.”

We lived on *Laconia* while in port. Here we held a “ jungle party ” in our stateroom in order to bid good-bye to some friends who were starting on *safari*. The stateroom was decorated with greens to represent the bush to which they were going. In among them, surrounding what we called the water

hole, stood the cocktails. I put on a black mask which had kinky hair and a huge brass nose ring, and draped several yellow jackal skins about me. I was nicknamed the "Queen of Kenya." L. wore a lion's mask and skins. He roared a greeting of welcome to each of our guests as they entered. We had a good deal of fun from it all. Our friends showed us their mosquito boots and spine pads and talked about what they were taking along in their "kegs." We drank their health and wished them a good trip to "Behind the Beyond." They told us they were to start from Nairobi by motor, travel along the Great Rift, get a glimpse of the extinct volcano of Mt. Suswa, and cross Lake Victoria to Kampala in Uganda, which is ruled by a native chief who is carefully watched by the British. Each night the travelers expected to reach a rest-house made in double *banda* style. From Kampala they were to make their way to Fort Portal, passing through the Kibale forest — where elephants, buffalo, and baboons are plentiful — and on to Rejaf.

Rejaf, which means "Shuddering Hill," was so named because of the earthquakes in this region. It was the camp of Sir Samuel Baker. Around it range leopards and lions. The tourists were to continue their journey to Mongalla and through the province of Bahr el Ghazel. The latter was closed to travel generally, because of the sleeping sickness, but they were given passes on condition that they would not leave their motors. They then planned to take

a steamer down the White Nile, which meets the Blue Nile at Khartoum.

When we saw these friends again we found that seven out of the eleven had had to go to the hospital on reaching Khartoum. Nevertheless, they declared stoutly that the trip was a memorable experience which they would not have missed for the world. They had seen many hippo herds, some buffaloes, some giraffes, and, of course, many antelopes. They had come upon tribes in all the native styles of undress; some absolutely naked, and others where the women wear bustles of green foliage — fresh every day. They had seen a native dance in actual celebration of the death of a chief, the dancers having been persuaded to perform in sight of the boat by the gift of three bullocks. But the most impressive sight, they said, was an elephant hunt which they had watched from the boat deck. The boat stopped so that they might see the “kill” by dozens of tribesmen, armed only with spears, who swarmed about the elephant — a big tusker they had cut off from the herd — which they finally slew. They danced around the carcass and stood on the body and sang before they cut it up.

Before we left Mombasa, the long drought, which had lasted throughout our African experience thus far, was broken. Black clouds suddenly darkened half the sky and great sheets of rain fell. Against the clouds, we saw streaming out in the wind, the red flag of the sultan. We recalled that the flag of the

sultan of Morocco was also red until the French took over that protectorate. When they suggested to the sultan that a red flag to them meant anarchy, he changed his by putting a device in the center.

Mombasa, the "Isle of War," the scene of ages of conflict, the retreat of pirates, the home of traders in ivory and slaves, had been, like the other ports we had visited on this ancient East Coast, a place to stir the imagination with memories of its past. We turned now to very different scenes, equally thrilling, but for quite other reasons, as we took the train for Nairobi, the "Gateway to Big Game."

CHAPTER XVI

THE GATEWAY TO BIG GAME

WE started off gaily for Nairobi, for we were anticipating many interesting adventures. Our train would take us through the Athi Game Preserve, where wild beasts were plentiful. Later we planned to see for ourselves the Great Rift, a vast natural phenomenon, which so many scientists today are studying. We had heard, too, a good deal of Nairobi — that it is a city very different in character from Mombasa and that it reflects the life of the entire Kenya Colony.

As we were about to pull out of the station, some newspapers were handed to us which we read as we rattled along. It was often amusing, and always enlightening to read what the papers in the different colonies in Africa had to say of Americans. Some of the items ran as follows:

“An event of considerable interest and importance takes place today when the first of two large batches of American tourists arrive in Nairobi. . . . They intend to do this part of their tour of Africa in typical American fashion — traveling all night from Mombasa, departing immediately on their arrival at Nairobi station on their way to Clairmont,

where they will witness a Kikuyu native dance, inspect coffee plantations, and a native arts and crafts exhibition.

"The programme is one that many a hardened East African would attempt with some reluctance, but the vitality of the American, and especially the American who sets out to see the world, is just amazing. Nothing, it would sometimes appear, can sway his enthusiasm and he is quite prepared to endure (for a time) some personal inconvenience and discomfort for the sake of seeing a little bit more. Between those periods he recuperates in luxurious comfort on board ship."

Another article read:

"A trainload of one hundred per cent Americans will visit the Kenya Highlands today on an all too brief stay. For the first time the center of white settlement in East Africa, and the field of many of the most important social experiments in the British Empire, is thus included in an organized sight-seeing trip . . . of a country in the making and of diversified charms. . . .

"Thoughtful Americans sometimes deplore the fact that the tourist is accepted falsely as the indicator of the life of the country from which they come and that may be true to a degree, although it is not a fault exclusively American. Neither would we have them accept a native dance as the symbol of the African. It seems to us a great pity that this form of entertainment is so frequently staged for the

acceptance of visitors and recorded in word or picture as a major impression, and a guide to standards. Native dances have a meaning and a place in the tribal lives of the native peoples and will for some years remain a part of their existence, but they are losing their application and are being replaced by something more permanent, more useful, and more progressive which should be brought before the notice of even the casual tourist unless there is to be created a false impression of the work of the Empire in Africa. We would ask these Americans during their brief stay to use their acute sense of proportion. If they do so they will leave Kenya with impressions far removed from those suggested by the crude barbarism of African dances fast becoming obsolete."

The building of the railway from Mombasa to Nairobi was begun in 1898. The work was held up for a time because man-eating lions attacked and killed a number of white men, many Indian coolies, and scores of the black workers who lived in *kraals* along the line. These were the famous lions of the Tsavo whose mounted skins are now in the Field Museum in Chicago. Like all primitive people, the blacks were superstitious. They believed that the spirits of cruel native chiefs had entered the bodies of these man-eating lions and for that reason they had charmed lives and could not be killed. And it almost seemed as if the lions really were bad spirits, for night after night hunters

waited on platforms in trees to shoot them, without success. The lions showed such cunning that they seemed super-beasts; they never came back a second time where they had made a kill, but each time went on to another *kraal*.

It was along this railroad that the first fighting with the Germans in Africa occurred in the Great War. There had been a sort of "gentleman's agreement" between the English and Germans in Africa that, if trouble occurred between the two nations, they would not mix up in it here; but when the trouble in Europe did develop, it seemed that the Germans on the Dark Continent were strangely well prepared. As a result of the Great War, this wide territory was swallowed up (if not yet thoroughly digested) by the British maw, and today Kenya is a British Crown colony, Uganda a British protectorate, and Tanganyika under British mandate.

The train we found was made up of fourteen cars with sleeping compartments and a dining car. But the cars were new — this was the first time they had been used — and the native restaurant boys were quite undisciplined. The trains previously operated on this line had had no dining car, and travelers had been obliged to eat their meals at stations along the route.

Alas, our start from Mombasa was not a great success. After crossing from the island over a bridge to the mainland the train balked on the first hill.

When efforts to make it climb had no effect, we backed down into Mombasa station again for an extra engine and started once more.

The afternoon was very hot, and, American-like, the tourists, from their staterooms, began to call for cool drinks to the boys who were hanging about. They looked very comical with their ink-black skins in costumes much like white nightgowns, with small round white caps on their heads, and bare legs and feet. They proved more amusing than efficient. The boys would rush in groups to the tourist who called the loudest, and then, not understanding a word of English, they would immediately start what sounded like a cat fight among themselves. Finally a half-caste Portuguese would appear and endeavor to translate the orders. He usually succeeded only in making matters worse, for instead of calming the natives he excited them into a fury, and with shrieks and much gesticulation they would all fly off together to the dining car. Here a wild-eyed East Indian commanded the bar. This place of refuge afforded a safe view of the fight, which continued indefinitely. It was very rarely that a tourist ever received what he ordered, or anything at all for that matter.

This sort of thing went on all afternoon, while the red dust poured in through the windows and the Americans became more and more irate, for they were very hot and thirsty. At dinner time we all crowded into the dining car, wondering what would

happen, and hardly daring to hope for anything to eat. We finally did manage to get some dinner, such as it was, but while serving the meal the boys rushed back and forth from the kitchen at a great rate, bumping into each other, tripping, and spilling the food over the travelers. We went to bed with our appetites not at all satisfied.

After leaving Mombasa, we first ran through rather uninteresting country, over the somewhat malarial lowlands of the Kenya coast, at times among baobab trees and splendid mangoes, and plantations of bananas and cocoanut trees or cassava. Cassava looks something like clover as it grows in the fields. The plantation houses or bungalows were made of white plaster, with thatched roofs. Later the *veldt* went rolling into uplands, much of it scrub, most of it burned black and brown by fires. The only fodder was a kind of dry, gray-yellow sisal, dotted with stunted thorn trees, and damp hollows where grew green patches of vegetation. It seemed that the wild game prefer this hay-like feed to green grass, and that it is a sort of pre-digested food for them, rains being actually needed only to grow the grass that dries into this feed. It was now a time of very serious drought, however; for three years there had been insufficient rainfall.

As the sun set in the late afternoon, hills appeared in the distance. Kilimanjaro, the highest mountain in Africa, loomed up, 19,819 feet in height, its summit white with snow. The train rolled by

kraals of round palmetto huts not far from the track and every now and then a quaint figure with shaved head was seen wearing the funny little string kilties that flare like a ballet skirt. Some of the girls had brass rings in their noses. Many of the Masai people had sharpened, pointed teeth, and ear lobes enormously stretched. The ambition of the Masai is to have ear lobes so distended that they may be made to meet over the head. Some of the men stood on one leg, like storks, to rest themselves.

Meantime there was lively talk in the train with regard to the animals we might or might not see on the way. The old ladies, especially, felt that they would be grievously disappointed if they could not feed giraffes out of the car windows. Others expected the lions might have room for an extra meal off an American tourist and that they — the lions — would be sitting on the station platforms waiting for us. And they might easily have been at that!

During the night we stopped at the little isolated station of Tsavo, where the railway staff walked about the platforms carrying guns, because lions still prowled in the neighborhood; especially during this time of drought which drove them toward the railway stations where they might find water. Tsavo is one of the famous places of the world in lion stories.

On board the train was a young and attractive couple who had been big-game hunting three times in Africa. They were starting again this time for



GIRAFFES ON ATHI PLATEAU



ZEBRAS IN GAME PRESERVE



ELEPHANTS NEAR NAIROBI



GROUP OF ANTELOPE, ON WAY TO NAIROBI

elephants. The young woman, dressed in man's clothing, had herself killed several lions. She told me they took about thirty boys and went in motors from Nairobi. They made a permanent camp, from which they hunted. Such sport is not a cheap pastime as it costs five hundred dollars or more for even a few days' *safari*. This amount includes the licenses, provisions, porters, and other necessities. Then there are all sorts of restrictions relating to the age and sex of the elephants, and the number one may kill.

When the native bush hunter goes after game, he decks himself out in a weird costume. To his gestring is attached a powder horn, a hunting knife, leopard claws, and wild animals' teeth for luck. These charms are often smeared with the blood from his last bag. Over his shoulder he carries his gun and around his upper arm a bag of ammunition. Thick bush is said to make poor hunting—the open plateau is better for game.

The British living in Africa are getting rather weary of the "mighty hunters" who come among them. Some have killed a great many animals, including certain types which, it is feared, may become extinct. I can well understand their fear, for every private house and every museum in Africa, as well as museums in many other parts of the world, are full of specimens of African wild animal life. The hunters form a regular and often strangely assorted procession. Our Massachusetts Congressman Tink-

ham came a few years ago; Getz, the Chicago promoter of prize fights, had just sailed for America; Eastman, the kodak man, had lately been on a *safari*; and so had several royal princes.

Of late there had been a most hideous amount of man-killing by lions in three different provinces of the East African jungles, and in each case there seemed to be a different explanation, but the horror was none the less. Among the famous Masai tribe of Kenya, hordes of lions had been on the rampage and the whole country had been demoralized and terrified, for young, virile man-eaters had taken to hunting in packs, and for a time it seemed impossible to stem the slaughter, for this type of lion developed such uncanny cunning and ferocity. It was no longer the old and toothless lions that hunted human flesh after they were unable to pursue their natural prey, but the young lions, and they passed on the lust for man to their cubs. Many lions, man and cattle killers, twenty and thirty in a pack, had been attacking the Masai people along the Sand River by night, raiding and battering down the *kraals* and mauling and devouring their kill with devilish fury. They had become so bold that they raided herds and *kraals* even by day, and so it was estimated that some five hundred lions were in complete control of hundreds of square miles of Masai country, and yet the Masai had been among the bravest of all tribes. The reason given is that the lions had ceased to fear man, and the explanation

for this is that legislation, in a mistaken effort to civilize the tribesmen, had brought this disaster on the tribe. For the "morán" system by which the young men of the tribe were taught to be warriors, during which they blooded their spears by killing lions, had been abolished by law. But the young men, instead of going to work as intended, had lost their morale and their daring, and the lions had found this out and taken advantage of the situation. It was a terrible instance of mistaken good intentions.

In Uganda, too, the lions had acquired man-eating propensities, for the outbreak of *rinderpest* having killed off hundreds of antelopes and warthogs, the lions were faced with starvation and mobbed the cattle *kraals*. Finding no defense put up by the natives who had ceased to be warriors and become peaceful agriculturists, they went on to take an appalling toll of human lives. One lion alone killed eighty-four men and women, another forty. Whole villages were abandoned. One beast was so cunning as to raid under cover of an elephant herd and seize its victim while the villagers were driving off the elephants. In Uganda a little care to prevent the plague of *rinderpest* might have saved these lives and the demoralization of the tribe.

In Tanganyika, recently, over two hundred natives were killed by eight man-eaters. White hunters sent to kill the beasts found the natives weltering in fear, unable to defend themselves. One man-eater

attacked a gang of natives in broad daylight; another a crowd cutting corn at midday; another killed two little girls playing under a tree within fifty yards of the hut of a white hunter. Traps do not avail with this kind of beast, for he is too cunning and lets other animals seek the bait first and spring the trap before him; poison is no use for he vomits it up. Shooting from a thorn-bush barricade is poor sport, for the lion generally scents the man, and goes off to raid a neighboring *kraal* while the hunter is waiting for him. The best method is "to spoor them down or bay them up with dogs, which is risky business."

This condition in Tanganyika was due largely to the witch doctors, the "lionmen" who claimed they could turn themselves into man-eaters by black magic, and by threat of doing it cowed the people until they were too terror-stricken to hunt the lions for fear they might be killing a man witch. The eight lions mentioned were killed off by white hunters who were coöperating with administration officials in an effort to put an end to the hideous situation.

CHAPTER XVII

A RIDE ON A LOCOMOTIVE

AS night came on, our engine, which burned wood, sent a continual shower of sparks into the blackness. The dry brush along the railway caught fire and flared up, lighting our path. In the wilderness the singing of insects and the laughter of the hyenas kept me from sleeping. I became so hot I was sure I had a fever. I took some quinine and put a cold wet cloth over my face, and finally dropped off to sleep from sheer exhaustion, only to be awakened by L.'s asking, "Would you like to ride on the engine? We might see wild animals better from there when the sun rises."

I threw on a few clothes and we hopped out at a station. The engineer invited us to "Get on, if you can find a place to sit." Two black boys who were feeding the furnace with logs took up most of the room, but we managed to hang on to the open sides and here we stayed until the dawn came up. We were rewarded by seeing giraffes, a rare sight nowadays in this vicinity.

We had now reached the vast tract of land called the "Athi Game Preserve." It is a reservation of ten thousand square miles between the Tsavo River and

Nairobi. The engineer told us that because the white officials had killed one hundred and twenty lions that year within the preserve, it was unlikely that we should see any. Elephants, rhinos, wart-hogs, and buffaloes roam further in the interior. Buffaloes are getting scarce in these parts. Lady McMillan had a private preserve for them near Nairobi.

As the sun came up over the highlands I caught a glimpse of ten different sorts of wild creatures. There were so many fat, striped zebras we grew tired of looking at them. The pretty little "Tom-mies" (Thompson's gazelles) were plentiful too. We saw also those African specialties, wildebeest and Cook's hartebeest, an animal with pyramidal horns like a cross between an ox and an antelope. It ambles along like a donkey and yet covers the ground with much speed. It has great endurance and often outdistances its pursuers.

During the five hours' run through the Athi Game Preserve we saw more animals than I had thought were in the world—a continuous panorama of game. In addition to those already mentioned, we saw the kongoni, gnu, eland, reed and water buck, Grant's gazelle, and antelopes of every kind and species, large and small, and of such lovely markings and colors, such rich browns and reds and blacks and whites, in spots and stripes. I had never imagined that wild creatures could look so glorious, for the mounted ones are so very dead, their showy

color dying with them. Apparently realizing their security in their own preserve, they stood about fearlessly — beasties in hundreds, some in herds, some alone, silhouetted on the horizon of the hills. Many merely looked up as we rolled by, while some scampered off at a great speed.

Yet of all the animals I was most eager to see a lion, but I was disappointed. I had lately been reading A. W. Hayward's book, "Sport and Service in Africa," and was fascinated by his stories. In describing an adventure with a lion he says:

"It was evident that the lion had but a short time earlier killed the hartebeest on which it was feeding when I shot it. Its prey had been disemboweled, as is the usual practice of these animals. He had then devoured the heart and was in the act of eating great pieces of flesh off the buttocks when I put an end to his career. Lions eat their kill in a systematic way. When a lion has gorged himself, he will often cover the kill up with leaves and branches, returning the next day or probably at night, to continue his meal.

"All lions are not, however, courageous, in spite of the reputation for this which they possess. I have known of more than one instance where a lion has shown downright cowardice. A case in point was so remarkable that it is worth recording. A herdsman was tending a big herd of cattle one day when he was surprised out of his pleasant day-dreams by a deep bellow of fear and pain proceeding from a

member of his charge some distance to a flank. He quickly ran in the direction of the noise and saw a lion had jumped on a bull and was attempting to drag it down, which is a method of attack frequently adopted prior to administering the *coup de grace* that will break its neck. He thereupon without the least hesitation dealt the lion a series of heavy blows with his staff. Astonishing to relate, the lion immediately relaxed his hold and galloped off! The promptitude with which the herdsman acted led one to suppose that this could not have been the first time in which he had met a similar situation by similar methods."

As a rule the lion uses a water hole as his hunting ground. He lurks in the bush near by, waiting to pounce on his prey. The zebra is the lion's principal food because he is not a fighter, but the latter evidently kills anything he comes across.

We could see birds as well as animals from our seat on the engine. The secretary-bird, which looks something like a long-legged goose, had feathers sticking out from its head exactly like the quill pens behind a clerk's ear. Guinea fowl and ostriches were also strutting about. It was Kissing Kitty who called attention to the fact that the latter were hiding their heads after what is supposed to be the custom of ostriches, but a closer observation through glasses (field glasses are of the greatest value in this country) showed that they were naturally enough just feeding off the ground. In fact, the



IVORY TUSKS



CAMEL CAMP



A MASAI WOMAN



KAVIRONDO WOMEN SELLING COTTON

explanation by those who know the ostrich, is that it hides its head only at times of sand storms, a trick which seems intelligent rather than foolish.

By the time our exciting ride on the engine was over, we were covered with a red dust which made us look the color of American Indians. After a wash we made our way to the dining car for breakfast, where we found the black boys more quiet, probably from sheer exhaustion due to coping with the tourists. The travelers, too, had given up trying to get anything in particular and simply accepted what was given them.

At last we ran into Nairobi, three hours late. On the station platform we found Lady McMillan waiting for us — a friend who had invited us to stay with her.

Like some of the English towns in Africa, Nairobi is new, having been settled only thirty years ago. Since 1920 it has been the capital and chief city of the Colony of Kenya. It is a pioneer city and sprawls over a vast amount of territory. It has a population of about twenty thousand, of whom five thousand are Asiatics, two thousand Europeans, and thirteen thousand natives. The Europeans in Nairobi represent a fifth of the white population in the entire Kenya Colony.

As we drove through the town, it reminded us in some ways of our hustling Western cities, ugly and garish, with some pretentious buildings going up among mushroom structures. There was this dif-

ference, however, that instead of the lawless look and movement of our Western towns, there was here the well-regulated patrol of English rule, where law is quietly but unquestionably enforced.

The streets, however, were colorful and teeming with life — blacks and browns and whites, in reds and whites and greens. The women lumbered along, carrying the heavy burdens on their heads. In their ears and about their necks, as well as on their arms, were shining copper rings. We passed Europeans, Indians, and Arabians; some in rickshaws, some driving bullock carts, and some in motors that were made more for convenience than looks, and that were certainly pre-war relics. Often these automobiles had boxes for the body and barrels for seats. Now and again a government official came by in a dusty, but, by comparison, very smart-looking American car.

Government Road and Sixth Avenue are the main streets. Here are low brick office buildings and stores, most of which sell British goods and have British owners and salespeople.

The houses in general are of corrugated iron with roofs of oil cans hammered flat. The officials live either in bungalows on the outskirts of the town or on the hill where the Government House stands. High hedges shut off their homes from the road and behind the hedges grow very English gardens with dahlias, roses, sweet william, and lavender.

We were shown the race tracks, where races are

held twice a year, and the golf and the tennis clubs in which, as in all such clubs, the young people gather and dance of an evening.

Nairobi is a community mostly of small farms, where the settlers have established their homes with the intention of spending the rest of their lives there.

Just outside of the new developments of the town we turned into a long avenue and ran up a well-wooded hill, gardened with little trails and water courses and beds of flowers, till we swerved on to a wide gravel terrace with a homelike, gray stone house. This was Lady McMillan's place, "Chiromo" (meaning "the meeting of two rivers"). As we looked back there was no sign of the town, which was hidden behind a woodland of trees. All about us was a park, with only the two white globes of the mosque towers to be seen through a vista. The bungalow had an interesting recessed piazza at the front and rambled back in irregular wings, with a kitchen and bachelor quarters in separate buildings. Inside we were conducted to a big bedroom and bath. The sitting rooms were cozy and dark and cool, with magnificent Zanzibar chests. Mounted heads of animals decorated the walls.

Later we walked through the garden, which was very lovely in its massing of lilies and other flowers of our temperate zone with the tropical luxuriance of the native growth. The altitude of six thousand feet in the tropics makes possible this variety.

The stables contained some of the best racing

stock in Kenya of both English and native breeds, while the stock farm some distance away housed handsome stallions, brood mares, and pretty colts.

By the way, I found an old friend from Boston staying with Lady McMillan — Mr. Sewall, a big-game hunter who has lived in these parts for many years. His own farm is fifty miles in the hinterland. He described the life on his estate, telling us that elephants stray into his garden and eat the sweet potatoes; ostriches dash across the trail; lions roar, and hyenas laugh at night. He said he seldom shot big game nowadays, but with his camera took photographs of the many animals and birds in the region — herons and egrets, several sorts of duck on the lake, and thousands of singing birds. Mules, camels, and oxen were used when he wished to penetrate to any great distance off the road. The oryx he described as having two long sharp horns rising straight from the head, perhaps to the height of two feet. Sometimes an oryx breaks a horn in a fight, and thereafter resembles the fabled one-horned unicorn.

Lady McMillan had kindly planned to take us for a picnic to the escarpment of the Great Rift. On the way we went by a number of coffee plantations and “experimental” farms, and through a native reserve where we saw black women with earlobes so stretched that a cigarette tin could be inserted for an ornament. Some of the men had bells in their ears which tinkled whenever they moved. As we ran across the highlands of the Kikuyu



NATIVE CHIEFS, NAIROBI



DANCE OF THE INCHANGAS, NAIROBI



A GATHERING OF NATIVES, NAIROBI

peoples, they cheerfully greeted us with a wave of the hand and a call of "jambo," their salutation which was given as a name to the famous elephant, Jumbo.

At last we reached the Great Rift and stood on the escarpment, while the palisade fell away perpendicularly below our feet. We gazed in wonderment across its mighty floor and to the ranges of hazy mountains miles and miles away. Here the world was by some tremendous cataclysm rent asunder and a stupendous abyss formed. The largest fracture in the earth's surface, it stretches from the Dead Sea and the Jordan River in Asia to the Sabi River in South Africa. Its length is some five to six thousand miles, one sixth of the earth's circumference; its depth in places as great as two miles, and its width often hundreds of miles.

It is only within the last decade that the Great Rift has become at all well known to the scientists of the world. Indeed, the first map of the territory has been made within that period.

It was Sir George Adam Smith who said that there might be something like the Rift on another planet but there was certainly no other fissure comparable to it on the earth's surface. Its similarity to the rifts or rills seen on the moon have led many scientists to believe that they might find by exploration in the one on the earth many points in common with those on the moon.

Burton and Stanley both noted the fiord-like

quality of the lakes in the Rift and wondered about it. Speke entered this valley in 1857 and Livingstone in 1859. Explorers have found volcanoes of all ages: some are dead craters older than the Alps, and some steaming, living mountains. One reason the country was arid at the time we visited it was because of the earthquakes which had occurred a few months before. These disturbances lowered all the rivers in the abyss several feet, drying up some of them entirely.

The Rift crosses the rivers and mountains, including Speke's Cones, stretching to the sky, and the Mountains of the Moon mentioned by Ptolemy, whose existence was often claimed and often denied until the Duke of Abruzzi, on an exploring expedition, settled the question once for all in 1906.

Gold and precious stones and iron and copper are all to be found in the Rift Valley. It is a lion country also, even though it looked so peaceful from above. It contains honey birds and ostriches and wild dogs. And there are, alas, regions infested by the tsetse fly, bearing the sleeping sickness.

Under an olive tree on the edge of the escarpment we had our picnic, while we looked out over the endless gray canyon. We could not linger long as our time was short; regretfully we motored back to Nairobi.

Here a native dance was held by the Kikuyus, a tribe of warriors. Two hundred blacks, men and women, had gathered to watch the dance and take

part. The Gyriama and Meru women were dressed in little but beads with an anklet or bracelet or two, and a short skirt hanging down behind. The Masai soldiers wore skins, somewhat covering their bodies, and goat's hair tufts on their legs. They carried imitation spears and shields. Their women had great headdresses of ostrich feathers and hoops of brass about their necks and arms. The Kavirondo men wore horns on their heads. The dancers marched in two by two in their war paint, chanting their songs, their hair and bodies smeared with red earth and castor oil, and their knees painted green. Never had such a dance been given here before.

Another night of red dust on the train lay ahead of us. Late in the afternoon we set out once more for Mombasa. And again it was a wonderful scene that we passed through — game in their thousands — herds and solitary beasts standing out in silhouette against the sky line and setting sun, all their color rich and varied in the slanting rays — and yet we were told that sometimes there was no game in sight of the train on account of their strange migrations. As night came on we saw animals everywhere, gradually fading away into the darkness, and listened to the night calls of the wild creatures. We looked for lions that choose this time to stalk, but alas! saw none. It shows an almost uncanny instinct on the part of all these creatures that they betray no sign of fear as long as a train is moving or

motor cars are in motion, but the moment they stop or a man gets off, the animals run wildly away.

I was up next morning when the sun rose out of the east, and set the little native villages aflame in its reflected light, making the red earth more red as we traveled down toward the sea. We reached *Laconia* once more, and after washing off some of the dust, we sank into comfortable chairs, quite exhausted but content.

It seems that the other section which had taken tourists to Nairobi had had even more exciting adventures, according to the tales told at the meeting of the Travel Club that day. One lady had ridden on the cow-catcher and had seen three lions — lucky woman! When we had asked the engineer if we might ride there, he said it was against the rules because the last woman who had done so had had both her legs broken when the train hit an animal which was standing on the track.

Some people were half an hour late starting back from Nairobi and the train had to be held for them. Finally a couple got out at a station in the dark and as it was thought that everybody was on board, the train went off without them. They were able to telegraph, however, to hold it at the next station and were taken over the track on a hand car.

Two black boys in the dining car on this train finally did come to blows and cut each other with a bottle as well as a knife. The Cruise Director proved a real hero and stopped the fight. After a consulta-

tion with the white train-men it was decided that the boy who used the knife should then and there be put off the train, between stations, and in the wild beast country.

So ended the tourists' adventures on the trip to Nairobi.

CHAPTER XVIII

SAVAGE SUDAN

UP the coast of Kenya *Laconia* steamed, and soon was off Italian Somaliland. This time we had no festivities when crossing the "Burning Line." Strange to relate, the air was fresh, for the monsoon was blowing, and I found, when taking my swim in the canvas tank, that the water was cool. The weather is not always hot at the equator. In the hinterland of Kenya, for instance, there is a rest house called "Icicles," so named because the cold, due to the altitude, causes icicles to form on the roof.

Off our starboard bow, in the distance, lay the Forgotten Islands — the Seychelles group — which belong to England. The governor of Sierra Leone had spoken of them to me, for he at one time had lived there. These islands are damp and hot and lonely, and few ships put in. What hardships some officials and their families endure in far-off places where the conditions and climate are so trying!

The governor had told us that on the Seychelles lived three African cannibal chiefs in exile. The most noted was King Prempeh. His former royal hut at Kumasi on the West Coast of Africa had been built of skulls, and the fence about his *kraal*

of leg and arm bones. The king and his warriors used to go on man hunts; if they were successful, their captives would be marched back to be kept in a barracoon until they were either sold or killed. Near the king's *kraal* was "Crucifixion Grave," where the victims were hung about on trees after they were slaughtered, like animals in a butcher shop, ready to be cooked and eaten.

At dawn, through the haze, I saw Cape Guardafui looming up out of the Indian Ocean. *Laconia* then changed her course, rounding the point into the Gulf of Aden. Here we came across a number of steamers on their way home from the Far East. They were a welcome sight, for we had seen hardly any great ships at sea since we put out from New York. We saw very few birds, too, on this voyage, as compared with the cruise round South America.

Steaming along the coast of British Somaliland and Abyssinia, *Laconia* entered the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, "the gates of tears and sorrows," into the Red Sea. A few rock islands loomed up called "The Brothers," consisting of only sharp peaks like teeth rising out of the water. Perim Island, belonging to England, guards the entrance to the Straits. At one time both France and England wanted to own it. Ships from both countries raced each other on their way to plant a flag there. The British ship was the faster, and England now uses the island as a coaling station.

Laconia passed Eritrea — the strip of Italian ter-

ritory along the northeastern coast of Africa. In this vicinity, in the nineties, the Italians suffered several disastrous defeats at the hands of the Abyssinians, who successfully defended themselves from becoming an Italian protectorate.

When Eritrea was off our port side, Arabia could be seen off the starboard. While we were in these waters, a wireless was received telling of a holy war beginning in Arabia, and of riots in Cairo fanned into flame by Bolsheviki.

What was going on aboard *Laconia* all these days? The Insistent Young Man gave an amusing talk at the Travel Club one morning, which he called a "flea lecture." He explained the title by saying he intended to hop from subject to subject and place to place like a flea. He did — covering our cruise from the United States to Egypt. Rolling Rosie had rolled off five pounds and Leaping Lena skipped gaily about the ship, declaring to everyone she met that there had never been such a glorious trip. Gabby Grace was prostrate from heat, lying in her bunk in a blue wrapper. Kissing Kitty, as she wandered about the decks alone, had a far-away, dreamy look in her eyes, due to coolness on somebody's part, whether hers or the Insistent Young Man's we did not know, perhaps only a lull before the storm.

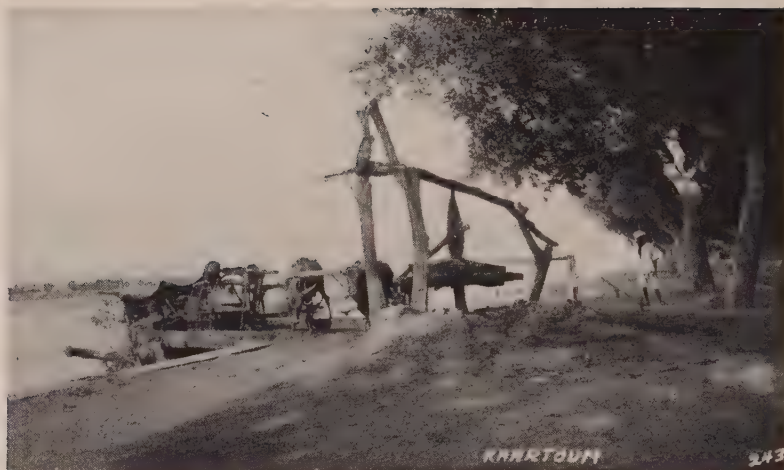
As L. stood talking with the Commander and the Staff Captain one day, he noticed a strange phenomenon. The wave following the ship suddenly seemed to swirl by in a great circular sweep. He



RAILROAD HOUSES, PORT SUDAN RAILWAY



DESERT PEOPLE, OMDURMAN



DRAWING WATER FROM THE WELL



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, KHARTOUM

called the Captain's attention to it and off they rushed toward the bridge. The Chief Officer later said that the famous Sperry-Gyro, the mechanical steersman, had "gone blooey" and turned the ship off her course in a wide circle. Fortunately we were not, at the moment, in narrow waters, and there was plenty of sea room. *Laconia* straightened out her course and you may be sure, after that, the quartermaster took the wheel!

At Port Sudan some of the tourists were to disembark for a trip across the desert to Khartoum. To be able to visit savage Sudan and Egypt, while we were "in our stride," so to speak, was too good an opportunity to miss. We had heard, however, that the journey would be a hot and dusty one, as the sand storms begin in March.

One morning, early, we sighted Port Sudan, which lies halfway up the Red Sea, and entered the perfect little harbor, where the British have built a remarkably neat place of refuge on the edge of the desert, at the "feet" of the Red Sea Hills.

Lower down the coast is Suakin, the old slave port, with white walls, minarets, old palaces, and hovels, typically North African, from which even today thousands of pilgrims sail across to Jedda and Mecca. It is the former capital of the British Red Sea province. When its harbor became inadequate for the needs of modern ships and trade, Port Sudan was developed, officially and commercially, to open up the wealthy opportunities of the British Sudan

by the nearest route to the sea and offer a means of escape from the possible difficulties of the longer way out by Egypt.

There is said to be excellent sea-fishing "of a most sporting kind" off Port Sudan. The harbor itself teems with brilliantly colored species. We had hopes of seeing many wild animals in this region. On the borders of Abyssinia especially are found lions, elephants, ourebis, monkeys, antelopes, and buffaloes. In the Red Sea Hills, near by, there are ibexes to be shot. A Nubian ibex is a prize that is hard to capture, but well worth the effort. A large head may measure some thirty-eight inches along the horns. Like our Rocky Mountain goat, the ibex lives among the crags of the mountains. The Jebel Hills and the Khor Canyons of these Red Sea ranges are hot, and make stiff climbing and stalking. With real big game, however, not far back in the hinterland, it is not much of a temptation to stop over in this country, especially as some young Englishmen we had met at Zanzibar told us that the heat in that place "wasn't a parch on the heat in the desert of Sudan."

We disembarked from *Laconia* at Port Sudan on a barge drawn by a tug which slowly made its way to shore. The passengers amused themselves buying native weapons and the gay-colored beads laid out for inspection on the float by chattering Arabs. Oh, how hot it was, for the land is flat and sandy here by the Red Sea, and the sun beats down unmerci-

fully! We were glad to get under cover of the double roofs of the special train on the quay near by.

The train itself was of all-white carriages, with tinted glass windows to keep out the glare of the desert, comfortable compartments outfitted with wicker chairs, and a dining car where the food was excellent, served by well-trained native boys in turbans and long white coats with green sashes.

The first part of the journey lay through the golden sands of the Red Sea Hills, bare and strangely shaped like elephants' ears. The dust became unbearable and we crossed many dried-up water courses. From the window we saw startled gazelles break from the bushes into the open. There were also herds of Roman-nosed, thick-tailed sheep and flop-eared black goats and white camels. The railway stations that we passed consisted of several small round houses, built of red brick at the bottom, with pointed domes of plaster to keep out the heat. They had enclosed courts at the back and were occupied by the native railway men and their families. Occasionally, near a station, we would see a mud village of square houses with flat roofs, much like a small Mexican town, except that a minaret on a mosque would rise into the blue sky, and not far away would be an unkempt cemetery of sandy mounds with little flags sticking out of them, and the domed white tomb of a *marabout*, or holy man.

We rose some three thousand feet during the day, to Summit, near which is a summer hill-station for

the English officials of the Sudan. Here we saw a battalion of "Tommies" under canvas, baking in the merciless sun, and yet supposed to be having a pleasant change of climate and scene from their even hotter posts inland. How hot they looked, how lonely and far from dear old "Hingland"! It was impressive to see British soldiers in this outlandish place, as clean and neat-looking as if on inspection parade, standing at fixed attention as our train rolled by. Later we saw, appearing from over a mound, two slowly swaying camels, mounted by a big-game hunter and his black boy. They halted by the track to wave gaily to the tourists.

We had passed a place on the line called Sinkat, where, years before, Osman Digna, the "Fuzzy Wuzzy" chief to whom Kipling paid tribute, had beaten back the English under Baker Pasha. This was during the Mahdist campaign against the "Fuzzies," or Hadendowas, as they are properly called. It was in those early days that Kitchener was governor of Suakin, and in the fighting received a wound in the face that perhaps added to that determined set of his jaw (like the "fighting face" of our own friend Pershing).

The "Fuzzy Wuzzies" live in these parts, and occasionally we would see a few along the line. Their black eyes, wide with wonder, gazed out from under their wild and bushy hair. They were draped in dirty white scarfs, with knives stuck in their sashes or worn in a leather case on the arm. We saw only

a few of their huts. These were usually made of palm leaves, the holes sometimes stuffed with white rags.

Despite their great ability as fighters, these natives are generally hated rather than liked. They are a surly lot, devoid of human sympathy and unresponsive to kindness. Physically, however, they are among the most perfect of the Arab tribes, muscular and yet graceful in their movements. They are expert camel men and all who have ever fought against them bear tribute to their remarkable qualities as fighters.

It was of Osman Digna that Kipling wrote:

*"'E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a lamb!
'E's a injia-rubber idiot on the spree,
'E's the on'y thing that doesn't give a damn
For a regiment o' British Infantree!*

.

*"So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in
the Sudan
You're a pore benighted 'eathen, but a first-class
fightin' man!"*

For seventeen years this "first-class fightin' man" and his followers were a match for the British Army. He lived an adventurous life, and after his final defeat at Summit, was condemned to spend the rest of his life in prison. After a term of twenty-four years, however, he had become too old to be

any longer a danger and so was sent back to his people.

At a station a little farther on, we received word that a freight train ahead had met with an accident and ripped up the track, and that we should have to wait and spend the night in this God-forsaken spot. To pass the time the passengers tried to bargain with the "Fuzzies" for their knives, which they carry as precious heirlooms and treasured emblems of their dignity and independence.

There was one splendid "Fuzzy" with clear-cut features beneath his mop of hair, dressed proudly in rags and proudly carrying his curved knife in his belt. Some tourists tried to get this trophy from him, but he scarcely deigned to notice them. I offered him a cigarette, which he took carefully and lighted. Suddenly he began to prance about, apparently in delight, but brandishing his weapons in a quite threatening manner. Such dancing often excites the natives into an ecstasy of running amuck. After a while he quieted down, and a more than usually sophisticated black in the uniform of a railway servant came along and succeeded in persuading him to sell his knife to L.

But no sooner had L. paid the "Fuzzy Wuzzy" than we found the railway man trying to take the money away from him. L. rather daringly waded in and saw to it that the interpreter got only a proper commission. These Hadendowa people have evidently no sense of money values, in part because of

the English rule imposed upon them. They have learned to trust the absolute justice of the Englishman in particular, and all white men in general. This trust should be appreciated by travelers, who ought to be scrupulously fair in dealing with the ignorant natives. L. afterwards said that he would have sent back that weapon if he had been able to do so (although he had paid well for it), for the memory of that "Fuzzy Wuzzy's" look, as if he had lost his honor in parting with his knife, has made L. feel wretched many times since.

The natives are divided into two entirely different classes, the ignorant who must be taught trust and must be cared for, and the sophisticated traders, the Jew-like merchants, who are fair game in trading.

As darkness came on, we strolled over to the mud village near by, where we saw lights gleaming. Here we found, on the outskirts, a hut with a kettle boiling over a charcoal fire outside and a few natives squatting round it. The village seemed mysterious and unwelcoming, it was so dark and quiet. We felt that curious eyes were probably peering out from the black holes at the strangers, and we did not venture further. During our night on the train we heard the laughter of prowling hyenas and saw by the light of the moon a sinister buzzard hovering over his prey.

When the sun began to peep above the amber desert, the train again started on its way. It was

not long before the ruins of Meroë, the old capital of Ethiopia, appeared in sight. We had come, at last, into the land of Kush, and our delay (which we feared had cost us several precious hours of an all-too-hurried trip) really proved an advantage, for we were able to see by daylight the pyramids and tombs of the kings of Kush of 600 B.C. These were of special interest to us because here Professor Reisner and the Harvard-Boston Expedition had, in 1920-1923, made important researches and discoveries that have aided much in the reconstruction of the history of these ancient lands. They had unearthed some palaces, the Temple of Amon, and the Temple of the Sun of which Herodotus writes. We could see these ruins standing in three groups out on the black-rock edge of the desert. The pyramids are more conical and slender and also smaller than those of Egypt, and have mortuary temples attached with valuable details in decorations and inscriptions. It was from ancient Meroë that, once upon a time, Egypt was ruled to the Mediterranean.

Our train had taken us through Gebeit and Hiaya junction, across the River Atbara, a tributary of the Nile. Along the line a growth of "Dead Sea fruit," scrub trees, seemed to choose to follow the railway. It was beyond everything the most cheerless travel we had ever seen. A hot-box again delayed our train in the desert, but it was a relief from the stifling dust, to stop for a time.

At Shendi we saw the fine cantonment of the Sudan Defense Force.

Extraordinary mirages crept down to within a few yards of the railroad over the undulating sand, dotted here and there with black boulders. This is a land of mirages as astonishing as those of Tunisia. At one time we were running along in the Nubian Desert with mirages on both sides of the tracks and one ahead of us.

When we approached the Nile, there was somewhat more vegetation — mimosa, tamarisk, and thorn, and strips of green — maize, tobacco, American cotton, and a few palm trees growing close to the water's edge, but for miles such growth was the only living thing within sight in that gray expanse of desert. No wonder that to the Egyptians of five thousand years ago this land was an unknown terror, the "Land of Ghosts"; the perilous borders of the world were there, inhabited by an almost unknown people, the people of "Aam." Along this way the Princes of Elephantine pluckily undertook expeditions to penetrate countries that were believed to be inhabited by savage tribes of superhuman powers, and by ghosts "hovering at the edge of the world." This was the land of Biblical Kush, and as civilization advanced, the ghosts retreated and the supermen proved to be only negroes. At Wady Halfa, at the second cataract, a Pharaoh set up a boundary stone on which he inscribed this discovery, that these mysterious men of the ages were

only, after all, very human. The armies of Pharaoh the Great passed up to wars in the Sudan, and in turn the hosts of the Sudan marched down across this land to compel Egypt to bow the knee to a negro Pharaoh. Greeks came this way, and Roman legionaries in pursuit of "one-eyed Queen Kandake and her flying Ethiopians"; the brother of Saladin came to rout out Christianity from Nubia, and Mamelukes flying before Ibrahim Pasha's soldiery.

But even as late as 1820 the Sudan was still a land of mystery. Then the Egyptians invaded it, and after much slaughter Khartoum was founded. Battles with the Abyssinians and their defeat followed in the thirties. It was not until 1862 that Khartoum was visited by Sir Samuel Baker, who later, in an attempt to suppress slavery, traveled up the Nile and established military posts for the Egyptian ruler, Ismail Pasha, who had found it difficult to maintain his authority or to prevent slave trading in the lawless interior.

It was in the dispute over this desert that Mohammed Ahmed, the Mahdi, fought the British so successfully in the eighties. It seems that this "False Prophet," who knew the Koran by heart at the age of twelve and made himself powerful by marrying the daughters of several great chiefs, took advantage of the discontent of the people, gathered together a following, and refused to deal with the British, who by this time were a good deal involved in Egyptian affairs. In 1884 Mohammed Ahmed wiped out

Hicks Pasha's army of eleven thousand English and Egyptians, sent against him, and was then proclaimed Mahdi. According to Mohammedan tradition, such a Messiah was sometime to appear. Ahmed persuaded the people that he was this leader, that he had been appointed by God, and had been taken by the Prophet himself before the angels and told what he must do.

After the loss of Hicks Pasha's troops, England decided to withdraw from the Sudan, but first it was necessary to remove several garrisons. "Chinese" Gordon, who had already served in this region in an administrative capacity, was sent as governor-general, to accomplish this. He reached Khartoum, but soon it was surrounded and cut off. It remained in a state of siege for a year until the Mahdi entered with his army. Brave Gordon was speared to death on the steps of Government House. Relief came, but two days late. A year after, the Mahdi died from excessive dissipation at Omdurman, the native town across the Nile.

Following the Mahdi, the cruel Khalifa despot, Abdullahi, ruled, and massacred the people who lived in the desert villages that we saw as we traveled toward Khartoum.

The most striking feature of the scenery hereabouts was the ruins of the villages, completely devastated by the rages of the Dervishes, who were as ruthless toward the people of the country as toward the British. During the course of their on-

slaughts the population of Sudan was reduced from some eight millions to two millions of people, but under the English *Raj* the population has reached the six million mark again. It is by such rehabilitation that the British have confirmed their right to permanent possession of the Sudan, "illegal and illogical" as it may at first view seem. One must understand the conditions in Egypt and the character of the people before any just judgment can be made.

Slatin Pasha, who was captured at Khartoum, was held prisoner for eleven years before he escaped. After the death of Gordon, Great Britain for a time gave up the struggle in the Sudan, but in 1894 renewed it again. Then Kitchener, in 1898, pushed the railway across the desert at the rate of a mile a day. By means of the road the Khalifa's army was defeated and Kitchener became governor-general of the Sudan. When the Boer War broke out, he was sent to South Africa and General Sir Reginald Wingate became the Sirdar of the Sudan. The country developed and prospered, and schools were started. Lady Baker made a river steamer into a hospital ship in which she cruised up and down the Nile, treating the natives who came from far and wide.

At present, the inhabitants seem more or less content, although we heard that an English commissioner had been killed recently in this region.



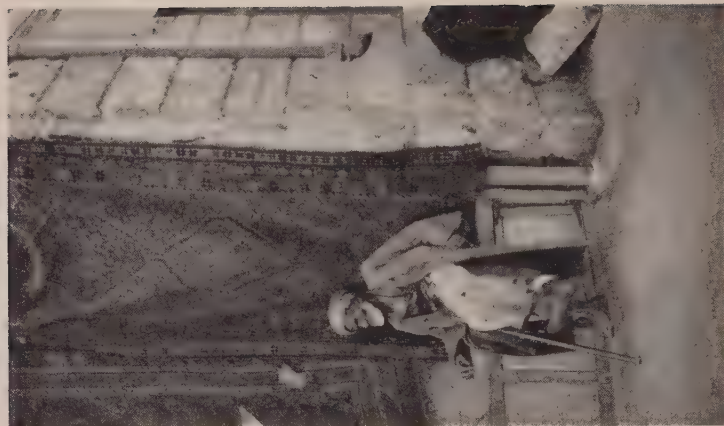
SCENE IN OMDURMAN



SCENE IN OMDURMAN



BOAT ON THE NILE



CARPET DEALER, CAIRO

CHAPTER XIX

WHERE THE WHITE AND THE BLUE NILE MEET

KHARTOUM lies between the confluence of the White and Blue Niles. Our train crossed the bridge where the waters of these rivers join and flow for a time unmixed. It was possible to distinguish the two colors, which were not, as a matter of fact, either blue or white, but surprisingly muddy.

The White Nile comes down slowly from its source in the lakes beyond Uganda in the heart of Africa, zigzagging in the forest and "Sudd," where a passage has to be cleared through the heavy growth of papyrus, across swamps and flat country, down to the seventh cataract at Khartoum. The Blue Nile rises in Abyssinia and brings, in its flood from the mountains, the rich silt which at certain seasons enriches the valley and delta of Sudan and Nubia and Egypt.

As the Nile receives no tributary below the Atbara, and the Atbara is under British control, it can easily be seen that British control is of vast importance to the Egyptians, since the whole life of lower Egypt depends on the flow of the Nile. If the waters of the river should ever be kept back for

the irrigation of vast new developments in the Sudan, Egypt proper would suffer greatly.

Although to a traveler Khartoum seems a jumping-off place, yet, as a matter of fact, the railway extends a great distance further up the Blue Nile to Sennar and then crosses the Gezira and the White Nile two hundred miles above Khartoum. Excellent boats run regularly, or may be privately chartered to cruise up the White Nile for over a thousand miles as far as Mongalla or Rejaf, almost to the equator, from which Kenya and Uganda and the Belgian Congo may be reached by motor.

Khartoum itself is some twelve hundred feet above the sea, and seventeen hundred miles from Cairo. Our first glimpse was of a brown city with white-robed figures and helmeted white men to break the color scheme. Feathery palms and minarets were outlined against the turquoise sky. It was blazingly hot, scorching blasts beating in through the open car windows as we ran in a circle around the green oasis to Mogren Quay station on the very embankment of the river, where the train was parked. It turned out that some of the travelers were to live in the cars, because the hotel accommodations were limited.

Fortunately, having been foresighted in our arrangements, we had an excellent suite assigned to us at the corner of the long, verandahed Grand Hotel, with large jalousied windows in the high-studded, airy rooms. They looked out on gardens

luxuriant with flowers beneath tropical trees. Banyans, frangi-pani, and Indian jasmine were enclosed with pruned hedges.

We made ourselves comfortable, for the "boys" of the hotel service silently attended to our needs, appearing magically out of nowhere and disappearing in the mysterious manner of Oriental servants. When I heard music I peeked out through the slatted curtains to see the band of the Sudanese regiment, — "Riflemen made from mud" — who had been ordered to serenade the visitors. They were natty in their smart uniforms in spite of the fact that their legs were bare from the knees down. This band had four pipers, prouder even than the others, in their kiltie uniforms, swinging along as they played, and countermarching with perfect precision, handling their bagpipes with an art that would have made a Scotchman envious.

Soon we set out with motor and guide along the very fine embankment, several miles in length, embowered in avenues of acacia, fig trees, and the mustard trees of the Bible. Lovely villas belonging to officials stood in the midst of parks full of shade trees.

Along the water front was situated the Grand Hotel, as well as the large government buildings. Government House is an imposing palace with beautiful gardens, a distinguished residency for such an out-of-the-way place. The governor-general was absent, somewhere even farther away, and

so we, unfortunately, saw only the entrance halls, decorated with old guns and cannon.

The statues of the two heroes of Khartoum — General Gordon mounted on his camel, and Kitchener on a more prosaic horse — were both imposing. A college and chapel in Khartoum have been named in honor of General Gordon, and a memorial school after Kitchener. L. suggested that the combination of the two planned for a good deal more of sudden schooling than he believed the sons of the sheiks could wholesomely digest.

Crossing the desert for a distance we arrived at the "Deims" or camp, where pilgrims rest on their way to and from Mecca. Khartoum is directly on the route to the Red Sea and has always been a pilgrimage center. The British have made a clever appeal to Mohammedan sentiment by encouraging and helping the devotees on their way. The camp contains a shifting population, and is divided according to the number of tribes. Here, out on the rolling dunes, is an aggregation of nineteen little villages, each differing as they differ in every part of Mohammedan Africa. Any wanderer may come and find his own people and live the life to which he is accustomed. There are rooms for him to rent, shops from which he may buy the food that he has always eaten, and companions of his own sort.

Some tribes live in small houses of brown mud, with domed tops, others with conical roofs. There are also the filthy rags of tents of the lowest type

of the migratory Bedouins and the balloon-shaped huts of the Nigerian tribesmen. Down the wide central space stand wells from which the wayfarers come to fetch their water. Here on this common spot mingle strangely different folk, bound together on the same errand, their pilgrimage of salvation.

Most of the pilgrims pass on as soon as they are rested; but some seek work here for a time, and take years to accomplish their journey to Mecca. They work their way from the farthest West Coast, from the deepest center of Africa, traveling on donkeys or camels or even on foot. The "Deims" would be a wonderful place for any ethnologist to study the different tribes and races.

As we motored back along the faint track across the desert to the brown walls of the city, we saw an Englishman going through all the nervous gestures of a golfer, taking a stance, shuffling his feet about in the dust, and shaking his club in a threatening manner at some object on the dune. Near by a native stood patiently. This took place beneath a sun that had heated the air to over 100°! We suddenly realized that we must be trespassing on the golf course of the Khartoum Club. So we respectfully stopped until the golfer had swung his club and played his shot over the bunkers of sand of the desert.

Later in the day we drove over the bridge to Omdurman, originally the site of a small gathering

of brigands who levied toll on the trade down the Nile. It is now the largest native city in Africa, extending without plan for miles along the banks of the river and sprawling out into the desert. It is thronged with the children of the desert, scarred with their racial caste marks, cuts, cicatrices on cheek and temple and body. There are Arabs, Bantu dwarfs, Nubians, and Fellahins, ebony black, brown, and yellow people, pagans and Mohammedans. They trade in spices, perfumes, trinkets, beads, and weapons, strange drugs, dried wild animal meat, and leather baskets. Here are the gum and the grain markets, and the *souks* where workers in ivory and silver sell their wares.

Knee deep in the river, herds of goats and camels were drinking. Old water wheels on the banks, worked by oxen and a black boy, brought up water in pails for the people. Near by we saw some British officers playing polo. After a *chukker* or two, tea was served in a marquee tent that had been set up on the sand. What contrasts can be seen in these far-away places! It is indeed a very real love of sport that can carry through such a travesty. One of the players, all wrapped up in a great coat and muffler — although the thermometer was still over one hundred — went hurrying home in his motor to his tub, and probably a “sundowner,” as the people in this country euphoniously call an afternoon drink.

We stopped at a corner café for some delicious

Turkish coffee, and watched a strange bus go by filled with natives. It was a peculiar contraption made of wood, the top frame like a hay wagon. To this had been attached old automobile tires. Camels loaded with burdens swayed past the corner, and men, like loosely wrapped bundles, rode by on the hind quarters of tiny donkeys.

Omdurman grew important when the Mahdi, the Messiah of the Arabs, made it his headquarters. It was here that his successor, the Khalifa Abdullahi, practised "horrible cruelties and grotesque orgies." The Mahdi's tomb has been destroyed, but the Khalifa's house still stands as a sort of museum. It consists of a number of low, one-roomed houses, inside courts, and harem quarters. Old weapons are displayed here and the European carriage in which the Khalifa rode. The palace looked rather squalid and I wondered if he had ever lived in real luxury. Certainly the house was not much like those of the sultans of Zanzibar, but rather more like a *marabout's* establishment that we had once visited in southern Tunisia.

Once again in Khartoum, we visited the zoölogical gardens near the hotel. It proved a delightful experience. This was so friendly a zoo that many of the animals and birds in its little shaded park were not in cages but were free. Ibis and whale-headed storks, marabout storks, and Isabelle gazelles, pretty creatures, all wandered about at will and came up to us most politely. The huge giraffe bowed its head

and gently took cigarettes out of the mouths of the visitors with his soft curling lip. The pygmy hippo waddled to the fence like a pet dog when called. Even the wilder beasts seemed on their best behavior.

Here we saw a native take a characteristic pose when he walked up to a bench, carefully put his package on the seat, and as carefully sat himself on the ground. Another walked along blithely in his bare feet with his slippers balanced as jauntily on his head.

At the Grand Hotel the merchants spread out their wares and bargained with the tourists, who sat and drank cool drinks on the piazza. But even the liquids did not soothe some of the travelers, for they were hot and tired. Many of them wondered why they had taken this trip at all, for it had been a hard and dusty one all the way from Port Sudan. And we wondered, too, why the British fought for this desert land, with only a strip of green by the river, until we remembered that ivory and gold are to be found in the interior, and the Nile is a waterway to riches.

That night our guide said he had arranged for us to visit the house of a native and see a ceremony that goes on during *Ramadan*, the Mohammedan Lenten season. Off we went with some friends in the motor through the darkness that was relieved only by the moon peering down into the narrow black lanes. It was a weird drive through the streets

of this native city. Here and there were fantastic and rather sinister-looking groups of muffled people, for on the nights during *Ramadan*, the fanatic believers break their fast and feast outside the cafés in the dim light of flares and lamps. Our *rendezvous* proved to be in a mysterious side alley where we left the car and passed through an arcade passage in a mud-walled house, into an open court. Here we were served coffee with all the Arab ritual, in which we did our best to join, for our host was a native of high religious rank, and we were his guests.

White-shrouded figures walked round and round in a circle, chanting. As time went on the circle enlarged with newcomers. Only men took part, but some women squatted behind us by the door of the house and watched and gabbled together.

The strange, monotonous rhythm of the chanting went on and on, while the dancing became more excited and animated and rapid, with the same steps repeated over and over but faster and wilder and madder, till the dancers seemed to forget their surroundings and appeared quite frenzied. In the midst of the excited movement, it seemed best for us to withdraw. As a native display of the development of religious ecstasy by a fanatic group it was most characteristic.

Next day we left Khartoum bound for Wady Halfa, with the thermometer 107° in the shade. The train passed Abu Hamed, where curves out the

great bend of the Nile, and from then on I remember nothing but more dust, more heat, and Kissing Kitty's famous question, "How much baksheesh makes a dollar?" Mr. Streeter, the author of "Denatured Africa" and "Camels," who joined us at Khartoum, made up for all the discomfort of the trip, however, and we spent our time listening to him. On the way to Cairo he told us many of his adventures. He was just returning from a trip up the Blue Nile, where he had shot lions, buffaloes, and elephants. On this trip he had had a narrow escape, for he was charged by a wounded elephant. He gave us a most vivid but modest description of his experiences. The humor in his books is a trait that runs in his family, for it was his brother who wrote that delightful wartime volume, called "Dere Mable." The following quotation from Mr. Streeter's book, concerning an elephant hunt, is a good example of his style and material:

"When I looked around again elephants were all over the place. This tusker was twelve yards away. There hadn't been a sound. The boys ran. I don't blame them. I tell you elephants were all over the place. I gave this one the brain shot, heart shot, tail shot, and ran out of "hard nose" — anyway I couldn't remember any other places to shoot him. There he is. He's dead — ' and he regarded the carcass with an incredulous look.

"And with what different emotion each of us seemed to regard this permanently relaxed hulk!

In the eyes of Gregg, it was merely the corpse of an enemy slain in mortal combat. The keen eyes of Flint saw in it only a hundred pounds of ivory — fifteen hundred shillings, and his eyes found it a pleasing sight.

“The sun blazed down cruelly. We slid off the corpse and made some measurements. It would have stood ten feet four at the shoulder — our specimen. Its feet were fifty inches in circumference, and it seemed to me that, if it had wanted to reach something down out of a tree, it surely could have poked the end of its nose about twenty-eight feet up into the branches. This is a lot of nose to stick into another person’s business . . .”

As we rolled along we discussed desultorily the sights to come. A companion in the compartment of the train remarked, “When you get to Cairo, be sure to pay an Arab to climb one of the Pyramids. We did, and it took the native just eight minutes. I am anxious to see if that record can be broken.”

A member of the cruise, to whom this was addressed, answered, “That would be interesting, Madam, but it can’t be done. This tourist group travels so rapidly we do not stay anywhere for eight minutes!”

CHAPTER XX

ABU SIMBEL AND OTHER TEMPLES

 OUR trip through Egypt was to be a real "flea-hop" (as the Insistent Young Man put it) and I wondered if there would be time to see even the outward changes that must have taken place since my last visit, years ago, when the British were in control. The political situation is a very different one today, for the Egyptians themselves are, in theory, the head of the government, though now and then Great Britain pulls sharply on the check rein.

It would seem to one considering the condition of the country from the point of view of a visitor, that the Egyptian rule has resulted in much inefficiency. The railroads, in particular, are miserably run by people who know little about their work.

But what with British troops parading, and also the rumor that the "Mussolini bogey scares Egyptians into British arms," their troubles recently seem to have been somewhat straightened out — at least for the time being. And despite the country's struggle for governmental content since 1922, when Egypt became a Sovereign State, its leaders have found the time to modernize Egypt to some extent.

When we ran into Wady Halfa, out of the Sudan

into Egypt, our glimpses in going from the train to the stern-wheel steamer, showed only a few new two-storied, white plaster houses peering out among the palm trees along the water front. A swarm of Arabs took the passengers' hand-luggage, shouting at the tops of their voices in true old-fashioned native style. Some were quarreling over tips, or lack of tips, while others clamored their wares. Native caps and Abyssinian weapons were to be bought, green beads supposed to be jade, and yellow beads that they insisted were amber. Both the green and the yellow were made in Germany.

Our steamer for the Nile trip was the *Lotus*. It was a delight to find ourselves so comfortable on board after the dusty run across the Nubian desert. Three boats were used to accommodate the travelers; two were small, and on that account, as we discovered later, had much less trouble in navigating the shallow waters. One was the *Ibis*, on which the Prince of Wales had traveled, and the other the *Meroë*, which was soon to take Princess Mary and her husband, Viscount Lascelles, up the river.

Discouraging reports had been posted in the lobby of the hotel at Khartoum, which warned us that the river was very low and that it might be impossible to land at Abu Simbel, the wonderful rock temple which had been the especial objective of many who made this optional trip. Our steamer was undoubtedly the last of its size to travel on the upper Nile

that season, for although the *Lotus* was drawing only three and a half feet, she promptly stuck in the mud as we left the dock. Some of the crew had to jump overboard and waded out with an anchor in order to winch her round, till finally she could slide off and move down the river.

Oh, how good the cool wind felt, and how refreshing was the sight of water, after the dust and heat of the desert! We thought we were in Heaven when the sun went down in the soft white clouds tinted pink and gold.

The *Lotus* passed green islands here and there, but otherwise we saw only the dreary sand of the bare banks of the Nile. She touched bottom and jumped over "lumps" and finally came to a wide, shallow bend where the river spread into several streams. A native pilot then boarded her, the crew sounded with long poles, and it was all quite exciting. We steamed slowly on till, by the time night of Egyptian darkness had fallen, we arrived off some lights on the bank, where the *Lotus* swung round and was tied up beside the other boats, all three sociably together. Above us stood the marvelous temple of Abu Simbel.

After dinner that evening the tourists scrambled up the bank for the short walk to this temple, which, palely illuminated in the starlight, we could see, cut in the side of a high cliff, facing the river. We passed a hut where a native woman, dressed in dark blue scarfs, was grinding corn outside her door;



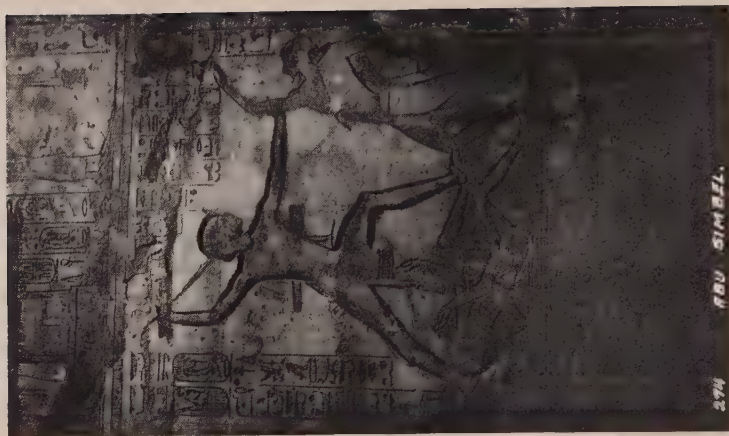
THE FLOATING TEMPLE, PHILAE



ABU SIMBEL



KARNAK



Fresco Inside Temple, Abu
Simbel

near by stood a donkey patiently waiting — silent figures in the stillness of the desert.

Abu Simbel, built by Rameses II in honor of his victory over the Cheta in northeast Syria, is the finest temple of Nubia. Outside are four great colossi, all of the king, showing him wearing the double crown of Upper and Lower Egypt. In excavating, the figures were somewhat damaged; one lost his face, another his goatee, while the legs of the third look as if he had varicose veins. Between the legs of the statues stand small figures of the royal princesses. Over the entrance door in the center is carved the sun-god Ra.

The splendid palisade is cut away into a terrace and towering façade, against which stand out the four stupendous figures in eternal, serene contemplation. For more than three thousand years they have gazed fixedly across the Nile and the desert to the East, mighty presentments, some sixty-five feet high — although it belittles them to measure them, as it belittles all great things to calculate them in figures or give them money values.

Inside, the walls are carved, and decorated in yellow, black, and white. The drawings of Rameses have much force and action and are considered among the best found in Egypt. One picture is especially fine of the Pharaoh driving his chariot, surrounded by enemies whom he is valiantly slaying. The Egyptians are battling with the Hittites and storming a Syrian fort.

Although the recesses of the chambers of the tomb were lighted dimly by electricity connected with the power from our boats, yet it was a spooky business as we prowled round in the weird shadows, for there is a peculiar feeling in Egyptian tombs as if the dead were still alive and haunting the place.

I could not help wondering, in the mysterious halls, whether Rameses' spirit blessed the strangers for unearthing his great monument, buried so long under the sand, or if his ghost was cursing us for trespassing in his sacred shrine.

The next morning we were up early for the thrill of seeing the temple in the dawn. That is the awe-inspiring time to visit it — just as the sun is rising and the glow creeps down the cliff into the eyes of the huge figures that gaze unblinkingly in such solemn dignity. They are "as nearly godlike as any work of man" can be, and stand impassive, as the rays gradually move, and suddenly pierce into the gloom of the columned temple within, and light it up in all its glory.

On the terrace we stood watching the sun as it appeared over the dunes on the other side of the river. The tourists were for once all strangely quiet, as if awe-struck and waiting for some miracle to happen. Although the golden rays did not strike directly, at this time of the year, into the innermost sanctuary, yet they pierced in deeply and brought out boldly the many inscriptions and amazing paintings and reliefs. The whole temple seemed to

have been destined for this moment of sunrise, for sunrise and sunset mean much to the Egyptians. With every sunrise new life is born, and with every sunset death comes. Every day is a cycle, a beginning and an end of life.

But the spell was broken all too soon, for the tourists began gossiping and taking snapshots, and the wonder and mystery of the scene were gone. There in the daylight we were able to see the nearby temple of Hathor as well. It is much like Abu Simbel, but smaller and not as fine.

When we had had our fill of this impressive spectacle, and had trooped back to the steamers and breakfast, the *Lotus* started down the river once more. As these extraordinary shrines faded from sight, I wished that the spirits of the ancient Egyptians could return and tell us, even more than do the hieroglyphics on the walls, about the life of their times, and the pomp and splendor of their kings.

I lay on my deck chair and thought of the thousands of years of civilization that Egypt had seen. Yet the scenes through which we were passing had probably not changed to any great extent in all those years. There were rocky palisades and stretches of golden sand with now and then a few green patches, greener because of their desert setting. We could hear the monotonous creak of the water wheels along the banks of the river, and see the patient cattle plodding round and round. But

strangest of all were the lonely figures standing, sitting, or moving, each one a speck against the limitless landscape.

It seemed to me as I gazed about, that after all these ages, the life of the people here today was going on just as it had in the days when King Tutankhamen moved down the river in his royal barge. Perhaps he, too, had watched a lonely figure against the boundless horizon.

We passed El Derr, the chief town of Nubia, once the residence of the independent governors, quite delightfully set in its fertile oasis of vivid green and sycamore trees. Here we had a glimpse of the brick palace and the mosque and tomb of a sheik. Near by stood the remains of another temple of Rameses II. We traveled on by ruins, excavated in the rock and almost hidden by the sands, and saw inscriptions and pictures on palisades, and black holes of entrances to ancient tombs.

While sailing by Korosko, our eyes followed, through the pass in the stone amphitheatre of hills that ranged about it, the caravan route across the rolling sands. It was by this road that Gordon had gone on his doomed adventure. Here he had looked back in a last good-bye as he started across the trackless Nubian desert to meet his death at Khartoum. And it was through this same pass that Hicks Pasha with his men, and many another expedition, had gone out into the vast desert, never to return again.

We glided by Siboua with its rock-hewn temple and its avenue of sphinxes swallowed up by the dunes. We ran along the bank and under the remnants of the rambling walls and towers of the Kouban standing on the palisade — that fortress of the Middle Ages which was, in its time, the farthest outpost of Egypt. At various points along the way the *Lotus* passed ruins that had been, in turn, the outermost reaches of successive civilizations — Egyptian, Roman, Byzantine — stretching southward towards the heart of Africa.

As we approached each monument, the ship's whistle sounded a signal so that the passengers might be on the lookout. We were all so happily relaxed in the comfort of the shaded deck after being cabined and confined for so many days in narrow railroad compartments that some of us almost forgot our duty of sight-seeing.

The distance by river from Wady Halfa to Shella, the landing place above the dam near Assuan, is some two hundred miles. For the last half of the way the effect of the great dam above the First Cataract was noticeable. It had caused the Nile to widen and the water to spread out over the shores and up the sides of the cliffs. In fact, as we looked we could see submerged villages, with the tops of palm trees and acacias rising out of the flood. Where the old towns had been flooded, new villages had been built above the water line. These are now inhabited only by women, old men, and children,

for all the able-bodied men of the region go down toward Cairo to work in the hotels and factories.

I noticed, as we glided by many of these brown adobe houses, round white spots on the doors, sometimes three or four. An Englishman told me that these were dishes the hotel workers brought home as trophies, but another person declared that they indicated the number of marriageable girls in the household; both probably were wrong.

Native pilots here seem to have much the same sense of navigation in the darkness as our famous Mississippi pilots, for as we steamed along during the night we didn't bump once, despite the record bumping-trip we made during the day. The next morning we were up at daybreak to see that very splendid part of the river, where, pent up by the great dam, it broadens out into a wide lake. Great rocky cliffs line the banks, and gaunt, bare islands rise from the waters. These spots must have once been high land before the flood came to swirl around them, setting them off in greater dignity. For the making of the reservoir has converted what had been a few years ago mediocre scenery into a grand panorama of mirrored peaks and promontories.

I had visited Assuan before the dam had been constructed and was naturally curious to see the changes and the damage done, for I was afraid the scenery and the exquisite temple of Philae itself would be spoiled by the water. But the overflow had created a strange and fascinating world. As the

Lotus advanced, I felt as if we were sailing on the opalescent moon, among huge jagged pieces of Chinese amber. There was nothing green or growing or alive. There was nothing familiar. It was a dead world, a land of waiting, a spot for the soul to linger and rest in before going on.

Beautiful above all else are the ruins of Philae, which, partly submerged, has become a floating temple of the gods. Its base is bathed in the lake that reflects the richly capited columns and sculptured colonnades, and the great pylons of the approach to this temple of Isis. In the clear depths can be seen the paved courts and broad stairs and the outlines of crumbling walls, and altars and gods. Weigall, whose aesthetic sense is as great as his knowledge of archaeology, tells of a wonderful swim that he once took among these lovely ruins. He too does not find that Philae has been spoiled by the encroachment of the waters. "Philae, clean and bare, as it must have been in ancient days, was good to look upon! Philae, overgrown with trees and grasses, as it was before the dam was built, was picturesque: but Philae, floating in the water as it now is half the year, has that indefinable charm of unreality which is the very essence of beauty."

After we had rounded Philae we steamed through narrow passages to the end of the wide dam of Assuan, where we tied up and all landed. From the more-than-mile-long battlement we could look down over the cataract, fifty feet below, where the

rushing water dashed away between rocks and boulders.

Across the top of the dam is a bridge. Here we took hand cars, pushed and pulled by noisy Arabs, and came near being killed by a collision with another car because the natives were so excited at having so many tourists to care for. At last arriving on the other side, we wandered down into a large and lovely garden, full of flowers and shade trees. Here the villas of the officials are set in refreshing verdure, right on the edge of the rapids.

Among clamoring vendors we took the train on to the town of Assuan, where we struggled at the station through the rough commotion and hustle of Egyptian porters and guides. I found the town somewhat changed, for now there is a huge hotel, built in Oriental style, overlooking the Nile and the island of Elephantine. From the terrace below one can take a gayly painted barge and dream there of the days of Cleopatra. We wandered through the narrow streets and bazaars — every article known to the East is sold there — and visited the quarries where a huge, half-finished obelisk lies embedded in its mother rock. We wondered, like everyone else, how the ancient Egyptians cut out and transported the immense masses of stone that were used for monuments and buildings, for it is from Assuan quarry that much of the material came which is found as far away as the very ends of the Egyptian dominion in its greatest days.

CHAPTER XXI

GOOD-BYE, LACONIA!

IT was more than a four hours' run by the Egyptian railway from Assuan to Luxor, and though we had hoped that we might travel through the cultivated tract by the edge of the river and no longer move in a haze of sand, we ran near the Nile only now and then. For the most part, our trip was uncomfortable, and we were soon covered with dust as we sat crowded into compartments with only the desert country and an occasional oasis of green trees to be seen out of the grimy windows.

It was dark when we all stumbled out on the Luxor platform into a mob of native porters, all screeching at once, and getting into each other's and into everybody's way. We blessed Abdullah, the dragoman who met us, when he rescued us from the howling mob. Surrendering our packages to him, we were soon piled into an old rattletrap carriage which carried us through the crooked, mysterious streets and along the riverside embankment with its brightly colored shops, and its merchants waving their arms in gestures of invitation and welcome.

At last we came to the high steps and front terrace of the Winter Palace Hotel above the river. Here we found ourselves ensconced in spacious

rooms with a salon opening wide on the view, and most welcome baths for our comfort. That evening we listened to the music and drank a heavenly beverage called a silver gin fizz, with foam on the top that had been made with the white of an egg, and read the first letters from America we had received in over two months. A cousin gave us home news and asked if Egypt had become quite modern. "Has the Sphinx now a radio on her head and the Pyramids elevators?"

Our first treat the next morning was to look out of our windows across the Nile to the mountains, vivid in the sunlight, where the tombs of the ancient kings and nobles are hidden.

With Abdullah as guide we cut loose from the rest of the tourists and went off "on our own." Chanting boatmen rowed us across the Nile. There we took a motor past the great Colossi that were supposed to sing at sunrise. They stand at the gate of what was once Thebes, the capital of Egypt for so many thousands of years. We visited the tomb of Queen Titi, the wall paintings in which are well preserved, and that of one of the wives of Rameses II. From one amber hole into another we poked, descending far into the rock chambers. The walls were so carved and painted that my head whirled with hieroglyphics. Now, as I write, I can think only of the soft-voiced Abdullah murmuring the names of Seti, Rameses, and Ra, of the hawk-faced god and priests of the underworld. I can hear him

saying, "Here is the diary of the king and the histories of those times. Here is a funeral procession. There is a painting which depicts life on a farm. Here a queen is adoring the seven sacred cows."

We lingered in the shadow of the Ramesseum for a long time, enjoying especially the sight of the beautiful avenue of pillars. Then we motored on past Chicago House, where the replicas of fine pieces are made in plaster and sent to museums the world over. British, French, and Americans are all at work at the excavations. The American representatives live in a house at the spot, as did Lord Carnavon, who discovered the tomb of Tutankhamen. Near the extensive quarters of the Metropolitan Museum group of workers, hundreds of ant-men were carrying up small baskets full of sand and mortar and bricks from an excavation. Watching them, we were able to imagine how similar toilers of thousands of years ago had looked building these very temples and tombs now being unearthed.

The Valley of the Kings is a beautiful golden canyon of sand rock. Here we again left the motor to see the three most noted tombs, those of Tutankhamen, Seti, and Rameses. What seemed like a thousand steps led far down below the surface to the chambers of the dead, where, strange to relate, we found those death-rooms of centuries ago lighted by electricity!

To the tourist, the bare chambers of the tombs,

the walls decorated with designs and hieroglyphics, all look much alike at first glance, except that some are carved, some painted, and some both. Or perhaps one tomb may contain more chambers or be built deeper down in the rock. The traveler who has time to linger and revisit them becomes fascinated as with a new game, in making out a few simple characters. We were amazed at the richness of color and perfection of detail in the relief carvings, like miniatures in their exquisite quality. What a delight it must be to the student to decipher these designs, what excitement to the archaeologist to excavate a temple or tomb! Such explorers have found a wealth of enamel, gold, vases, and trinkets of every sort in the burial places of the kings. Only in Tutankhamen's tomb has the mummy itself been left to sleep in peace. The coffin covering is magnificent, inlaid with many-colored enamels and gold. The two other coffin lids, for there were three to begin with, have been removed with many valuable ornaments, and placed in the museum in Cairo.

Although these ancient tombs were very fine and impressive, we were finally so hot and tired with climbing in the intense heat that we turned, exhausted, back to the hotel.

After lunch we sallied forth again, this time to a garden with a snake charmer. According to this man's story, he and his father—in fact, his whole family for many generations back—possessed the secret of calling scorpions and snakes from their

hiding-places. He said he could smell them. So you may be sure we followed him into the garden at a safe distance. He talked continuously in Arabic, saying, "Snake and scorpion, I am your friend. My father was. My grandfather was. We, like the Prophet, love you. Come to me." Two scorpions came out of cracks in a wall and he picked them up in his hands. They looked very angry and whirled their tails dangerously. Then he came to the bushes and stuck in a stick, and finally his hand, and pulled out a long snake that wriggled in a lively fashion. When he had tired of letting the snake thrash in the air, he put it in the bag he had with him. Yet, despite such proofs of his powers, somehow or other I couldn't help feeling that the whole affair was a fake.

The next step in our program was to see the huge and splendid temple of Karnak. The last time I had seen it was by moonlight and it had appeared very beautiful and mysterious. But now under the burning sun it did not impress me as before. It had been too much restored for my liking. I prefer to use my own imagination to supply the missing portions of the ruins; they lose their rich wonder when there are great spaces of modern plaster. But Karnak still has much of splendor left.

We wandered among the many rooms and courts and passageways and gazed up at the magnificent pillars. But our last glimpse left the memory of a sad and desolate spot with the lonely temple standing

by the huge stone scarab that guards the small salt lake that never dries, where the bodies of the dead in the olden times were washed.

We reached Cairo early the next morning after another uncomfortable night on the Egyptian railways, with their showy *wagon-lits* and pretense at comfort, and saw the sunrise once more over the city that was to be our last stop in this marvelous trip.

Our "eight minutes" here proved more interesting than I had expected. Troops were coming in from some weeks of manoeuvres out on the edge of the desert. They were fine, bronzed Britishers, perfectly equipped and mounted. It was a fine display of military preparedness, and it seemed to me that the British were making the most of it, because of the disturbed conditions due to the lately rejected treaty proposals. I noticed that the bands — the drum corps and bagpipes — marched in the middle of the formation so that each end could better hear the music.

We went directly to the museum to look especially at the superb articles taken from King Tutankhamen's tomb. The numberless granite tombs, colossal figures, and mummies in the building could be the study of a lifetime, but I was tormented with the thought of how, if they knew, these poor dead people would have disliked having their bones exposed to the gaze of curious sight-seers.

As we were leaving the museum, police formed

at attention and the directors gathered to receive Princess Mary. She looked rather cross, at the moment, at the lines of tourists who were rudely snapping their cameras at her; but she soon recovered her good humor and bowed to us all quite sweetly.

She had arrived in Cairo the previous day with her husband, Viscount Lascelles, and their suite, for a "visit" to Egypt. This seemed to me one of those adroit English moves. A royal visit at just this time of difficulty would compel the Egyptian king and the political leaders to show their hand. The *Daily Mail* told us that Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles had called upon King Fuad. The papers also published the welcome to the English princess, which read: "I hope you will have a pleasant time in this country, which is glad to welcome you and your dear husband. I hope your days will be days of happiness and health in our beautiful sunny climate, and that your visit will be the beginning of a friendship between the women of Egypt and England to coöperate in the service of humanity and general peace." The other headlines in the newspapers at that time sounded anything but peaceful — "Britain Warns Egypt" — "Laws That Cannot Be Tolerated" — "British Responsibility Endangered." A proposed treaty had recently been rejected by Sarwat Pasha, the Egyptian premier, at the instigation of the Nationalists. Sarwat then resigned his post.

For once I was sorry to be a hurried tourist. I

should have liked to have time, like Her Royal Highness, to visit many places in a leisurely way, spending as long as I wished, wherever I wished. Particularly I should have liked to see the tomb most recently excavated by Doctor George Reisner, representing the Harvard University — Museum of Fine Arts Expedition. This was the tomb of Queen Meresankhs III, found near the Pyramids, which had been causing a great deal of excitement, not only because of the treasures discovered, but because the queen was depicted with short, bright red hair, rather than with the usual ceremonial black wig. It is thought that perhaps this lady was of foreign blood, but a more likely explanation, in view of the fact that the same red was used in the decoration of the walls of the tomb, as well as in the queen's portrait, is that this color was itself a discovery of the artist. But who knows? The women in the interior today produce somewhat the same effect with red earth and castor oil, and this Egyptian lady may have used some such method instead of henna on her hair.

We started for the Citadel, but as we came to the great square in front of the Royal Palace, with its long grille and its sentry boxes with the green flag bearing a white star and crescent floating above, we saw the King's Egyptian guard lined up on horseback along the way. The King was about to go to the Salamlik, the mosque in the old city, for prayer, for it was Friday in *Ramadan*. Three beautifully

appointed victorias, drawn by splendid horses in rich gold harness, were in readiness, with coachmen and footmen in blue livery and red fezzes.

It was not long before there was a movement by the entrance colonnade of the palace, a bugle blew, the cavalry dropped their lances with the fluttering pennants, the squadron stood at attention, and the King appeared. He was a fine-looking man with great black mustachios, dressed in European clothes except for the traditional fez. As he drove away, the natives stood clapping their hands, while the King bowed graciously to right and left.

Such a pageant is characteristic of Islam, particularly today, when King Fuad claims to be the head of the church, and we were especially glad to have witnessed it. Within our few hours in Cairo we had seen the King of Egypt and the daughter of the King of England, and felt the day a good one to record.

It was to be our last day on African soil. Now we had only to take the train from Cairo to Alexandria and rejoin our ship, which had continued round from Port Sudan through the Red Sea and the Suez Canal. We were to cross the Mediterranean to Italy and it would soon be good-bye to our good and happy ship *Laconia*.

On our arrival at the dock at Alexandria, we saw her waiting patiently for the travelers, while vendors gathered on the wharf alongside with Egyptian cigarettes and every other Oriental article to tempt

the Americans to a final bargain. Our pink tickets were used for the last time as we mounted the gangway and mingled with our friends, Rolling Rosie and Leaping Lena, Kissing Kitty and the Insistent Young Man, the directors and hostesses and all the rest, and for the last time, too, we exchanged experiences.

Our long cruise circling Africa — fifteen thousand miles in all sorts of weathers and waters — was nearly over. We had lived through heat and dust and sight-seeing from sunup to sundown; we had passed through yellow-fever and black-water districts and malarial beds and the realms of the tsetse fly; we had traveled for several thousand miles on land over deserts and plateaus and in the jungle; we had seen many out-of-the-way places — gold and diamond mines — the thundering Victoria Falls — the wild animals in the bush — strange black people in their *kraals* — and stranger dances.

As *Laconia* ploughed through the waters, the sun went down, a golden ball, and the silver moon came up. We saw the line of the Dark Continent fade away, while we said farewell to each other and to Africa!

FAREWELL, LACONIA!

*Laconia, farewell! Our "cruising home" round
Africa!*

*Your foamy trail we leave behind, on tropic
seas afar.*

*Among the dancing savages, with lifted shield and
spear*

*We lingered, though their cries and howls made
each soul creep with fear.*

*Crowded they were in lowly kraals where busy ants
built mounds,*

*And beaver birds wove hanging nests and
buzzing bees made sounds.*

*Old gods of wood looked on; witch doctors made
their magic black,*

*Gold rings in nose and ear, and leopard skins
upon their back.*

*Now tourists, smartly dressed, on naked Zulus
stand and look,*

*Like animals who meet by chance to drink
beside a brook.*

*In days to come, at home, how shall we feel about
the cruise, I wonder!*

*And what about us will the black man think?
Oh what? Oh, what in thunder!*

*Africa, your gold and gems, your elephants, fare-
well!*

*I liked the ship and the black men best; the
rest, a long farewell!*



